

TROIA BRITANICA:  
OR,  
Great Britaines Troy.

A Poem

Deuided into XVII. seuerall Cantons, intermixed  
with many pleasant Poeticall Tales.

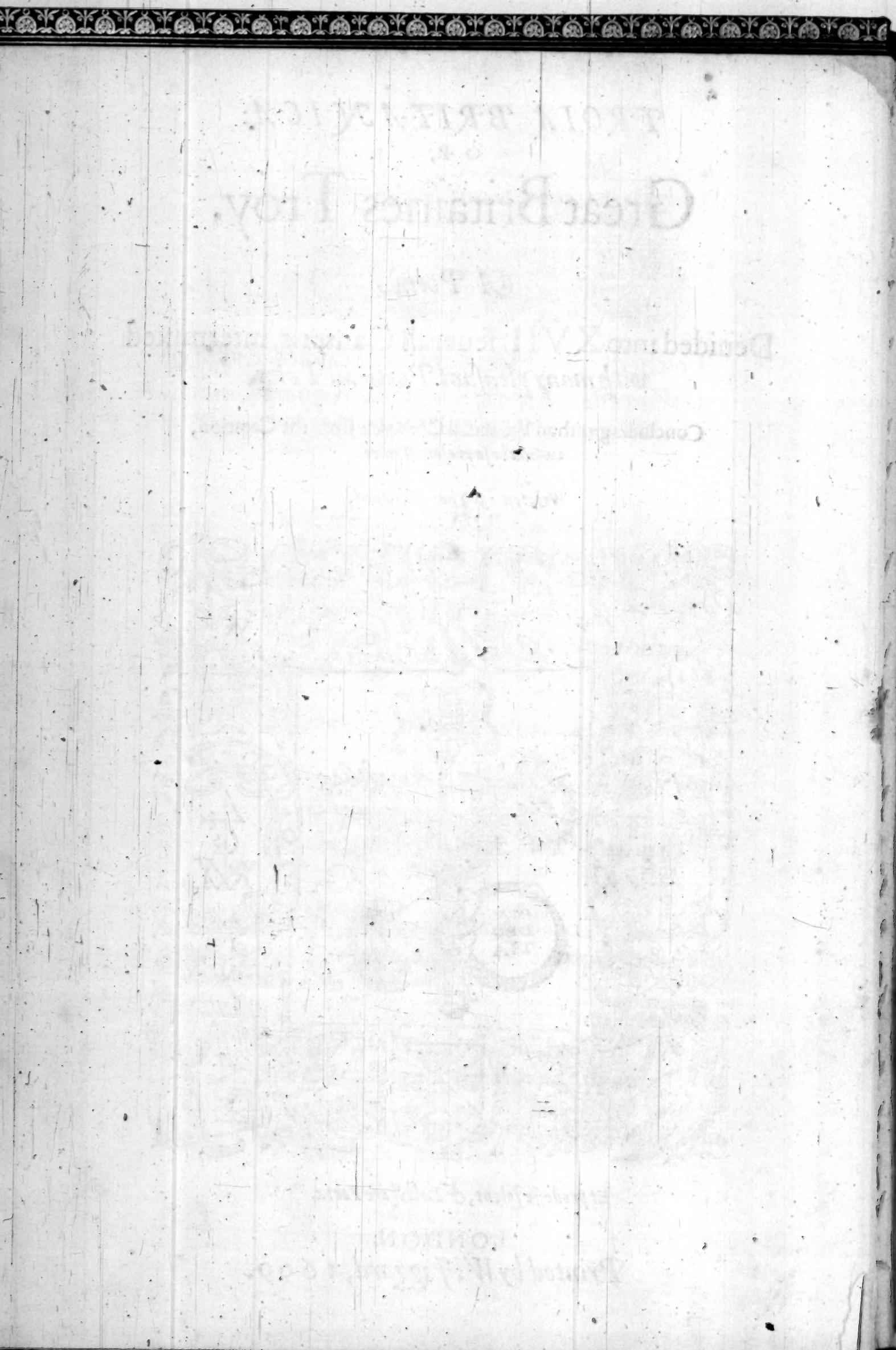
Concluding with an Vniuersall Chronicle from the Creation,  
untill these present Times.

Written by Tho: Heywood.



Et prodeesse solent, & Delectare Poeta.

LONDON,  
Printed by W. Faggard, 1609.





To the Right Honourable Edward Earle of  
*Worcester, Lord of Chepstoll, Ragland, and*  
Gower, Knight of the most Noble order of the Gar-  
ter, *Mayster of the Horse, and one of the Kinges*  
*most Honourable Privy Councell.*

**T**O you, whose Fauour gaue my Muse first breath,  
To try in th' Ayre her weake vnable wing,  
And soare this pitch, who else had tasted death  
Euen in her byrth, from the Castalian spring  
She dedicates her labours (as they are)  
Though as you see, poore, featherlesse, and bare.

Your Noble hand, to her, supportance gaue,  
Euen in her Pen-lesse Age about to fall,  
Her Cradle thcn had beene her Infant graue,  
Had not your power and Grace kept her from thrall:  
Then by the Muse, by your hie bounty raisde,  
Yare by your Merit and my duty praisde.

Her power (though weake) yet to her sickly strength  
Is willing, your past Graces to record,  
Though smothered long, yet she findes time at length  
To shew her office to her Patron-Lord,  
Wishing (for your sake) that vpholds her still,  
Her worth, had correspondence to her will.

Then had her Theame, that treats of forren deeds,  
Beene only tunde to your desert and Merit,  
And you, from whom her nonage Art proceeds,  
Should by her Pen, Eternity inherit:

## *The Epistle Dedicatory.*

But since (great Lord) her best fruities are but words,  
Pise what her hart, not what her Art affoords.

Tis fit those Lordes which we from Troy deriuie,  
Should in the Fate of Troy remembred be,  
For since their Graund-sire vertues now suruiue,  
And with the Spirits of this Age agree,

It makes vs fill our Cantons with such men,  
As liuing now, equald theyr vertues then.

Homer (long since) a Chronicler Diuine,  
And Virgill, haue redeemd olde Troy from fire,  
Whose memory had with her buildings line  
In desolate ruyne, had not theyr desire

Snatcht her fayre Tytle from the burning flame,  
Which with the Towne had else consumde her name.

Had they surviude in these our flourishing daies,  
Your vertues from the auncient Heroes drawne,  
In spight of death or blacke obliuions rage,  
Should liue for euer in Fames glorious fawne,  
Rankt next to Troy, our Troy-novant should be,  
And next the Troyan Peeres, your places free.

Nor let your Honour my weake stile despise,  
That striues to Register your names with theirs;  
For could my numbers like blinde Homers rise,  
I would create you, Fames eternall heyres:  
Accept my strength, (my weaknesse I bewray)  
Had I like Art, I woulde as much as they.

*Your Honours ever faithfully devoted,*

Tho. Heywood.



# T O the two-fold Readers: *the Courteous, and the Criticke.*



He fauourable and gracious Reader, I salute, with a submiss Conge both of heart and knee: To the scornefull, I owe not so much as an hypocriticall intent, or a dissembled curtesie. I am not so vnexperienced in the enuy of this Age, but that I knowe I shall encounter most sharpe and seuerre Censurers, such as continually carpe at other mens labours, and superficialy perusing them, with a kind of negligence and skorne, quote them by the way, Thus: This is an Error, that was too much streacht, this

too slightly neglected, heere many things might haue been added, there it might haue beene better followed: this superfluous, that ridiculous. These indeed knowing no other meanes to haue themselves opinioned in the ranke of understanders, but by calumniating other mens industries. These Satyristes I meet thus: It were (in my opinion) more honor and honesty for them, to betake them seriously to the like studies, and the time they wast in detracting others, rather spend in instructing themselves, and by some more excellent worke (moulded out of their owne braines) giue the foyle to others of lesse Fame and consequence: This were a commendable and worthy detraction, sauouring of desert; the other, a meere rancorous folly, grounded on nothing but malicious ignorance. For who more apt to call coward then the most tymorous, but he only merits a name among the valiant, that hath actually and personally wonne his reputation by some deed offame and Honour. But since these Criticks are a generall Subiect in the front of euerie booke, I am content to neglect them, as those I regard not, and to the friendly and best judging Reader, thus turne my Apologie.

I haue aduentured (right Courteous) to publish this Poem, and present it to thy generall acceptance; If it be gently receiued, and fauourably censured, it may incourage me to proceed in some future labour; if any way distasted, I am so farre from troubling the world with more, that I shall hold this little, much too much. Yet if you understandingly consider this project, you shall finde included herein a briefe

## To the two-fold Readers.

briefe memory or Epitome of Chronicle, euen from the first man, unto vs, this second time created Britons, with a faithfull Register, not onely of memorable thinges done in Troy and this Island, but of many, and the most famous accidents happening through the World, In whose raigne and what yeare of the world they chanced (with which we haue conferred the Histories of the Sacred Byble) & the truth of the times so euen, that whosoeuer will daigne the perusal of these, shall not onely perceiue such thinges were doone, but bee also satisfied in whose Raigne (then successiuely gouerning in the kingdome of Britaine) they happened. In all which, I haue taskt my selfe to such succinctnesse and brevity, that in the iudiciale perusal of these few Cantons (with the Scolies annexed) as little time shall bee hazzarded, as profiteth from them be any way expected.

Accept then (I entreat you) this mingled Subiect (as well home-borne as forraine) and Censure it as fauourably, as I haue offred it freely. Though somthing may perhaps distast, something againe I presume will please the most curious Palate: Let that which pleaseth, mitigate the harshnes of the other. He that speaks much, may (excusably) speake somewhat Idely, and he that in unknown Climats trauayles farre, may (by misaduenture) wander out of the way: but where the mayne intent and purpose is honest and good, it is pardonable to expect the best. And in that hope, I prostrate these my barraine industries to your kindest and gentle Constructions.



# Proemium.



Hold it necessary as a Preface to this generall History, to remember some Antiquities touching the ages of the World, with the first peopling of kingdomes, and of the fourte Monarchies which may illustrate this Poem, if in any place it appeare darke and intricate. They are 1656. from the Creation, Noah entred the Ark, and the Vnuerse was destroied by the Deluge, with all mankind (Noah and his family excepted) of his three sonnes

*Sem, Ham, and Iapheth,* were all Nations procreated. The posterity of *Sem* in-  
habited the East by the Riuers *Euphrates*; *Ham*, the places neare *Jordan* & *Nyle*,  
towards the *Meridian*; *Iapheth*, the lesse *Asia* towards the West, whence many  
Nations of *Europe* proceeded. Carion.

*Sems* sonnes were ffeue; *Elam*, of whom came the *Persians*, from him *Xenophon* *Xenophon.*  
deriueth *Cyrus*. *Assur*, of him came the *Affyrians*. *Ninus*, of him the *Ninuites*  
and *Babilonians*. *Arphaxad*, of him the *Caldeans*, and from his Nephewe *Eber*,  
were deriuued the *Hebrues*; (the word signifieth *Trauellers* or *strangers*) Of this  
line came *Abraham*, *Dauid*, and the *Messias*. *Aram*, of him the *Syrians* descen-  
ded, of which *Damasco* is the *metropolis*; therefore it was thus written; *The head*  
*of Aram is Damascus.*

The posterity of *Cam* was *Chus*, of whom came the *Aethiopians* in the farthest  
Coasts of *Aphrica*, and the *Libians* calld to this day *Chirsite*: The sonnes of *Chus*  
were *Saba* of whome the *Sabaens*, and *Euila*, of whome the *Indians* descended.  
*Nemrod* first raignd in Babylon, *Misraim* occupied *Agypt*, which the *Arabians*  
and *Turks* to this day call *Mizri*: The sonnes of *Misraim* were *Lydas*, who peo-  
pled *Lydia*, a Nation that after seated themselves in soane parts of *Italie*, and *La-  
bain* of whom the *Sun-burnt Libians* are thought to descend: Of *Euanim* came  
the *Cyrenians*, who built the City *Cerenaica*, of who came the *Mauritanians*, and  
of him a famous Riuer that still beares his name. Of *Canaan* came the *Sydonians* *Pliny*  
and *Tyrians*: *Heath* built *Hebron* where *Abraham* dwelt and was buried: *Iebusens*  
possest *Gaba* and *Jerusalem*. *Iapheths* sons were *Gomer* or *Tozerma*, of whom the  
*Cinerians* take their originall, They are seated beyond *Thrace*, neer the *Meotiden*  
*Fenne*, where the *Bosphori* inhabite, not farre from *Cimbrica Chersonessus*: Of  
*Magog* came the *Scithians*, and of them the *Turks*: and to proue the Turke to be  
in *Gog* and *Magor*, *Ezechiel* saith, the Nations of *Magog* lie toward the south,  
which in the latest dayes shall seeke the fall of *Israell*. And the *Apoclyp.* *Magog* *Herodotus.*  
shall lastly Emperise the world: Of *Madai* came the *Medes*: Of *Iauan* or *Iabu*,  
the *Iouians* or *Greicians*, The sonnes of *Iauan*, were *Elisa*, of whome came the  
*Aeolians* in *Asia minor*. *Tharsis*, built *Tharsis* the chiese City of the *Cilicians*: Of  
*Cethim* came the *Macedonians*: Of *Adodanum* the *Dodoneans* in *Epire*. *Iauan*, was  
that *Ianus* that raignd in *Italy*. Of *Tubal* came the *Hispani* and *Iberi*. Of *Mosech*  
came

## Proeme.

came the *Muscouites*. Of *Tyrus* the *Thratiens*. The Sons of *Gomer* were *Aescanes*, *Riphat*, and *Togorma*. Of *Aescanes* came the *Tuiscons*, who after shifted themselves into other Provinces, and of them came the *Cimbrians*, the *Brythiniens*, the *Can-  
Inustinus post-cones*, the *Caiet*, and *Heueti*: Of *Riphat* came the *Riphei*, Gyants that inhabited the *Riphean Hilles*, where the *Sanromass* then liued. By the *Heueti* are meant all such as speake in the *Polack* tongue: From *Riphat* came also the *Paphlagonians*, these dispersed themselves into *Europe*, some inhabiting *Russia*, *Lituania* and *Polonia*, from the *Adriaticke* shoare vnto *Illiria*. Likewise *Fissula*, *Albis*, and *Bohemia*, where before liued the *Hermaduri* and *Boy*.

*Apollonius  
in Argonaut.*

*Iliad. 2  
Ptolomens.*

*Iosephus*

*Paralip:*

*Herodotus.*

*First Mon.*

*Ezay. 39.  
Kings. 4-23  
Paral. 35  
Ieremy 39  
Daniel 5*

*Diod: siculus*

*Herodotus.*

*Kings 3,14  
Ieremie 46*

Among the Sonnes of *Sem Gether* is numbred, of whom came the *Getes*, they were called *Gotti* or *Gothes*, who inhabited *Wallachia*, these speake the *Almain* tong, and mixt themselves with the *Germans*, whose name is deriued of *Gerim* and *Ani*, which signifieth, *miserable Strangers*. The *French* are cald *Galli* of *Wallen*, which in the *Almain* tong signifies, *Wanderers*. From *Brute* cam the *Britons*, since called *Angli*.

In *Nemrod* was the first Monarchy establisht, he liued a hundred years after the Floud, after 200. yeares *Ninus* built *Niniy* in *Affiria*, whose wife *Semiramis* after his death erected the walles of *Babilon*. *Ninius* her sonne succeeded, in whose time *Abraham* came into *Palestine*, him succeeded *Amraphel* king of *Sennar* or *Babylon*, Of these *Affyrian* Monarchs *Sardanapalus* was the last, whose proud name we thus deriuue; *Sar*, a Captaine; *Dan*, a Judge; *Niphil*, a Destroyer; He was ouerthrowne by *phul-Belochus* a *Babilonian*, and *Arbaces* a *Medean* when *Ossia* raignd in *Iuda*, *Phul belochus* raignd ouer the *Babilonians* and *Niniuites* forty yeares. *Arbaces* ouer the *Meades* and *Persians*. *Belochus* warred vpon *Israel*, whom succeeded his Sonne *Phal Assur*, called in the Scriptures *Tiglat Peilassur*: He raignd 23. yeares, him *Salmanaffer* succeeded, and raignd ten yeares, he besieged *Samaria*, of him *HoSEA* speaks, Chapter 10. *Zenacherib* succeeded *Salmanaffer*, who besieged *Hierusalem*, and raignd ten yeares, his Army was ouerthrowne by the Angels: *Assur haddon* next ruld, ten yeares. In him declined the Monarchy of *Assiria*, and *Merodach* became Monarch ouer the *Chaldees*, *Benmerodach* raignd after his Father 21. after him *Nabuchednezzar Primus* 35. He warred against *Ægypt*, *Nabuchadnezzar Magnus* raignd forty, in *Zedechias* time he besieged *Hierusalem*, a yeare and sixe monthes, him succeeded euill *Merodach*, who releast *Ieconias*: he dead, *Balsaar* succeeded fourteene yeates, he was a greet Blasphemer. In his time *Babylon* was raced, and the Monarchy transferred to the *Persians*: he himselfe being slaine by *Cyrus*. The kings of *Ægypt* in the times of this Monarchy, were these. *Osiris* with his Wife *Isis*, who liued in the time of *Abraham*. *Orus*, *Bochoris*, *Busyris*, *Miris*, *Sisostris*, who liued in the time of *Samson*. *Pherones*, of whom all the Kings of Egypt were called *Pharoes*. *Proteus* whom some call *Cetes*, to him *Paris* and *Hellen* sayled in theyr returne from *Greece*. *Rampsinitus*, *Cephus*, or *Cheops*, *Cephris*, *Mycerinus*, *Anycis*. *Sabachus*, called in the Bible *Sesach*, *Seshon*, *Psamneticus*. *Nechos* who overcame

## Proeme.

uercame *Iosia* by the City *Megeddo*, and was after slaine: *Nabuchadnezzar*, *Psimnis*, *Apries*, who sackt *Sidon*, and slew the Prophet *Jeremiah*. *Amasis*, in whole time the Monarchy came to the *Persians*.

In *Greece* in the time of this Monarchy liued *Japethus*, the Sonne of *Noah*, after whō raigned *Hellas*, now was the expedition of the *Argonāts*, *Eritheus*, *Perseus* and his A&ts. The warres of *Troy*. *Cadmus*, with the *Theban History*, notorious in *Oedipus* and *Iocasta*, with the deathes of the two Brothers *Eleocles*, and *Polynices*. Now were the *Sibils* famous. *Rome* in the time of this first Monarchy, was built the tenth year of *Achias*, King of *Iuda*. It was gouerned by Kings 6244 yeares. *Rhomulis* raigne 38. *Numa* 43. *Tullius Hostilius* 32. *Aucus Martins* 24. *Halcarus*. *Tarquinius Priscus* 37. *Seruinus Tullius* 44. In the last part of his raigne began the Persian Monarchy: *Tarquin* the proud 25. He was repulst his Kingdome by the Consull *Brutus*, becaule his Sonne *Sextus* had before rauished *Lucretia*, the wife of *Collatyme*. *Lactantius*. *Dionisius*. *Linus*. *The second Monarchy*.

The Persian Kings were, first *Cyrus*, who raigne 29. hee ouercame *Cresus* of *Media*, *Lydia*, besieged Babylon, and was afier slaine by *Tomyris*, Queene of *Scithia*. *Xenophon*. In his time liued *Thales Milesius*, *Pithagoras* borne in *Samos*, *Solon*, and *Draco*, *Herodotus*, who first ordred the yeare, decidēd the monthes, added the Epact, and collected first the Poems of *Homer*. *Cambyses* the second King, who raigne 7.years, added Egypt to his Empire, and couered the Iudgement Seate with the skinne of his false Judge *Sisamnes*. The third *Darius*, he by the neything of his horse, was elected Emperor, raigne 36. He by the craft of his Friend *Zopyrus*, wan Babylon, and added to his Dominions the *Getes*, *Cymerians*, and *Sarmomats*. Now liued *Hippias*, the Sonne of *Pysistratus* in *Greece*, and *Miltiades*. This *Darsus* was the Sonne of *Histaespes*, called in the Scripture *Asbuerosh*, Husband to *Hester*, calld by *Herodotus Aristona*, as the Name of *Vasti* was *Atossa*. Some refer the History of *Judith* to these times. Fourth *Xerxes* raigne 20. He pierced *Greece* with an Armye of 1000000. Souldiers, his cheife Captaine was *Mardonius*, his chiefe Counsellor *Artabanus*. He was first repulst by *Pausanias* of *Sparta*, after expeld *Greece* by *Themistocles*. In these warres were famous, *Aristides* and *Cimon*. 4. *Artaxerxus* with the long hand ruld 40. He was thought to bee the Son to *Darius* and *Hestor*. In his time liued *Esdras*, *Haggeus*, *Zacharius*, and *Nehemias*. About the time of the *Peloponessian Warre*. And now was *Rome* gouerned by the *Decemviri*, a forme of gouernment infamous, in the lust of *Appius*, to the chast Roman Lady *Virginia*. *Darius Nothus* raigne 19. In his time liued famous *Alcibiades*: and *Sophocles*, & *Euripides*, two famous *Tragedians*. *Artaxerxes Memnon* 40. he loued the famous Lady *Aspatia*, the Noblest Greekes in his daies were *Clearibus*, *Anaxilaus*, *Lisander*, who conquered *Athens* (after gouerned by 30. Tyrants) who were supprest by the vertue of *Thrasiulus*. Now happened the Wars betweene the *Phocenses* and the *Locri*: with *Bellum Leuctricum*. And now flourisht *Conon*, and valiant *Epamaminōdas* in *Greece*, about the same time that English *Brennus* sackt *Rome*. *Artaxerxes Ochus* next *Memnon*, raigne 26. In his time happened the Warre which was called *Bellum Sacrum*. *Arsames* raigne foure yeares, he was slaine by *Bagoas*. Him *Darius* succeeded, & in the sixt yeare of his raigne, was slaine by *Alexander the Great*, in whom began the third Mo. *Monarchy*; narchy translated to the *Gracians*. *Alex-* *Pblo.* *Ihucidides*

## Proeme.

Alexander by his Father *Phillip* deriueth his byrth from *Hercules*, by his Mother *Olimpius* from *Æacus*, He conquered the World, raigned as Emperor 12. years : In the 32. of his age. He dead, the Monarchy was diuided into four parts, *Ægypt*, *Syria*, *Asia Mynor*, and *Macedon*. The Kinges of Egypt after Alexander, were these : *Ptolomeus* the Sonne of *Lagus* : *Ptolomeus*, *Philadelphus*, *Euergetes*, *Philopater*, *Epiphanes*, *Philometer*, *Euergetes*, *Phiscon*, *Alexander*, *Lathurus*, *Aureates*, Father to *Cleopatra*, *Dionisius* her Brother, in whom ended the race of the *Ptolomees*, and now Egypt came vnder the Iurisdiction of the *Romans*.

The Kings of *Macedon* were *Perdiccas*, *Craterus*, *Antipater*, *Cassander*, *Antigonus 1.* *Antigonus 2.* *Demetrius*, *Philippus*, and *Persenus*, who was surprised by the *Romans*.

Polibius

The Kings of *Syria*, who after the death of *Alexander* possest Babylon, *Syria*, and *Asia Minor*, were *Antiochus Soter*, *Antiochus Theos*, *Antiochus Magnus*, who had these three Sons, *Selencus Philopater*, *Antiochus Epiphanes*, and *Demetrius*. *Demetrius* after his Brothers decease, had two Sonnes : *Demetrius Nicanor*, and *Antiochus Sedetes*. The Son of *Nicanor* was *Antiochus Grypus*. The Son of *Sedetes* was *Antiochus Cyzenius*. These hauing slaine each other, from theyr Issue, *Tygranes* King of *Armenia* rest the Kingdome of *Syria*, which first *Lucullus*, and after *Pompeius Magnus* annexed to the *Roman Empyre*.

The fourth  
Monarchy.

These in the time of the third Monarchy, were Captaines and Gouernors among the Jewes. *Nehemiah*, *Ioconias*, *Selathiel*, *Zorobabel* *Resa Mesollam*, *Iohanna Ben Resa*, *Iudas Hircanus primus* : (in his Dukedom *Alexander* slew *Darius*.) *Iosephus primus*, *Abner Semei*, *Eli matathai*, *Asa mahat*, *Nagid Artaxad*, *Haggai*, *Eli Maslot Nahum*, *Amos Sirach*, *Matathia Siloah*, *Iosephus Junior*, *Ianua secundus* *Hircanus*. And then began the race of the Machabees in *Matathias*, whose Sons succeeded him, *Iudas*, *Ionathas*, *Simon*, *Iohannes Hircanus*. The Kinges of that line were *Aristobulus*, son to *Hercanus*. *Alexander Iammneus*, Queen *Alixandra* his Wife, (otherwise cald *Salome*.) The Sonnes of *Alexander*, were *Hircanus* and *Aristobulus*, in theyr death ended the line of the Machabees. Succeeding these in the 30. yeare of the raigne of *Herod Tetrarch*, was borne the Sauiour of the World, vnto which we haue studiyed to reduce the best knowne Nations of the Earth, leauing the 4. Monarchy among the *Romans*, who by this time awed

Writers, translated into our moderne tongue; We here omitt, letting this shott Epitome onely serue in the Front of our Booke, to instruct your memories, and guide your thoughts through those vnown Deserts, in which without this direction, many Readers may loose themselues : bee this therefore their Pylot to direct them to the harbour of these latter Ages more familiarly knowne.



## Argumentum

TYTAN and Saturne differ, their great strife,  
Is by their carefull mother (VESTA) ended:  
Saturne, his Sister Sybill takes to wife,  
And the heyre-males that are from thē descended  
He doomes to death: faire Sybil saues the life  
Of Iupiter, grim Saturne is offended,  
And to the Oracle at Delphos byes,  
Whiles Titan thrugh the earth his fortune tries.

The yeare of  
the Lord a-  
bove the line.

The yeare be-  
fore Christ  
vnder the line.

## ARG. 2.

The Worlds Creation, gold from the earths veines,  
Neptune and Plutos birth, A L P H A conteines.

## CANTO. I.



His V N I V E R S E with all  
therein contained,  
Was not at first  
of Water fashioned,  
Nor of the Fire,  
as others oft haue feyned,  
Nor of the Ayre,  
as some haue vainly spred.  
Nor the foure Elements  
in order trained.

The opinions  
of the old Phi-  
losophers tou-  
ching the cre-  
ation.

Thales Milesi.  
Heraclitus

Hippasus

Anaxamines

Empedocles

Epicurus

Metordorus

Nor of Vacuitie and Atom's bred.

Nor hath it beene Eternall (as is thought  
By naturall men) that haue no further sought.

2

Neither hath man in perpetuity bin,  
And shall on earth eternally persuer  
By endlesse Generation, running in  
One circuit; (In corruption lasting euer)

B

Nor

## Britaynes Troy.

*Diodorus*

Nor did that Nation first on earth begin,  
Vnder the mid *Equator*: some indeuour  
So to perswade; that man was first begunne,  
In the place next, to the life-giuing Sunne.

*Empedocles**Anaximander**Democritus**Zeno*

Neither was he of Earth and water framed,  
Tempered with liuely heat (as others write;) )  
Nor were we i: a former world first named,  
As in their curious Problems (some recite:) )  
Others, more ripe in Iudgement, haue proclaimed,  
Man fram'd of clay, in fashion exquisite;  
In whom were breath'd sparkes of Celestiall fire,  
Whence he still keepeſ his Nature, to aspire.

*Moyſes*

4  
But this most glorious *Vniuerſe*, was made  
Of nothing, by the great *Creators* will;  
The *Ocean* bounded in, not to inuade  
Or swallow vp the *Land*, so resteth still  
The azure *Firmament*, to ouer-shade  
Both *Continent*, and *Waters*, which fulfil  
The *Makers* word, one *God* doth ſole extend  
Without beginning, and ſhall ſee no end.

5  
That powerfull *Trinity* created man  
*Adam*, of Earth, in the faire field *Damaske*,  
And of his rib he *Euah*, formed than,  
Supplying them with all things they can aske;  
In these first two, *Humanity* began;  
In whom, confinde I H E H O V A H s ſix-daines taske.  
From *Adam* then and *Euahs* first *Creation*,  
It followes we derive our *Brittish* Nation.

6  
Inspire me in this taske (*Ihoues* ſeede I pray)  
With *Hippocrenes* drops besprinkle my head,  
To comfort me vpon this tedious way,  
And quicken my cold braine nigh dull and dead;  
Direct my wandring spirits, when they stray,  
Leaſt forren and forbidden paths they tread:  
My journey's tedious, (blame not then my feares)  
My voyage, aymes at many thouſand yeares.]

Oh

7  
Oh giue me leauē, from the Worlds first Creation,  
The ancient names of *Britons*, to deriuē  
From *Adam*, to the Worlds first Invndation,  
And so from *Noah*, to vs that yet suruiue :  
And hauing of *Troyes* Worthies made relation,  
Your spurs the *Chariot* of my Muse must drieue  
Through all past Ages, and precedent times,  
To fill this new World with my worthless rymes.

8

Oh, may these Attlesse numbers in your eares,  
(Renowmed I A M E S) seeme Musically strung,  
Your fame (oh I o v e s - star'd Prince) spread euery where,  
First gaue my still and speech-lesse Muse a tung :  
From your Maiestike vertues (prised deare,)  
The infant life of these harsh meeters sprung ;  
Oh, take not then their industrie in skorne,  
Who, but to emblaze you, had beeue yet vnborne.

9

Nor let your Princely Peeres hold in disdaine,  
To haue their Auncstry stild'e and intolde  
In this poore Register, a higher straine  
Their merits aske, since brazen leaues vnfold  
Their never-dying Fame, yet thus much daine,  
Not to despise to heare your vertues told  
In a plaine stile, by ono, whose wish and hart,  
Supplies in zeale, want both of *Skill* and *Art*.

10

Times faithfully conferd, the first inuention  
Of most thinges now in vse, heare you shall finde,  
Annext with these, the vse and comprehenzion  
Of Poësie, once to the Goddes desceind,  
Suffer our bluntnesse then, since our intention  
Is to good vse, sent from a zealous mind.  
If Stones in Lead set, keepe their vertues : then,  
Your worth's the same, though blazde by a rude Pen.

11

In the Worldes *Child-hood*, and those Infant-daiies,  
When the first earth was in her strength and prime,  
Oþher owne nature yeilding plants and Spraies,  
Flowers, both for smell and Medicine : when each time

The Golden  
Age.

## Britaynes Troy.

Hesiod. in operibus & diebus.

The chearefull beames of the bright Sunne displaies,  
To ripen fruities in their conuenient time ;  
Before the labouring *Swaine* withis iron plow,  
Made furrowed wrinkles in the *Earths* smooth brow.

Pherecrates.

Tremigibus.

Marcil. scimus.

Tibullus.

Vranus and  
Vesta.

1954.

2009.  
Hiberius sonne  
of Iubal go-  
uemed Spaine.  
Nynus Affryia  
Mogus Gallia

Vranus called  
also Creet.

When men were gouernd more by *Will*, then *Art*,  
And had their appetites by *Nature* swayde,  
When *Fraud* was vnbegot, and had no part  
In the worlds Empire ; before *Coyne* was made,  
When man his mutuall fortunes did impart  
Without *Extortion*, *Guile*, or *Vsurers* trade ;  
Before smooth *Cunning* was to ripenesse growne,  
Or diuellish *Wax* and *Parchment* yet were knowne.

3  
I meane the golden world, the purest Age,  
That knew not brazen warre, or fatal steele,  
For war was in his cradle : yron age  
Bred but his teeth : yet did the world not feele  
His rauenous phangs, no man did batzell wage,  
Or try the inconstant course of Fortunes wheele ;  
There was twixt king and king no grim defiance,  
Nor bands (sauie of affection and alliance.)

4  
Then liu'd *Vranus* a great Lord in *Creet*,  
To *Aethra* and great *Demogorgon* heire,  
He married with a Lady bright and sweet,  
*Vesta* through all those climes (sur-nam'd *the faire*)  
With two young lads she did her Husband greet,  
*Tytan* and *Saturne*, at two births she bare :  
*Tytan* the eldest, crooked, and il-fac't,  
*Saturne* well shap't, faire spoke, and comely grac't.

5  
*Vranus*, in his hopefull issue famed,  
Begot on *Vesta* two faire Daughters more,  
The first *Sibilla*, the last *Ceres* named,  
Fairer were never seene in *Creet* before.  
Both were by Nature in her cunning framed,  
Out of her beauties choise, and purest store :  
*Tytan*, was for his vgly shape abhord,  
But *Saturne*, for his comlinesse adord.

6

This *Saturne*, was the first by whose inuention  
The Earth was Til'd, and Ear'd, and gaue increase,  
Before his fruitfull daies, was never mention  
To sowe, or plant ; Till then a generall peace  
Was made twixt th'earth and vs, our apprehention  
Strech't not to know her secrets : Now gan cease  
Blind Ignorance in man, *Saturne* first found,  
To till, to plow, to sow, to reap the ground.

7

He likewise was the first that strung the bow,  
And with a feathered Arrow pierst the Aire,  
*Phabus* at first, admired, and did not know  
What new made Birds could flie so swift and faire,  
Mistaking *Saturnes* shafts, for who would trow,  
Mans wisedome could inuent a thing so rare,  
(Being Earth-bred) to stretch his braine so hie,  
As teach his shafts way through the empty skie.

8

And now began th'amaz'd Earth to admire,  
To see such strange fruites in her bosome growing ;  
To see her head weare such vnkowne attire,  
To see the *Swaines*, some planting, others sowing ;  
Now first began the birds to pearch them hier,  
And shun mans sight, still wondering, but not knowing,  
How men below on th'earths verdure lying,  
Should reach into the aire, and stike them flying.

9

To kill the Sauadge beast he likewise taught,  
And how to pierce the Serpents skale from farre,  
By him, the wilde-swift-running Hart was caught,  
He first deuyl'd for vs the vse of warre ;  
He shewd which mines of earth be good, which naught,) )  
Which be the veines of Gold, which siluer are ;  
He Minerals first found, and from the mold,  
To decke his Pallace, brought refined gold.

10

Yet some great *Saturnes* glory would deface,  
And say, that *Cadmus* first this metall found  
In high *Pangeus*, a huge hill in *Thrace*,  
Else *Thoas* and *Eaclis* searcht the ground

Pliny.

B 3

Herodotus

For gold ore ; and *Panchaia* was the place,  
Knowne in such precious mettals to abound :  
Some, twixt *Erichthon* and *Ceacus* deuide,  
Finding bright siluer (first in *Athens* tride.)

II

*Clement.*

*Idei Dactili Iron* mettall wrought  
In *Creet* : some deeme, two *Iewes* in *Cipres* made it,  
*Selmentes* and *Damnameneus* brought  
The Ore from thence, and to their vse assaide it ;  
For yellow Brasse the sly *Pannonians* sought,  
*The Scithian Lydus*, with the fire allaid it,  
And taught it first to melt ; which some suppose,  
*The Phrigian Delos* did by Art disclose.

12

*Aristotle.*

*Midacritus* a Minerall more then these  
Brought from a Prouince that belongs to *Spaine*,  
Lead : from the Ilands *Cassiterides*,  
Which some would Attribute to *Tuball-Caine*.  
*Glaucus* all Mettals brought beyond the seas  
Taught how to sother, (else their vse were vaine.)  
The first Smiths-forge, the blacke *Calibians* made,  
And after taught the *Ciclopes* their trade.

13

*Polycreon.  
Polidor.*

*Cyniras* : the *Stythee*, leuer, Tongs and File,  
*Pyrodes* was the first from flint stroke fire,  
VWhich how to keepe in matches longer while  
*Prometheus* taught : This *Vulcan* did acquire :  
*The bellowes* : *Anacharsis* in the Isle  
*Cal'd Seithes*, and thus men did still aspire  
For knowledge ; and in seuerall Countries nurst  
These Arts, of whom we hold king *Saturne* first.

14

Therefore the *Cretan* people much esteemed him,  
And cal'd him God on earth for his rare wit ;  
Much honor he receiu'd which they beteem'd him,  
And in their populer iudgements held it fit  
To burne him Mirre and Insence, for they deem'd him  
Worthy alone amongst the Gods to sit,  
Perswaded such a high inuentious straine,  
Could not proceed from any Mortals braine.

As

11

As these rare guifts the giddy Commons noted,  
So in his mothers hart they tooke Impression,  
Who on her sonnes perfections inly doted,  
Making for him her daily intercession,  
Thus in a Sea of sweet content he floted ;  
For who, but of his vertues made confession ?

In processe, and the chiefe of *Saturnes* pride,  
The old *Vranus* craz'd, fell sicke and dide.

12

After a few sad funerall sighes and teares  
By *Vesta*, o're her husbands body shed,  
In crooked *Tytan*, to the world appeares  
A strong intention, to impale his head  
With his dead fathers Crowne : This *Vesta* feares,  
And calling *Saturne*, thus to him she sed :  
My dearest sonne, tis by the Lords decreeed,  
That in *Vranus* Prince-dome, thou succeed.

13

Thy brother *Tytan*, though in Age before thee,  
Yet in thy wisedome thou hast him out-strippt ;  
Thou hast the popular loue, they all adore thee,  
His blasted hopes, are in the blossome nipt ;  
With Coine, with Men, with Armor, I will stote thee,  
Let him stand fast, or he shall sure be tript :  
Both Lords and people, ioyne with me thy mother,  
To invest *Saturne*, and depose thy brother.

14

With that, before her sonne could make reply,  
Where they were speaking, rusht bold *Tytan* in,  
A storme was in his brow, fier in his eye,  
After some tempest, he doth thus begin :  
Must then young *Saturne* raigne ? Oh, tell me why ?  
Am I a Bastard, and begot in sinne ?  
Hath *Vesta* playd the strumpet with my Father,  
That you despise me, and elect him rather ?

Difference  
twixt *Tytan*  
and *Saturne*.

15

Was I not of that Virgin-wombe the first ?  
And lay I not as neere your heart as he ?  
Was I not of those breasts before him nurst ?  
And am I not his Elder in degree ?

What haue I done, you should affect me worst?  
 Your Mayden-birth, and your first progeny:  
 Before him I was borne, and to be plaine,  
 (By all the Goddes) I will before him raigne.

16

Had I not in your wombe, the selfe-same being?  
 Am I not of the selfe-same bloud created?  
 Is not my Royalty with his agreeing?  
 Is not my birth before his *Anti-dated*?  
 Is elder *Tytan*, now not worth the seeing?  
 Must in my right, that young boy be instated?  
 Hath he so well, or I so ill deseru'd?  
 No: first I came, and I will first be seru'd.

17

And turning to young *Saturne*, with an eye  
 Threatning reuenge, and ruyne to his life,  
 Prin-cox (quoth he) must you be plac't so hyc,  
 The only darling of *Vranus* wife?  
 Canst thou so soone out-leape me? Thou shalt die,  
 And in thy fatall obits end this strife;  
 Then, with his fatall blade he blest his head,  
 Had the blow faine, it had strooke *Saturne* dead.

18

But *Vesta* staide it comming, and withall  
 Came *Ceres* and *Sibilla* thrusting thither,  
 They hugge young *Saturne*, but on *Tytan* fall,  
 Thundring on him with clamors, altogether,  
 The yonger brother they their Soueraigne call,  
 And bid the elder packe, they care not whither:  
 The people second them: thus in disgrace,  
 The *Stigmaticke* is forst to leauue the place.

19

But hauing better with himselfe aduised,  
*Tytan* and *Saturne* thus the strife decide,  
 That *Tytan* (for his shape so much despised)  
 Should leauue the Scepter vnto *Saturnes* guide,  
 And so to stint all malice enterprised;  
 But after *Saturnes* death, the Crownet abide  
 To *Tytan* and his heyres, by his last will;  
 So *Saturne* sweares all his heyres male to kill.

Erythea Si-  
bylla.

Their strife  
compounded.

*Lucretius.*

King

20

King *Saturne* must not let a sonne suruiue  
To keepe his brothers Issue from the Crowne,  
Only his Daughters he may saue aliue,  
These Couenants are betwixt them both set downe :  
Hence-forth, no more these haughty brothers striue,  
For eyther by Indenture knowes his owne :  
The Crowne is *Saturnes*, due to *Tytans* seed,  
To make which good, all *Saturnes* sonnes must bleed.

*Apollonius li. 2*  
*Argonaut.*

21

The elder brother, thus o'reswaide with might,  
Cannot indure that Clyme, but seekes another,  
To see his yonger throned in his right,  
Or to be cal'd a Subiect to his brother,  
And therefore full of anger and despight,  
He leaues his Countrey, Sisters, and his mother ;  
And to be rid at once of his disgraces,  
He seekes aduentures strange, in forren places.

22

Where Fortune his attempts so much befrended,  
That many Warlike Nations he subdud'e,  
No quest, saue Armes and valour, he intended,  
And how by Vsurpation to intrude  
Into the rightes of others, who defended  
Their Honors, both by strength and multitude :  
Thus he of many Islands raignes sole King,  
And all the World, of *Tytans* Actes doth ring.

23

Yet into *Creet* he daily sendes espiall,  
To know if *Saturne* made his Couenant good,  
Forcing his flye skouts (mauger all deniall)  
To bring him w<sup>r</sup>rd, how *Saturnes* glory stood,  
Whether of Mariage he had yet made tryall,  
Or hauing Children male, had spilt their bloud ;  
Knowing himselfe to be sufficient strong,  
By force of Armes, to right his former wrong.

24

So with his ffe and forty Sonnes makes thence,  
With fayre *Tytea*, mother to seuentene  
Of that large broode ; all these with rage dispence,  
And by their late attonement, Exiles beene.

*Diod. Siculus.*

*Britaynes Troy.*

With patience they depart (but with pretence)  
 Hoping well Armed once more to be seene,  
 And with their brood of *Tytanois* to meet,  
 And tug with *Saturne*, for the Crowne of *Crees*.

25

*Rhea* (of all the beauteous daughters fairest)  
 Brides with *Hiperion*, her best-lou'd Brother:  
 He likewise, for his feature was the rarest  
 Of *Tytans* sonns (there liu'd not such another)  
 Oh sweet *Hiperion*, thou in shape comparest  
 With all the Gyanys issue of thy mother;  
 At seuerall byrths, two Babes she childed soone,  
 The male she cald the *Sunne*; Female, the *Moone*.

26

The tother *Tytans* fearing, to these two  
 Their Fathers Conquests should in time descend,  
 A monstrosous Act they haue intent to do,  
 Whose scandall shall beyond both Poles extend,  
 And none but *Parricides* would yeild vnto,  
 For they that should their Brothers life defend  
 Conspire together, and against right or reason,  
 In dead of night, they seeke his death, by *Treason*.

27

But first they take his little sonne, *the Sunne*,  
 And to the floud *Eridanus* (well knowne,  
 That streames along their Coast:) In hast they run,  
 Where the young Lad amongst the waues is throwne,  
 This, when his tender Sister knew was dun,  
 From a high Rocke, her selfe she tumbled downe:  
 In pitty of whose beauties, grace, and yeares,  
 The Gods translate them, to the brightest Spheres.

28

Meane time, the new made King of *Crees*'s renowne  
 Increasest so much, that he was term'd a God,  
 He was the first that ware a *Lawrell* Crowne,  
 The first that venter'd on the Seas, and rod  
 In triumph on the waters; (this being knowne)  
 They held them happiest, that could make abod  
 In his blest *Prouince*, which being well conducted,  
 Kings sent their Sonnes to him, to be instructed.

*Pansania in  
Corinthiacis.*

Of Tytan mor  
Can 3 Stan. 27

*Saturne*

25

Saturne in those daies was helde onely wife,  
Many young Princes in his Court were traïned,  
He taught them both the vse of *Seas* and *skies*,  
And what hid wealth within the Earth remained;  
Then gan he Citties build, and Lawes deuise,  
for an Irregular people he disdained:

The mynerall mountaine-veines he vnder-minde,  
And was the first, that perfe&t *Golde* refinde.

26

Yet neuer did this King in ought miscarry,  
Hauing what *Earth*, and *Sea*, and *Ayre* could yeild,  
Happy in all thinges, saue, he durst not marry,  
He sees the gorgeous house, he late did build  
Shine with reflecting Gold (his obiects varry)  
He sees his ripe corne, growing in the field,  
He sees the wilde Birds by his Archers caught,  
Pierst with those shafts, whose vse before he taught.

27

He sees the vast Seas, by his Oares deuided,  
And the deepe waters, without danger past,  
By Art of *Sayle* and *Rudder*, they are guided,  
(What greater happynesse could Mortall tast?)  
But when the *Covenant* long before decided  
Twixt him and *Tytan* he records, at last,  
It pierst his hart with sorrow: for his life  
Seemes to him tedious, led without a wife.

28

What bootes him all his Honours and ritch state?  
His wealths-increase, and all his worldly pleasure?  
For whom doth he rise early, and sleepe late?  
Hauing no heyre, to inherite all his Treasure:  
He knowes he hath incur'd his Brothers hate,  
Yet must his seed, make of his kingdome seazure:  
He enuyes his owne wealth, because he knowes,  
All his life time he toyles, t'enrich his foes.

29

He loues his Sister *Sybille* (yet not so  
That if she chidren haue, their blouds to spill)  
And yet his timerous passions howerly grow,  
Nor can he on her beauty gaze his fill:

Faine would he marry her, and yet doth know  
 If shee haue Issue, he her sonnes must kill,  
 So that he wishes now, (but all too late)  
 That for his vow, he might Exchange his state.

30

In this distraction many dayes he dwelt,  
 Till Loue at length in *Saturnes* hart preuailed,  
 Such feruent palsions in his brest he felt,  
 That spight his Oath, (which he so much bewailed)  
 He feeles his soft thoughts in his bosome melt :  
 (Needs must he yeild whom such faire lookes assailed)  
 And now vpon this desperate point he stood,  
 Towade t'her bed, thogh throghe his childrens blood.

31

This can great *Apis* witnesse, who that time  
*Peloponessus* gouern'd : This records  
*Iubalda*, who the *Spaniſh* seat doth clime ;  
 This *Craunus* kneel'd to by th' *Italian* Lords:  
 This *Satron*, who the *Gaules* rul'd in his prime,  
 Now to *Semiramis* *Aſſyria* affords  
 The Monarchy : who after *Ninus* dide,  
 Married her Sonne, and perisht by his pride.

32

*Saturne* marri-  
eth his Sister  
*Sybille*.  
2000.  
1963.

The marriage rights with ſolemnie feaſts are done,  
*Sybille* both wife and ſister ; the firſt Queene  
 That raign'd in *Creete*, hath now conceiu'd a ſonne,  
 Neuer hath leſſe applauſive ioy bin ſene  
 At ſuch a Brides Conception : the time's come  
 The long ſuſperiuſe daies expired beene :  
 For if a male, his blood the Earth muſt ſtaine,  
 A male ſhe brought forth, and the Lad was ſlaine.

33

For ſo the King commanded, being a King,  
 He thought it base iſ he ſhould breake his word,  
 Oh golden dayes, of which the *Poets* ſing,  
 How many can this Iron age afford  
 That hold a promise ſuch a precious thing,  
 Rather to yeeld their children to the ſword,  
 Then that the world ſhould ſay, thy oath thou brakeſt,  
 Or waſt ſo base, to eate the word thou ſpakeſt.

Such

33

Such difference is twixt this, and that of gold,  
We in our sinnes are stronger ; Vertues weaker ;  
Words tide them fast, but vs no bonds can hold ;  
They held it vil'd, to be a promise-breaker ;  
A *Lyar* was as strange in times of old,  
As to find out amongst vs, a true speaker :  
Their harts were of pure mettall, ours haue flawes,  
Now lawes are wordes ; in those daies, wordes were

34

(lawes.

The Funerall of the first slaine infant ended,  
And the sad daies of mourning quite expir'd,  
At which the pittious Queene was most offended,  
But now her spirits with dull sorrowes tired,  
The King a second metting hath intended,  
And the Queenes nuptiall bed againe desired ;  
*Sibill* conceiuers, and in her wombe doth cherish,  
More children, ready in their birth to perish.

35

And growing neere her time, the sorrowfull father,  
Displeas'd to see his wife so apt to beare,  
Who for his vowes-sake wish her barren rather,  
(The murther of his first sonne toucht him neare,)  
Sends through his Land, a kingly traine to gather,  
And makes for *Delphos*, hoping he shall heare  
Some better comfort from the *Delphian* shrine,  
Whose Oracles the king esteemes diuine.

36

He therefore first his sacrifice prepares,  
And on *Apollos* Altar Incense burnes,  
Then kneeling to the Oracle, his praiers  
Mount with the sacred fume, which neare returnes,  
Tell the pleasd God acquainted with his cares  
Lookes downe from heauen, & sees him how he mourns,  
Desiring that his power would nothing hide,  
But tell, what of her next birth should betide.

37

With that there fell a storne of Raine and Thunder,  
The Temple was all fire, the Alter shooke,  
The golden roofe aboue, and pauement vnder,

C

Trembled

Trembled at once, about gan *Saturne* looke,  
 To see what heauenly power had caus'd this wonder,  
 Faine he the holy place woulde haue forsooke,  
 When th' Oracle thus spake : thy wife growes great,  
 With one that shall depose thee from thy seat.

38

For from her royll wombe shall one proceed,  
 That in despight of thee in *Creet* shall dwell;  
 So haue the neuuer-changing fates decreed,  
 Such is the Oracles (thrice sacred) spell ;  
 A sonne shall issue from king *Saturnes* seed,  
 That shall enforce his father downe to Hell,  
 This heard, the discontented king arose,  
 And (doubly sad) away to *Creet* he goes.

39

What shal he do, faire *Sibils* time drawes neete,  
 And if the Lad which she brings forth suruiue,  
 The newes will stretch vnto his brothers eare,  
 To whom he sware to keepe no male aliue,  
 Besides a second cause he hath to feare,  
 Least he his father, from his kingdome drieue,  
 Then, to preuent these ils, he sweares (on hie,)  
 Inspight of fate, the infant borne shall die.

40

Yet when the King his first sonnes death records,  
 In his resolued thoughts it breeds relenting,  
 The bloudy and vnnaturall act affords  
 His troubled thoughts, fresh cause of discontenting,  
 None dare approach his presence, Queene, nor Lords,  
 That to his first childe death had bin consenting:  
 The first vnnaturall act appears so vilde,  
 The king intends to saue his second childe.

41

So oft as he the murder cals to mind,  
 So oft he vowes the second son to saue,  
 But thinking on his couenant, grows vnkind,  
 And doomes it straight vnto a timeless graue ;  
 Againe, the name of sonne would pitty find,  
 And for his oth some refuge seekes to haue :  
 But when the Oracle he doth recall,  
 The very thought of that, confounded all.

42

So deare to him his Crowne and state appeared  
That he his pompe before his blood preferred,  
It ioyes him to commaund, and to liue feared,  
And now he thinkes his foolish pitty erred,  
And setting light his issue, seemes well cheared,  
His fortune to the Goddes he hath referred,  
Rather then loose his Scepter, tis decreed,  
Had he ten thousand brats, they all should bleed.

43

Resolu'd thus: newes is brought him by his mother,  
That *Sibell* (late in trauell) is deliuier'd  
Of two faire Twins, a Sister, and a Brother,  
At this report, his heart is well nigh shiuier'd,  
Go, spare the t'one (quoth he) and kill the other;  
Alas (saith she) we women are pale-liuer'd  
And haue not heart to kill: no beast so wilde  
Or brutish, but would spare so sweete a childe.

44

And shall a father then so madly fare  
With his owne issue, his childs blood to spill?  
And whom the Tigers and fell beasts would spare,  
Shall reasonable man presume to kill?  
The birds more tender ore their young ones are,  
Fishes are kind vnto their issue still.  
Fish, bird, and beast, in sea, Aire, earth, that breedeth,  
Though reasonlesse, her tender young ones feedeth.

45

Further she was proceeding, when the son,  
An irefull frowne vpon his mother threw,  
Away (quoth he) and to *Sibilla* run,  
And let the same hand that my first borne slew  
Destroy this to, for as we haue begun,  
We will persist, the Lady sad, withdrew,  
Affraide and greeu'd at once, to see him moued,  
Whom, as her King (she fear'd) her son; she loued.

46

No sooner was she out of sight, but he  
One of his trusty seruants calls on hye,  
Who waits his pleasure on his bended knee,

*Sibilla versus.*

The birth of  
*Iupiter* and  
*Juno.*

2014.

1946.  
*Abraham en-  
ters Canaan  
24. yeares af-  
ter Circumci-  
tion was com-  
maunded: and  
*Sodome* and  
*Gomorrah* bur-  
ned.*

*Lycophron.*

Quickly / quoth *Saturne* after *Vesta* flic,  
 Say, if the brat suruiue, *Sibill* and she  
 As Traytors to our person, both shall die :  
 Hees gone, and little in the King doth lacke,  
 At his departure to haue cal'd him backe.

47

Twice was the word halfe out, and twice kept in,  
 Faine he would haue it done, and faine neglected,  
 He thinkes dam'd Parricide on vgly sinne,  
 But worse he thinkes from State to be dejected,  
 Neuer hath Prince in such distraction bin,  
 His bloud he lou'd, his kingdome he affected :  
 But since he cannot both at once enioy,  
 His state hee'l saue, his yssue hee'l destroy.

48

Ambition to his fiery rage gaue fewell,  
 He now remembers not his *Sibils* teares,  
 Whose tender hart laments, to lose her Iewell,  
 No sparke of pitty in his looke appeares,  
 It sports him only to be tearmed cruell,  
 At name of Father, now he stops his eates ;  
 Had not his Crown, more then his couenant tempted,  
*Sibill*, thy sonne had bin from death exempted.

49

But the commaund is gone, and in his breast  
 He now reuolues the vilenesse of the deed,  
 Scepter, and Crowne, and life he doth detest,  
 Within him, his remorcefull entrailes bleed ;  
 And now at length, the King would thinke him blest,  
 Might he togither perish with his seed :  
 And that which most his Melancholy furthers,  
 He knowes, the world condemns him for his murthers.

50

No ioy can cheere, no obiect make him glad,  
 The dayes in sighes, the nights in teares he spends,  
 Nothing can please him : (be it good or bad)  
 His troubled and craz'd sences it offends,  
 That he is now surnam'd, *Saturne the Sad*,  
 He sets not by alliance, strangers, friends ;  
 Here leauue him in the depth of his dispaires,  
 A melancholy King, composde of cares.

51

And to the Queene returne who sadly waites  
Her Infants execution or repreue,  
Did *Saturne* see this boy (she thus debates)  
That he would kill him, I can scarce beleue?  
Alas: poore infants borne to wofull fates,  
What corsick hart such harmelesse soules can greeue;  
Thus lies the Queene, til from her Lord she heare,  
Hafce chear'd with hope, and halfe destroy'd through  
52 (feare.

In *Vesta* comes; her sad cheare *Sybill* spies,  
And in her bed (though weake) her selfe sh'aduanced,  
She might haue read the Message in her eies,  
For as vpon the smiling Babe she glanced,  
She fil'd the chamber with lowd shreekes and cries,  
At which the wofull mother was intranced:  
The Grandam, in her eyes the kings wil showing,  
The mother, by her lookes, her meaning knowing.

53

Not long in this strange sorrow they remained,  
But the kings seruant mongst the women presleth,  
A generall flush the Matrons cheekes hath stained,  
And his owne blush ioyning with theirs, confesseth  
That place vnsit for him; yet none complained,  
For euery one his cause of comming gesleth;  
Knowing the gentle knight, would not present him  
In such a place, vnsesse the king had sent him.

54

On whom, as more attentiuely they gaze,  
Thus wils the king (quoth he) my sonne shall die;  
In vaine with sorrowfull teares your eies you glaze,  
Or fill this chamber with a generall cty,  
He for the heart of his young infant staies;  
Which if his mother, or his Queene deny,  
They shall abide like doome, hee'l haue their harts;  
The message ended thus: the knight departs.

55

So long in sorrowes sympathy they mourn'd,  
That with excesse of griefe their soules were tired,  
Now for a space they haue their feares adiourn'd,

And of the kings displeasure more inquired,  
 At length their mourning into madnesse turn'd,  
 (Quoth *Sibell*) no base murtherer shall be hired  
 To worke this out-rage, so the king hath wild,  
 And by my hand the iweete babe shall be kild.

56

With that a knife the wrathfull *Sibell* snatched,  
 And bent the point against the infants brest,  
 Thinking to haue his innocent life dispatcht,  
 And sent his soule vnto eternall rest ;  
 The Lad his mother by the bosome catcht,  
 And smiling in her face, that was addrest  
 To strike him dead, away she hurles the knife,  
 And saith (sweet babe) that smile hath sau'd thy life.

57

Then give it me quoth *Vesta*, for take heed,  
 My son hath charg'd vs on our liues, to slay him ;  
 The infant by his Grandams hand shall bleed,  
 So wils the king (whats she that dares gainsay him ?)  
 My aged hand shall act this ruthlesse deed,  
 And I that should protect him, will betray him,  
 She aimes to strike, at which the infant smilde,  
 And she instead of killing, kist the childe.

58

Are you so timerous (quoth the Midwife by ?)  
 Or do you count this babe so deare a treasure ?  
 Know you not, if we sauе him we shall die,  
 And shall we hazard death in such high measure ?  
 Though you would slight it, by my life not I ;  
 I am more fearefull of the kings displeasure :  
 With that, a keener blade the *Beldam* drew,  
 The babe still smild, away the knife she threw.

59

When they behold the beauty of the Lad,  
 They vow within themselues his life to sauе,  
 But then the kings Injunction makes them sad,  
 And straight (alas) they doome it to the graue ;  
 Now with their blades in hand, like *Beldams* mad,  
 They menace death : then smiles the pretty knaue,  
 Then fall their knives, then name they the kings will,  
 And then againe they threat the babe to kill.

60

Thrice times by turnes the Infant past their hands,  
 And three times thrice, the kniues point toucht his skin,  
 And each of them as oft confounded stands,  
 (Such pitry did his smiling beauty win)  
 That more then they esteeme their liues or lands,  
 They all abhor the vilenesse of the sinne;  
 At length they all consult with heedfull care,  
 To saue their owne liues, and the childe to spare.

Jupiter sauad.

61

Saith *Vesta*, in the bordering Prouince dwels  
 Old *Mellisseus*, a renowned King,  
 His daughters I brought vp in sacred Spels,  
 And taught them Chares, to sow, to weau, to sing,  
 No Lady liuing these bright Dames excels  
 In vertuous Thewes, good graces, every thing;  
 To these my little Graund-child I will send,  
 And to their trust, this pretious charge commend.

*Mellisseus king  
of Epyre.*

62

Faire *Almache* and *Mellissee* I know,  
 (For so these vertuous Ladies haue to name)  
 Will when they vnderstand what *Queene* doth owe  
 This royll-ylssue, and from whence it came,  
 Their best and choysest entertainment shew,  
 And to no eare our secret Act proclaime;  
 Thus they conclude, all needfull things are fatcht,  
 And on her way a trusty mayde dispatcht.

*Alias, Adrass-  
tea, and Ida.*

*Apollon. Rhod.  
lib. 3. Arg.  
Pausanias in  
Messenacis.  
Laetan. lib de  
falsa religione.*

63

Who in the City of on safe ariuing,  
 To the two Sisters she her charge presents,  
 They glad to heare of *Vesta* still suruiuing,  
 Yet grieued at her cause of discontents,  
 Welcome the Damsell, In their honors striuing  
 To cheere her, who as doubtfull still laments,  
 Not knowing yet how the young Prince shall speed,  
 Or what the prouident sisters haue decreed.

*Apol. Atheni-  
ensis gramat.**Eusebius.*

64

The courteous virgins, hearing the sad story  
 Of vertuous *Sybille* and her sonne related,  
 Both for the mother and the Sonne, are sorry,

And

And hauing with themselues a while debated,  
They hold their womanish pitty much more glory  
Then to be rude, and cruell estimated,  
And now their studys are, the Babe to hide,  
And for his carefull fostring to prouide.

65

They beare him to a Mountaine, in whose brow,  
A Cauē was dig'd, the round mouth was so strait,  
That at the entry, you of force must bow,  
But entred once, the roome was full of State,  
This Cauerne for the darknesse, they allow  
To sheld the Infant from the Father's hate;  
Which being selected as a place most meet,  
The Damsell is againe sent backe to *Creet*.

66

*Pausanias in Arcadas.*  
*Aratus in phænomenis.*  
*Lucianus in sacrificijs.*  
*Virg. 4. Greg.*  
*Ovid. 2. fastor.*

With milke of Goates they nurst him for a space,  
Till Fortune on a time so well prouided,  
That when to still the Babe (who cride apace)  
They sounded Cymbals, and with tunes deuided  
Strook on their Tymbrels, by some wondrous grace,  
A swarme of Bees was by, that Musickе guided  
Into the place, who made the Cane their Hive,  
And with their Hony, kept the Child aliue.

67

By this the Damsell is return'd againe,  
And all the newes to *Vesta* hath related,  
What prouident care the royll Dames haue tane  
To saue the Prince, how well they haue requited  
Her former loue; still *Saturne* thinkes it slaine,  
Being with the terror of his death affrighted,  
Which in the Kings opinion, to make good,  
*Vesta* salutes him with a cup of blood.

68

An *Abbes* bone into the bole was brayed,  
It shew'd like the Babes hart, beaten to powder,  
The Dowager in funerall blacke arrayed,  
With reuerence to her Son and Soueraigne bowed her,  
(Women haue teates at will) their wiles to ayde,  
And she hath plenty to her plot allowed her;  
See here (quoth she) and as she more would say,  
Griefe strikes her mure, and turnes her head away.

69

Againe she would proceed, againe she faileth,  
But the third time begins her sad Oration :  
See heere thy sonne, whose losse thy wife bewaileth,  
Murdered and massacred in piteous fashion;  
In vaine against the froward fate she raileth,  
In vaine she teares her eies in extreame passion,  
*Saturne* hath to this cruell act constrain'd her,  
And see of thy young son the poore remainder.

70

Now maist thou keepe thine oath with *Titans* seed,  
Yet that thou cruell art, I needs must tell thee,  
Neuer did *Tiger* father such a deed,  
In tiranny the *Wolues* cannot excell thee ?  
Now maist thou safely weare thy imperiall weed,  
(Can this thy issue from thy throne expell thee ?)  
This blood can neuer gouerne in thy sted,  
Alas poore Grand-child, thou too late hast bled.

71

Th'vnwelcome newes seeme welcome to his cares,  
And yet he wishes they awhile had staide ;  
That the vil'd deed is done, be glad appeares,  
Yet in his gladnes, he seemes ill apaid :  
She moues the king with her lamentes and teares,  
(What cannot weeping women men perswade ?)  
The king in sorrow of his sonne late dead,  
Vowes euer to abiure Queene *Sibels* bed.

72

And whilst the warme blood reek't before his eies,  
No wonder if he purpost as he spake,  
But when the beauty of his Queene he spies,  
Her graces mou'd him, and his vow he brake:  
Such charming vertue in her beauty lies,  
That he forgets the rash oth he did make ;  
And rather then his nuptiall sweets forbeare,  
Hee'l sacrifice a young sonne every yeare.

73

These stormes blowne ouer, and their sorrowes spent  
(For violent tempests neuer long remain'd)  
The king young *Juno* to *Parthemis* sent,

There

*Britaynes Troy.*

There amongst Princes daughters to be train'd,  
To doe her honors, is his whole intent,  
Since his sonnes blood by timeless Fate is drained:  
    Nor maruell, if to honor her he striue,  
    Knowing (saue her) no Issue left aliue.

74

Time keepes his course, the King and Queene oft meet,  
And once againe she hath conceiu'd a Male,  
The Lad in secret is conveyde from *Creet*  
To *Athens*, in a vessell swift of sayle;  
Th' *Athenian* King, they with the Infant greet;  
Who the Babes fortunes sadly doth bewaile,  
    And the young *Neptune* fairly doth intreat,  
    And traynes him like the sonne of one so great.

75

The husband-King, who no such guile surmised,  
Is by the crafty women mock't againe;  
New teares are coin'd, a second tricke deuised,  
To make him thinke that Issue likewise slaine:  
Once more the King with sadness is surprised;  
Once more appeasd (for teares he knowes are vaine,)  
Againe the King and Queene are met in bed,  
And in small processe, she againe is sped.

76

A sonne and daughter at this birth she bare,  
The sonne she hides, the daughter she disclofeth,  
The sonne she *Pluto* named, the winde stood faire,  
And him into *Theffalia* she disposeth,  
The messenger applies with earnest care  
Her tedious iourney, for no time she loseth:  
Whilst the twin-brother she is forst to hide,  
Her daughter *Glaucia* in her childhood dide.

77

*Neptune* was nurst by *Aruo*, after growing  
To manhood, fairefoot *Amphitrite* hee  
would haue espousde, but she her beauty knowing,  
Despisde the *Sea God*, thinking to liue free,  
wherefore he sends the Dolphin, who straight showing  
His masters thoughts, the Louers loone agree,  
For with the *Dolphins* signe to Heauen was borne,  
And plast on hyc, not farre from *Capricorne*.

The birth of  
*Pluto & glaucia*

*Higinius in fab  
Stellarum.*

The vntam'd Gennet he did first bestride,  
And made him seruant to the vse of Man,  
(Before him) no man durst presume to ride,  
(Famous alone he was in *Athens* than).

He coupled first the Steedes, and curbd their pride,  
And by his Art, the armed Chariot ran:

Therefore, as greatest honor to his state,  
The Horse to him was freely consecrate.

79  
And when he trauels o're the foamy waues,  
With foure Sea-palfreys he is drawne along,  
By sundry Nymphes and Girls, (whose loue he craves,)  
Four-score fayre sonnes he got, surpassing strong,  
Who Cittyes built, and menac't Hostile braues  
Gainst Tyrants, that usurpt their States by wrong:  
He Riders grac't, and Sea-men gladly cheared,  
And by his hands, the wals of *Troy* were reared.

80  
To him three Temples consecrated were,  
Of great Magnificence; In *Isthmus* one,  
In *Tenarus* a second did appeare,  
A structure (in that Isle) famous alone,  
A third to him the stowt *Calabrians* reare,  
Semblant to these, through all the world were none;  
Vpon these shernes to make his glories full,  
The people vsde to sacrifice a Bull.

81  
*Pluto* (whom some call *Mammon*) God of gold,  
Who (after) did the *Tartar* kindome seaze,  
As *Jove* a Scepter in his hand doth hold,  
*Neptune* the Trident, so he grasperes the Keies;  
Some thinke this God inhabited of old  
*Hiberia*, him the *Pyren* mountaines please,  
Of whom and *Proserpine* his rauisht Bride,  
Desist; to speake what *Juno* did betide.

82  
Thus eldest *Jupiter* liues in a Cauue  
Neere *Oson*, nurst with Hony from the Bees,  
Th' *Athenian* King did the young *Neptune* saue,

Pausanias in  
Arcadicis.

Pam'5. Him-  
nographus.

Sophocles

Apollon. lib. 4.

Zezes in lib. 51.

Plutarch.

Herodotus.

Hom in Iliad.

Plut. in vita  
Pompeia.

Hom. lib. 5. odif

Virg. 5.

Paus. in Atticis

Hiberia cald  
Spaine.

Strabo lib. 3.  
Geographica.

In

2250.

In *Athens*, where great Clearks haue tane degrees ;  
*Athens* the well of knowledge, and the Graue  
 Of Ignorance, where *Neptune* safety sees ;  
*Pluto* the yongest of the three, doth dwell  
 In lower *Theffaly*, since tearmed Hell.

83

The time these liued, was *Patriarch Isaac* borne,  
 In *Lybia Affer* raignde, *Brigus* in *Spaine*,  
 By *Inachus*, the *Argine* Crowne is worne :  
*Aratus* doth the *Assyrian* state maintaine ;  
 Now *Sodom* and *Gomorrha* to ashes turne,  
*Pelloponessus* doth *Ægidius* gaine,  
*Germania* is vpheld by *Herminon*,  
 And *Æthyopia* sway'd by *Phaeton*.

84

*Saturne*, that of his three sonnes nothing knew,  
 Doted on louely *Juno*, and oft sent  
 Vnto her place of Nurture, where she grew  
 Faire and well featur'd, there her youth she spent,  
 Whose soiorne in *Parthemia* *Saturne* drew  
 To visite her (on earth his sole content)  
 Many rare presents, and rich guifts he brought her,  
 Where leauch him in *Parthemia* with his daughter.

**O**ur Poem, though familiarly knowne to them of iudgement and reading, yet because it may not seeme intricate to the less capeable, I thought it not altogether impertinent to insert some few obseruations to the ende of eury Canto.

Touching this Vranus, from whom our History takes life, some Writers (and those not of the least authority) thinke in him to be figured Chanaan, sonne of Cham, sonne of Noah, whom Noah cursed, but spared his sonne Cham, because God had once blessed him.

This Canaan for sundry benefits by him bestowed vpon many Nations, was called by some Ogyges, by others Fenix, as also Cœlum, Sol, Proteus, Ianus, Geminus, Iunonius, Quirinus, Patulcius, Bacchus, Vortumnus, Chaos, Illeton

ton, or the seed of the Goddes. Also his wife Vesta, for her bountyn, they calld Tellus, Opis, Aretia, and Cibilla, the mother of the Gods.

And these liued in the third generation after the Floud. From this Vesta, came the virgin-Vestals in Rome. This Cham father to Canaan, was calld Ægyptian Saturne, and Nemroth, Babilonian Saturne. Cham was also called Saturne in Italy, who came thither to dwell, in the time that Comerus the Scythian usurped there: a neighbour to olde Janus that dwelt in Laurentum: And this was in the yeare of the world 1898. the yeare before Christ 2065. but rather then enter too deepe into antiquity, the sequele of our historie we deriue from Saturne of Creet.

There were two Iupiters, the first Jupiter Belus, from whom Ninus descended and first Idolatrised to him: the second Jupiter of Creet, who was after instiled Olimpian Jupiter, and supreame king of the Gods.

Tytan, Saturnes brother, is often by the Poets taken for the Sunne, he is likewise calld Hiperion, and ruler of the Planets: but Bochas writes Hiperion to be Tytans sonne, and not a name soley attributed to the Sunne.

Wher Saturne makes his expedition to the Oracle: I read of two Oracles, one spake in Delphos from the mouth of Apollo, the other in Ægypt, from Jupiter Belus, who is likewise calld the Sonne of Saturne, and the second Emperour of Babylon after Nemroth.

Olson a City and mountaine in Epyre where Jupiter was nurst. This Epyre is a Countrey in Greece, hauing on the North Macedonia, the East Achaya, the West the sea Ionium: It cannot be the mountaine Ossa, because Ossa is in Thessaly.

Saturnus was the first father of the Goddes, who begatte Jupiter, Iuno, Neptune, Pluto, and Glauca, by his wife Ops, otherwise calld Sybilla.

Demogorgon, signifieth Earth, and Æthra Ayre, supposed Vranus father and mother.

Cadmus sonne to Agenor king of Phenicia, who beeing sent by his father to seeke his sister Europa whom Jupiter in the shape of a Bull had rauished, and not finding her, durst not returne to his Countrey but staied in Boetia, where hee

*Cicero de natura deorum.*

*Bochas.*

*Lactantius.*

*Ovid. met. 2.*

built the famous City Thebes , brought letters first into Greece, and found the casting of mettals in Pangeus a promontory in Thrace.

Panchaia a sandy countrey of Arabia, where is plenty of Frankincence. In a high hill of this Countrey, Thoas and Aeclis first found out gold Ore.

Erichthon otherwise Erichtheus, he was nurst by Minerva, after instated king of Athens, he first invented the Chariot, and is supposed to be the first that tryed mettalles, part of which skill, some take from him, and attribute unto Ceachus.

Idæi Dactili otherwise called Corybanthus, were certain priests of Cibell, these are sayde to find out the use of Iron.

Salmentes and Damnamenecus, two Jewes, S. Clement speakes of, who first found out the use of Iron in Cipres.

Lydus the sonne of Atis, and brother to Tyrthenus , of him Lidia tooke the name : he first melted braffe, and made it pliable to the hammer: a cunning whiche Theophrastus would bestow vpon one Delos the Phrigian, but Aristotle yeildes it to Lydus.

Cassiterides are ten Ilandes in the Spanish sea, in these Midacritus (by the opinion of Strabo) first found out the use of Lead.

Cynaras, a ritch King of Cypres, who unawares laye with his daughter Myrrha, and on hir begat Adonis. Hee first devised the Stithce, Tongs, File and Leauer.

Pyrodes was sonne to Cilix, of whom Cicilia took name, and Cilix was sonne to Phenicia, he was the first strooke fire from the flint.

Prometheus sonne to Iapetus, who for stealing Fyre from heauen to inspire life in his Images, was by Jupiter tyde vnto the mount Cancalus, where an Eagle still gnaweth his entrailes.

Anacharsis a great Phylosopher, borne in Scythia, he first devised the Bellows, and as some suppose the Potters wheele.

Apis King of the Argives, he taught first the plantinge of vines, and after his death was worshipt in the shape of an Oxe.

Iubalda gouerned Spaine.

Craunuis Italy.

Satron the Gaules.

Semiramis Assyria. At the same time Saturne married his Sister Sybill. This was in the yeare of the World 2000. and the yeare before Christ 1963. Seauen yeares after this, which was 250. yeares after the Deluge, Noah paid his due to Nature.

Almachc and Mellisee, are supposed to be Adrastea and Isde.

**T**Hus it is our purpose to beare along with vs the best known Kingdomes of the Worlde, that the truth of an History being countenanced with their credit, may purchase the better belief.

The end of the first

CANTO.

D 2



## Argumentum

Young Dardanus his brother Iasius slew,  
 And leaues the Countrey where he sought to rayne  
 Warre twixt th'Epirians and Pelagians grew,  
 Lycaon is by Ioue exilde, not slaine:  
 Iupiter of Calisto taking view,  
 A vortesse, and one of Dians traine;  
 Loues, and is loath'd, the Virgin is beguild,  
 Clad like a mayd, he gets the Mayd with child.

## ARG. 6.

**T**H'Epiran slaine: Troys first foundatiō layd,  
 Chast Dians vomes in Deta are conveyd.

## CANTO. 2.

**O**H blind Ambition  
 and desire of Raigne,  
 How camst thou by this rule  
 in mortall breasts?  
 Who gaue thee this dominion  
 ore the braine?  
 Thou murdrest more,  
 then plagues or fatall pests;  
 Thy drinke Mans bloud, thy food dead bodies slaine,  
 Treason and Murder are thy nightly guests:  
 Ambition knowes no lawe, he that aspires,  
 Climbes by the liues of brothers, sonnes, and Syres.

2

**C**orinthus, of whom *Corinth* tooke firſt name,  
*Electra* daughter to King *Athlas* marryed,  
 From *Lybia* hath he fetcht the louely Dame,  
 And thence to *Naples* this rich purchase carried:

*Corinth* and *Naples* are indeed the same,  
One Citty; though by Time their names be varried:

1 These dying, left behinde them to succeed,  
Two Princes, Lords of many a valiant deed.

3

Whilst *Corinth* there, *Memnon* all *Egypt* swayde,  
In *Italy* *Atleus*: *Harbon* *Gaul*,  
*Hesperus* *Spaine*, the *Argine* King was made  
*Craffus*: in *France* King *Ludgus* gouern'd all  
Arming himselfe against such as did Inuade,  
*Syrus* in *Syria*: *Affyria* crowne doth fall  
To *Mancaleus* which whilst he maintaynd,  
*Orthopolis* in *Peloponessus* raign'd.

4

*Moyse* was borne the selfe-same happy yeare,  
That faire *Electra* was made haplesse Queene:  
Who spake with GOD, and saw the bush burne cleare,  
By whom the *Israelites* deliuered beene  
From *Pharaohs* bondage, whom the fiery spheare  
Guided by night, when in the day was seene  
The Cloud to vsher them: In whose blest daies,  
*Corinthus* yssue their proud fortunes raise.

5

One *Dardanus*, that other *Iasius* hight,  
Who strongly for their Fathers Crowne contend,  
And to their aydes assemble many a knight,  
By force of Armes their challenge to defend,  
But Armes nor bloudy battell; force nor fight  
Can vnto this vnnaturall warre giue end:  
Till (at the length) a Treaty was appointed,  
Which (by accord) should be the King annointed.

*Dardanus* and  
*Iasius*.

Now *Cecrops*  
built *Athenes*.

6

*Iasius* to Parlee comes vnarm'd: his brother  
Vnder his Robes of peace bright Armor wore:  
And being met, his vengeance could not smother  
But slew him dead; The Lords his death deplore,  
Thus pitiously the one hath kilde the other:  
*Iasius* vnto his Sepulcher they bore,  
But *Dardanus* that him so basely slew,  
Vnto the Pallaec Royall they pursue.

7

The people such a Traiterous practise hated,  
And vow his blood shall for his murder pay,  
Such as lou'd *Iasins*, the rest animated,  
And round begirt the place where *Dardan* lay,  
Who cals such friends as on his person waited,  
And in the dead of night steales thence away,  
For well he knowes, they *Iasins* lou'd so deerly,  
That they his murder will reuenge scuerely.

8

Before the dawne of day they shipping take,  
The darkenesse of the night, their purpose aideth,  
Through the vast *Ocean* a swift saile they make,  
But as the morning riseth, and night fadeth,  
The sterne *Corinthians* to their fury wake,  
And euery man th'vngarded house inuadeth,  
But when they entring, found the brother fled,  
They curse the liuing, and lament the dead.

9

Long they their weary Fortunes haue in chase,  
Still in the mercy of the Seas and winde,  
But where to harbor they can find no place,  
Or in the seas wilde deserts comfort finde;  
At length they touch at *Samos Isle*, in *Thrace*,  
A soile, which yet contents not *Dardans* minde,  
Ballast, fresh water, vietuals he takes in,  
And hoysing saile, seekes further shores to win.

10

By this the *Asian Seas* his ships hath past,  
And now within the *Hellespont* he rides,  
The Marriners the shore discry at last,  
Where calling all their Sea-gods to their guides,  
To their discouerty they apply them fast,  
And now their vessels neere the cost abides,  
Not long about the briny beach they houer,  
But *Dardan* landes, the Iland to discouer.

II

He finds it fruitfull, pleasant, and a soile  
Fit to inhabit, hie woods, champion fields,  
He holds this countrey worth her former toile,  
The place he likes, and to this clime he yeilds,

And after all his trauell and turmoile,  
He plants himselfe : a City here he builds,  
He castes a huge Ditch first, then layes a frame,  
And after calls it *Dardan* by his name.

2485.

1478.

The first foun  
dation of *Troy*

12

The time the groundfils of great *Troy* were layd,  
Was *Lacedemon* built (by computation)  
In *Athens* *Erichthonius* King was made,  
And *Danaus* ruler ore the *Argive Nation* :  
*Hercules Dasinas*, *Phenitia* swayde,  
*Egyptus Egypt*; now the first foundation  
Of great *Apollos* Temple was begun  
By young *Eriphones*, King *Cecrops* sonne.

13

In processe is much people there conuented,  
Being a Citty, well and fairely seated,  
And all such people as this place frequented,  
Were by him and his followers well intreated,  
No stranger, from the King past discontented ;  
No Marchant in his traffique was defeated :  
In time, his wealth and people both abound,  
And here in *Dardan*, *Dardanus* liues crownd.

14

This *Dardan* on *Candame* got a sonne,  
*Eruton* hight : who the same state maintained,  
Time keepes his course, away the swift howers run,  
The second King, in Arts and WVarres is trained,  
Imagine seauen and forty Winters dun,  
So long *Eruton* in this Citty raigned :  
Troos his sonne the kingdome doth enjoy,  
And of this *Troos*, came the name of *Troy*.

Troy named  
of king Troos

15

A puissant King in Armes, his valor fame  
Through all the *Asian* confines stretched far ;  
Kingdomes he doth subdue, Invadors tame,  
By him the two first kings ecclipsed are ;  
And the *Dardanians* change their auncient name,  
And of King *Troos*, so renowmd in warre  
Are *Troyans* cald, for so King *Troos* chargeth,  
And with his fame, his new-built towne enlargeth.

Now

16

Now all the Græcian Citties *Troy* out-shineth,  
 Whose glory many neighbour kings enuy,  
 Yet none so bold, that outwardly repineth,  
 Or dare in publicke tearmes, king *Troos* defie:  
 The strongest people he by loue combineth,  
 The weaker he by armes doth terrifie,  
 King *Tantalus* that liues in *Phrigia* crownd,  
 Most enuies *Troy* should be so farre renown'd.

17

But leue we him in enuy, *Troy* in glory,  
 For enuy still lookes voward, seldome downe,  
 And turne to that which most concernes our story,  
 How *Jupiter* attain'd his fathers crowne;  
 How *Sybill* ioyfull was, but *Saturne* sorry  
 To heare his sonnes suruiuing in renoune;  
 How *Tytan* war'd on *Saturne*, how *Ione* grew,  
 And in his fathers aid, his Vnkle slew.

18

Twixt the *Pelagiens* and *Epiriens* riseth  
 Contentious warre, in *Epire* raigned then  
 King *Millesius*; who in armes surpriseth  
 Certaine *Pelagiens*, king *Lycaons* men:  
*Lycaon* with his warlike troopes aduiseth,  
 By pollicy of warre, both how and when  
 He may awaite th'*Epiriens* the like domage,  
 And make their king vnto his state do homage.

19

*Lyconis.*  
 At length *Iones* *Guardian*, the great *Epyre* king,  
 Vnto the son of *Titan* offers peace,  
 In signe whereof they Olie branches bring,  
 To signifie their hostile Armes surcease:  
*Lycaon* sonne to *Tytan* whom wars stung,  
 Had likewise gald and spoild his lands increase;  
 Applauds the mouion, sweares to this accord,  
 Condition'd thus, to leue an *Epire* Lord.

20

An *Epyre* Lord, as Hostage straight they take,  
 And in *Pelagia* with *Lycaon* leue him,  
 There to abide, till they amends shall make  
 For all the spoiles, th'*Eperiens* did bereave him,

The King the daies doth watch, the nights doth wake,  
Least his *Epirien* hoste should deceiue him :

*Lycaon* of his couenant naught doth slacke,  
The time expires the Lord should be sent backe.

21

And to that purpose *Melliseus* sends  
Ambassadours, from *Epire* to *Pelage*,  
Who to *Lycaon* beares his kind commends,  
*Lycaon* full of spleene and warlike rage  
To quit his former iniury, intends,  
And with much paine his fury doth asswage,  
Yet giues them outward welcome, they desire  
Their Hoste Lord to beare backe to *Epire*.

22

Vnto a Morrowes banquet he invites them,  
Saying they shall receiue him at that feast :  
The morrow comes (full ill the kings requites them)  
He makes th' *Epirien* to be kild and drest,  
Part to be sod, part to be rosted, which incites them  
To horror and amazement, they detest  
So horrible an obiect : Then the King  
Thus saies ; Behold your Hoste here I bring.

23

Young *Jupiter* was at the Table seated,  
Sent with the rest, by his great foster-Father  
On th'Ambassie : he hauing heard repeated  
A deed so monstrous, or inhumane rather,  
As one that brookt not to be so intreated,  
His lofty spirits he to his heart doth gather :  
And rising from the Table, drawes his sword,  
And beares away the mangled *Epyre* Lord.

24

Into the Market place his load he beares,  
Before the amazed people to disclose it :  
The bold vndaunted Worthy nothing feares,  
But beares the body, and in publicke shewes it ;  
Some roasted, and some sod, some bak't appeares,  
And euery soule abhors the deed that knowes it :  
Who wondering whence so vilde a mischiefe came,  
Behold (quoth he) your King *Lycaons* shame.

Behold

25

Behold the prince, the sonne of *Titan* kept,  
 Upon his honour safely to deliuier,  
 Some were ashamed, some threatned, and some wept,  
 Some of their trembling harts with terror shiuier,  
 Which *Saturnes* sonne espying, forth he stipt,  
 And saith : shall such a Tirant and bad liuer ?

Shall such a bloudy and insatiate dnuell  
 Vnpunisht scape, for practise of this euill ?

26

The infamy of this inhuman act,  
 Stretcheth to you ; it hath defam'd your nation,  
 Where ere report shall blazon this base fact,  
 Of our *Epirian* murdred in such fashion,  
 It will appeare that you the Tirant baet,  
 And that it was your deed ; This short Oration,  
 Tooke such effeet, that each man blusht within,  
 Feeling himselfe toucht with that horrid sin.

27

Much more he spake, to bring the king in hate  
 With such his subiects as had never lou'd him,  
 That fell *Lycaon* but vsurpt his state,  
 And brought a scandall on them all, he prou'd him,  
 Thus of his murdrous act he doth dilate,  
 To which his tirany and ranker mou'd him,  
 His former cruelty, this bloudy sight,  
 And *Jones* perswasions, makes them bent to fight.

28

*Saturnes* bold sonne will no aduantage leese,  
 But with his many tirannies proceeds,  
 He makes such burne, whose harts before did freeze,  
 At the recitall of his bloudy deedes :  
 Then beares againe the course, which none that sees  
 But his heart fires with rage, or Inly bleeds,  
 Then cries aloud : you bound that would be free,  
 Cast of your seruile yoake, and follow me.

29

You whom the bloudy Tirant hath opprest,  
 Now (whilst you may reuenge you) arme, and strike,  
 You that haue seene th'*Epirian* kild and dreſt,  
 Let him not on your bodies act the like :

Aime all your weapons gainst the Tirants brest :  
With that, this catcht a Iauelin, that a Pike,  
One takes an Axe, another snacht a Spade,  
Some Swords, some Staues, the pallace to inuade.

30

Their youthfull Captaine they attend, and meet  
With the fierce Tirant, arm'd and well prepar'd :  
They Barricado both ends of the street,  
Then to the battell (where they no man spar'd)  
By this *Joue* layes *Lycaon* at his feet ;  
And there had slaine him, but his spleene was bar'd  
By one of his best Captaines, who did bring  
Happy supply, and so preseru'd the king.

31

Th' enraged multitude esteemed nougnt  
The dauncing Courtiers when they came to blowes,  
They wately, the people madly fought,  
And euery man his dauntlesse courage shewes,  
Whilst all about, young *Joue* his kinlman sought,  
And still the clamor of the battell rose  
So loud, that it rebounded against the skies,  
And heauen it selfe did *Echo* with their cries.

32

Yet *Joue* triumphant in the first ranke stood,  
His foes fixt battaile he by force displacest,  
It raines sharpe Arrowes till the ground flowes blood,  
And yet no knight his honored fame disgraces :  
It did th'*Epiriens* and their Captaines good  
To see the streets pau'd with their enemies faces :  
In this high tumults heat, *Lycaons* fled,  
And sprightly *Joue* left Conqueror mongst the dead.

33

The Tirant when he saw his seruants slaine,  
To sauе his life, workes for his secret scape,  
And to the forrest flying from his traine,  
He strangely feeles himselfe trans-form'd in shape,  
Both woluish forme and mind, he doth retaine,  
And in the woods he liues by spoile and rape :  
He liu'd a Tirant whilst his kingdome stood,  
And chang'd into a *Wolfe*, still thirsts for blood.

*Lycaon* vanquished by Jupiter.

*Hecateus Mij-*  
*leseus lib. 2. ge-*  
*nealogiarum.*

Where

34

Where we will leaue him in the desert Groue,  
 Trans-formd in body, but not chang'd in mind.  
 And as my story leads, returne to Ioue  
 Who sees *Lycaon* fled, none left behind,  
 But such as whilst they breath'd, in valour stroue,  
 And dying, to the fire there corpes resignd :

To the *Pelagians* turning he thus saies :  
 Be yours the Conquest, but to heauen the praise.

35

But they his honours backe to him resigne,  
 And with a generall shout their caps vp fling,  
 Saying (o *Ioue*) thy valour is deuine ;  
 And thou of vs *Pelagians* shalt be king,  
 They guard him to the pallace, and in fine  
 The Crowne and Scepter to his hand they bring :  
 And after search, finding *Lycaon* fled,  
 They *Saturnes* sonne inuested in his sted.

*Jupiter made  
king of the  
Pelagians.*

36  
 King *Jupiter* had not yet raignd an hower,  
 But with his trusty followers searcheth round  
 About the Pallace royall, for the power  
 Of king *Lycaon*, but he no man found ;  
 (Death spares the king, that doth his folke deuote,) Yet iealous of his state, like kings new crown'd,  
 To abide all future garboiles and assaults,  
 He searcheth all the Sellers, nookes, and vaults.

37

And breaking vp a strong bard iron dore,  
 He spies a goodly chamber richly hung,  
 Where he might see vpon the carelesse floure,  
 A discontented *Lady* rudely flung :  
 Her habite futing with her grieve she wore,  
 Her eyes rain'd teares, her Iuory hands she wrung :  
 Her robes so blacke were, and her face so faire,  
 Each other gracst, and made both colours rare.

38

The Virgin lookt out of her sad attire,  
 Like the bright sun out of a dusky cloud ;  
 Her first aspect set the kings hart afire,  
 Who vailing first his bonnet, he lowe bowd,

And to haue seizd her fingers preaseth nyer,  
But she at sight of strangers weepes alowd,  
Her drowned eie she to the Earth directeth,  
And no man saue her owne sad woes respecteth.

39

The youthful Prince whom Amorous thoughts surprise,  
With comfortable words the Lady cheeres,  
Supports her by the arme, intreats her rise,  
And from her bosome to remoue her feares,  
Yet will not she ere& her downe-cast eies :  
Nor to his smooth-sweete language lend her eares,  
Till from the Earth he rais'd her by the arme,  
And thus with words, begins her griefe to charme.

40

Bright Danzell, did you know the worth of all  
Those pretious drops you prodigally spill,  
You would not let such high-prizd moysture fall,  
Which from your hart your Conduit-eyes distill ;  
Oh spare them though you count their valew small,  
To haue them spar'de Ile giue you (if you will )  
Although not in full paiment, yet in part,  
A Princes fauour, and a Souldiors hart.

41

You dimme those eyes that sparkle fire Deuine,  
By whom this melancholy roome is lighted,  
The place were darke, and but for their bright shine,  
We in this Dungeon should be all benighted :  
Oh saue your beauty then and spare your eyen :  
Why should you at our presence be affrighted ;  
we come not with our weapons drawne to feare you,  
But with our comfortable words, to cheare you.

42

But say, our hostile weapons were all bent  
Against your breast ; yet why should you be mated ?  
Bewry's sword-profe, no forceable intent  
But by a face so faire is soone rebated,  
Your beauty was vnto your body lent,  
To be her Secretary ; where instated,  
It is as safe as if a wall of Iron  
Impregnable, your person should inuiron.

43

With that the wofull maide vplifts her eie,  
And fixt it first vpon the Princes face,  
But there it dwelt not long, for by and by  
It wandered wildly round about the place,  
Yet comming to her selfe, when she gan spy  
Her selfe mongst strangers with a modest grace,  
Hauing her raging griefe awhile restrain'd,  
Thus blushing, she her sad estate complain'd.

44

My father, oh my Father, where is he ?  
To whom these Subiects should of right belong :  
You are the Limbes, the head I cannot see,  
Oh, you haue done the king some violent wrong,  
What Stranger's this that doth sollicite me ?  
How dare you thus into my chamber throng ?  
And fright me, (being a Princesse) with your steele,  
Or wheres the King, that to this youth you kneele?

45

If King *Lycaon* liue, why do you bow  
Vnto a stranger, he suruiuing still ?  
If he be slaine, why am I hindred now,  
Upon his Coarse my Funerall teares to spill ?  
I may lament by Law, no lawes allow ;  
Subiects by Treason their liege Lords to kill,  
My teares are naturall, and come in season,  
Your treacherous act is meer vnnaturall Treason.

46

By these her words, the Amorous Prince doth gather  
This Lady to be king *Lycaons* daughter,  
It grieues him now he hath exil'd her father,  
And once againe of fauour he besought her,  
But she all sorrow now intreats him rather  
To leaue the Chamber, since his comming brought her  
Nothing but newes of death, and words of care,  
Her Fathers ruine, and her owne dispaire.

47

By many faire perswasions the *Prince* moues her,  
To stint her passion, and to stop her teares,  
He whispers in her eare how much he loues her,  
But all in vain, his tongue he idly weares :

By all Rhetoricke and Art he proues her,  
Whiche makes her at the length lend her chaste eates,  
And thus reply: I cannot loue, vntill  
You one thing grant me, the *Prince* sweares he will.

48

Remember (quoth the Lady) you haue sworn,  
Being a *Prince*, to breake an oath were base:  
Wer't in a Peasant, it were hardly borne,  
But in a Prince it seemes a worse disgrace:  
The greater y'are, the greater is your scorne,  
If you should taint your honour in this case:  
Tis nothing if a poore Stars beames be clouded,  
But we soone misse the Moone in darknes shrowded.

49

*Princes* are earthly Gods and placst on high,  
Where euery common man may freely gaze  
On them, the peoples vniuersal eye,  
Is howerly fixt to scan their workes aud waies,  
They looke through spectacles your deeds to spy,  
Which makes the Letters of your shame, or praise  
Grosser to be discernd, and easier scand,  
(A king should be a light to all his Land.)

50

These words sight out, haue fan'd the amorous fire,  
Which did the brest of *Saturnes* sonne inflame:  
He that at first her beauty did admire,  
Now wonders at the wisedome of the dame,  
And museth how from such a deuillysh Syre  
As king *Lycaon*, such an Angell came:  
Now he entreats her aske, with spirit vndanted,  
For as he is a *Prince*, her suite is granted.

51

Be it (quoth he)the fortunes of this day :  
Be it my selfe, my selfe sweet Saint am thine :  
Be it this kingdome, and this Scepters sway,  
Behold my interest I will backe resigne;  
We haue no power to say such beauty nay,  
Being but mortall, and that face deuine,  
What's your demand (sweet Saint ?) It is quoth she,  
That I a consecrated maid may be.

E 2

Oh

52

Oh, had she askt more gold then would haue fild  
 Her fathers Pallace, packt vp to the roofe,  
 Or in her sad boone had the Lady wild,  
 Of his resolued spirit to see large profe,  
 Monsters he would haue tamde, and Gyants kild,  
 And from no sterne aduenture kept aloofe,  
 In hope to haue woon her loue : but being thus coy,  
 This one request, doth all his hopes destroy.

53

The Prince is bound by Oath to graunt her pleasure,  
 Yet from her will, he seekes her to disswade,  
 Hoord not (quoth he) vnto your selfe such Treasure,  
 Nor let so sweet a flower vngathered vade :  
 Nature her selfe hath tooke from you fit measure  
 To haue more beautious Creatures by you made,  
 Then crop this flower before the prime be past,  
 Loose not the Mould that may such fayre ones cast.

54

Let not a Cloyster such rare beauty smother,  
 Yare Natures mayster-pece, made to be seene ;  
 (Sweet) you were borne, that you should beate another,  
 A Princesse, and discended from a Queene,  
 That you of Queenes and Princes might be mother :  
 Had she that bare you still a virgin beene,  
 You had not beene at all : Mankind should fade,  
 If euery Female, liu'd a spotlesse mayde.

55

You aske, what you by no meanes can defend,  
 In seeking a strict Cloyster to enjoy,  
 Yee wish to see the long-liu'de world at end,  
 And in your hart you mankinde would destroy,  
 For when these liues no further can extend,  
 How shall we people th'Earth : Who shall employ  
 The Crowns we win ? the wealth for which we strive?  
 When dead our selues, we leaue none to surviuie.

56

You might as well kill Children, as to hold  
 This dangerous error : Nay Ile proue it true :  
 For Infant-soules that should haue beene enrold  
 In Heauens predestin'de booke, begot of you,

Are by your strangenesse, to obliuion sold,  
You might as well your hands in blood imbrew,  
Nay better too, for when young Infants die,  
Their Angell soules liue in Eternitie.

57

And so the Heauen make vp their numbers full,  
You (Lady) heauen and earths right disallow ;  
What Gods conclude, shall mortals disannull ?  
So many as you might haue had ere now :  
So many Angels from heauens throne you pull,  
From earth, so many princes by your vow :  
Now could I get a sonne, but you being coy,  
Faire murdresse (that you are) haue kil'd the boy :

58

Much more (but all in vaine) the amorous youth  
Thinkes in his smooth sweet language to dissuade her,  
But nothing that he pleads she holds for truth,  
Though by all gentle meanes he sought to haue staid her,  
She vrgeth still his oath : he thinkes it ruth  
To haue such beauty cloister'd, and had made her  
Virginity, for *Venus* sweets to haue chang'd,  
Had not his Oath that purpose soone estrang'd.

59

Now faire *Celisto* by *Ioues* graunt is free  
To be admitted one of *Dians* traine,  
*Dian* a Huntresse, the broad shadowy tree  
The house, beneath who roofe she doth remaine,  
*Venson* her food, and Honey from the Bee,  
The flesh of *Elkes*, of *Beares*, and *Bores* new slaine,  
Her drinke the pearly brooke, her followers, maides,  
Her vow, chaste life, her Cloister, the Coole shades.

Diana

60

Her weapons are the Iauelin, and the Bow,  
Her garments *Angell like*, of Virgin-white,  
And tuckt aloft, her falling skirt below  
Her Buskin meetes : buckled with siluer bright :  
Her Haire behind her, like a Cloake doth flow,  
Some tuckt in roules, some loose with Flowers bedight :  
Her silken vailes play round about her slacke,  
Her golden Quiuer fals athwart her backe.

61

She was the daughter of an antient king  
 Cald *Jupiter*, that sway'd the *Attick* scepter,  
 To her as suters, many princes bring  
 Theyr Crownes : which scorning, she a virgin kept her,  
 Yet as her beauties fame abroad doth ring,  
 Her suters multiply; therefore she stept her  
 Into the forrest, meaning to exempt her  
 From such, as to their amorous wils would tempt her.

62

This new religion famous in a *Queene*,  
 Of such estate and beauty, drew from farre  
 Daughters of Princes, they that late were scene  
 In Courts of kings, now *Dians* followers are,  
 Where they no sooner sworne and entred been,  
 But against men and loue they proclaimē war :  
 Many frequent the groves, by *Dians* motion,  
 For fashion some ; and some too for deuotion.

63

The old *Plateenses* holding her deuine,  
 Gauch her the sacred name of *Euclia*,  
 Their maids ere married, offered at her shrine,  
 And then they freely chus'd their marriage day,  
 Without her leauē they neuer tasted wine,  
 Or durst in publicke with their husbands play :  
 Whole *Asia* ioyn'd to make a Church of stone,  
 Built by the Architect or *Chersiphrone*.

64

To this th'Ægyptian hic *Pyramides*,  
 Nor the great *Iouiall* portraict could compare,  
*Mausolus* Tombe the *Manes* to appease,  
 Rear'd by the *Carian* Queene, but trifles are :  
 The huge *Coloffus* that bestrad the seas,  
 And made *Rhoades* famous for a worke so rare :  
 Great *Babels Tower*, nor *Pharos* stately Ile,  
 Could ranke with this, for cost, or height of stile.

65

Two hundred twenty yeares it was in framing,  
 In length, foure hundred ffeue and twenty feet;  
 In breadth, two hundred twenty : Thus proclaiming  
 Their feare of her, they chast *Diana* greet :

Plut. in Ariſt.

The Temple  
of Diana at  
Ephesus.The 7. Won-  
ders.

Of all faire Damsels her the Goddesse naming,  
And to her seruice, in her Temple meet :

A Fabricke famous, both for heighth and length,  
Proportion, beauty, wormanship, and strength.

66

A hundred seauen and twenty Collumbs great,  
All of white Marble, in faire order stand :  
Sixe hundred feet in heighth, both huge and neat,  
The like were never wrought by mortall hand :  
Princes of sundry Kingdomes that intreat  
Her Diuine grace, and yeild to her command :  
Each one, a high and stately piller brings,  
Full thirty sixe, rear'd by so many Kinges.

67

All these contend, which should the rest exceed  
In large expence, to make it more admir'd,  
*Herodotus* that never did glad deed,  
Neither with wit, nor gracious Thewes inspir'd,  
Knowing no meanes his owne renowne to breed,  
In deuillish spleene, this royall wonder fier'd ;  
The purpose why he did this deed of shame,  
Was, that the world should Chronicle his name.

68

This when dispoiled *Ephesus* once knew,  
They made a law, with fine to him that brake it,  
To make him lose the fame he did pursue,  
His very name, was death to him that spake it,  
For many yeares it dide, but times renew  
And from obliuious dusky Caues awake it,  
Else had their scilence from these ages kept,  
This strange report, that long amongst them slept.

69

The world, the very day it lost the grace  
Of this rare worke, another Wonder bred  
Greater than this, from royall *Philips* race,  
That then tooke life, when this in fire lay dead :  
In *Macedon*, a much renoumed place,  
Young *Alexander* in that Temples stead  
Entred the world, whose glories did aspire  
Aboue this structure, then consumid with fite.

*Plutarch in  
vita Alexand.*

Now

70

Now is *Calisto* one of *Dians* traine,  
 And to th' *Arcadian* Forrest newly flitted,  
 Her beauty can scarce equald be againe,  
 Mongst al the Huntresses wheres she's admitted :  
 Meane time *Ihoue* cheertes his friends : Inters the slaine,  
 And all his businesse is by order fitted :

The State establisht, Time in triumph spent,  
 And newes of all, by posts to *Epire* sent.

71

His great affayres determin'd : the *Prince* now  
 Hath leysure to bethinke him of that face,  
 To which his future actions he doth vow,  
 Now he remembers each particular grace :  
 That Loue that makes the Idle spirits bow,  
 Still giues occasions way, and businesse place :  
 Abandon sloth, and *Cupids* bow vnbends,  
 His brands extinguish, and his false fire spends.

72

For idleness makes Loue, and then maintaines  
 What it hath made, when he that well employes  
 His busie houres, is free from *Venus* traines,  
 And the true freedome of his thoughts enioyes :  
 He had no time to sigh, that now complaines,  
 The good his businesse did, his sloath destroyes :  
 Loue from the painfull flyes, but there most thrives,  
 And prospects best, when men lead slothfull liues.

73

Being alone, *Calistos* shape impress  
 So deeply in his heart, liues in his eie :  
 Shee's lodg'd both in the Forrest, and his brest,  
 And (though farre off) she is imaginde nie,  
*Phabe* abroad beholds her mongst the rest,  
 Young *Ihoue* at home, in his blind phantasie :  
 And now too late he wishes (but in vaine)  
 Her still at Court, or him of *Dians* traine.

74

He haunts the Forrests and those shadowy places,  
 Where fayre *Diana* hunteth with her Mayds,  
 And like a Hunts-man the wilde Stag he chases,  
 Onely to spy his Mistresse mongst the shades :

And if he chānce where bright *Calisto* traces,  
He thankes his fate, if not his Starres vpbraids,  
And deemes a tedious Summers day well spent,  
For one short sight of her, his soules content.

75

At length, he thus concludes : I am but young,  
No downy heire vpon my face appeare,  
I'le counterfet a shrill effeminate tongue,  
And d' on such habit as the Huntresse weares,  
When my guilt Quiuer crofse my brest is hung,  
And Bore-speare in my hand such as she beares :  
My blood being fresh, my face indifferent faire,  
Modest my eie, and neuē shorne my haire.

76

Who can discouer me ? Why may not I  
Be entred as an Ancresse mongst the rest ?  
This is the way that I intend to try,  
(Of all my full conclusions held the best)  
My habit Ile bespeake so secretly,  
That what I purpose neuē can be gest,  
My Lords assemble, and to them shew reason  
Why I of force must leauē them for a season.

77

Th'excuse vnto the Nobles currant seemes,  
He takes his leauē and trauels on his way,  
Of his intended voyage no man deemes,  
Now is he briskt vp in his braue array,  
So preciously his mistresse hee esteemes,  
That he makes speed to where the Virgins stay,  
And by the way his womanish steps he tride,  
And practis'd how to speake, to looke, to stride.

78

To blush and to make honors (and if need)  
To pule and weepe at euery idle toy,  
As women vse, next to prepare his w̄ced,  
And his soft hand to Chare-workes to imploy :  
He profits in his practise (heauen him speed)  
And of his shape assumed graunt him ioy,  
Of all effeminate trickes (if youle beleue him,)  
To practise teares and Sempstry did most greeue him.

Yet

79

Yet did he these mongst many others learn,  
 He growes compleat in all things (sauing one)  
 And that no eye can outwardly discerne,  
 Vnlesse they search him, how can it be knowne?  
 But come vnto the place, his heart doth earne,  
 Twice it was in his thought backe to haue gone:  
 But I am *Ioue* (quoth he) and shall I then  
 Of women be affraide, that feare no men.

80

With that he boldly knockes, when to the gate  
 A royll virgin comes, to know his will:  
 This Lady after was a Queene of state,  
 And in *Arcadia* the fierce Boare did kill:  
*Atlaula* she was cal'd, admitted late,  
 Who thinking to haue there remained still,  
 King *Meleager* in *Achaya* raign'd,  
 And to his nuptiall bed this Queene constrain'd.

81

Faire Virgin (quoth *Atlaula*) whats your pleasure?  
*Ioue*, after bowes and Curtseys, thus bespeak her;  
 Bright Damsell, if you now retaine that measure  
 Of grace, you haue of beauty from your maker,  
 Pitty a maide, that hath nor Gold, nor Treasure,  
 And to your sacred order would betake her:  
 Know, from a Noble house I am discended,  
 That humbly pray to be so much befrended.

82

Preferre me to the Mistresse of these shades,  
*Diana*, whom I reuerence, not through folly,  
 But as diuinest Goddesse of all maides,  
 To whose chaste vowes I am devoted wholly,  
*Atlaula* saies she will, and straight inuades  
*Diana* thus.    Oh thou adored soly  
 Of Virgins: (fairest *Cinthia*) will you daine,  
 To make this stranger Lady of your traine.

83

*Diana* takes her state, about her stand  
 A multitude of beauties, mongst the rest  
 As *Ioue* about him lookes, on his right hand  
 He spies *Calisto*, *Dians* new come guest,

Atlanta that  
 first strook the  
 Calidonian  
 Boare.

She, for whose sake he left th' *Epirian Land* :  
At sight of her, fresh fires inflame his breast :  
And as he stands, wal'd in with beautious faces,  
He most commends *Calisto* for her graces.

84

So many sparkling eyes were in his sight,  
That hedg'd the sacred *Queene of Virgins* round,  
That with their splendor haue made noone of night,  
Should all at once looke vpward, the base ground  
Might match the sky, and make the earth as bright,  
As in that euen, when *Ariadne* crown'd,  
was through the *Galaxia* in pompe led,  
Millions of starres all burning o're hit head,

85

*Diana, Ihoue* in euery part surueyes,  
Who simpers by himselfe, and stands demurely,  
His youth, his face, his stature she doth praise,  
(A braue *virago* she suppos'd him surely)  
Were all my trayne of this large size (she saies)  
Within these Forrests we might dwell securely :  
Mongst all, that stand or kneele vpon the grasse,  
I spy not such another Manly Lasse.

86

So giues her hand to kisse : *Ihoue* grace doth win,  
With *Phæbe* and *Atlanta*, who suppose  
Him what he seemes, and now receiuied in,  
With all the Maydes, he well acquainted growes,  
They teach him how to Sow, to Card, and Spin,  
*Calisto* for his bed-fellow he chose :  
With her all day he works, at night he lies,  
Yet euery morne, the mayde, a Mayde doth rise.

87

For if he glaunst but at a word or two  
Of Loue, or grew familiar (as Maydes vsē)  
She frownes, or shakes the head (all will not doc)  
His amorous parley she doth quite refuse :  
Sometime by feeling touches he would woo ;  
Sometime her necke and breast, and sometime chuse  
Her lip to dally with : what hurt's in this ?  
Who would forbid a mayd, a Mayde to kisse ?

And

88

And then amidst this dalliance he would cheere her,  
 And from her necke, decline vnto her shoulder,  
 Next to her breast, and thence descending nearer  
 Vnto the place, where he would haue bin boulder:  
 He finds the foward Gyrle so chastly beare her,  
 That the more hot he seem'd, she shewed the colder,  
 And when he grew immodest, oft would say:  
 Now sic for shame, lay by this foolish play.

89

Alas (*poore Prince*) thy punishment's too great,  
 And more than any mortall can endure,  
 To be kept hungry in the sight of meat,  
 And thirsty, in the sight of Waters pure:  
 Thou seekst the food thou most desir'st to eate,  
 Which flyes thee most, when most thou thinkst it sure,  
 Tis double want, mongst Riches to be poore,  
 And double dea: h, to drowne in sight of shore.

90

Besides, the *Prince* too boldly dares not proue her,  
 As ignorant, how she may take his offer,  
 Nor dare he tell her he is *Ihoue*, her Louer,  
 Though she at first might deeeme, the *Prince* did scoffe her:  
 Yet if she should his secrecie discouer,  
 He feares what violent force the *Queene* might profer  
 To one, that with such impudence prophane,  
 Should breake the sacred Orders of her traine.

91

He therefore a conuenient season watcht,  
 When bright *Diana* the wilde Stag would chase,  
 The beautious Virgins were by couples matcht,  
 And as the lawnes they were about to trace,  
 Their pointed Iauelins in their hands they lacht  
 About theyr necks, in many a silken lace  
 Their Bugles hung, which as the groves they trip,  
 Were oft-times kist by euery Ladies lip.

92

And in their eares the shrilling Musick tingled,  
 Which made the echoing hilles and Vales resound,  
*Ihoue* and *Calisto* mongst the rest was mingled,  
 Vntill the youthfull *Prince* occasion found

To shrinke behind : him faire *Calisto* singled,  
And throwes her selfe by *Ihone* vpon the ground,  
And saies : how coms it you so soone are tyred ?  
(Oh *Ihone* thou now hast, what thou long desired)

93

He chose a place, thicke set with broad-leau'd bowes,  
Which from the grassie earth skreend the bright Sunne,  
Here neuer did the wanton he-Goat browze,  
Nor the wild Asse for food, to this place run,  
This seate as fit for pastime he allowes,  
And longs withall vntill the sport be dun,  
For whilst the game flyes from them, here he lags,  
Courer'd with trees, and hemd in round with flags.

94

Nor are they within hearing of the cryes  
Of the shrill Bugles th'Huntresse Virgins weare,  
When the bold Prince doth gainst *Calisto* rise,  
Resolu'd to act what he did long forbeare,  
Nothing to hinder his attempt he spies,  
Being alone, what should the bold youth feare ?

Now with his Loue, he once more gins to play,  
But still she cryes ; nay prethe (sweet) away.

95

H : gins t'vnlace him, she thinkes tis for heate,  
And so it was for heate, which only she,  
And none but she could qualifie : His seat  
H : changde, and now his dalliance growes more free,  
For as her beauty, his desire is great,  
Yet all this while no wrong suspecteth she :

He heaues hit silke-coats, that were thin and rare,  
And yet she blusht not, though he see her bare.

96

*Ihone* takes th'aduantage, by his former vow  
And force perforce, he makes her his sweete prize :  
Th'amazed Virgin (scarce a virgin now)  
Fils all the neighbour-Groues with shriekes and cries,  
She catches at his locks, his lips, his brow,  
And rends her garments, as she strugling lies :  
The violence came so sudden and so fast,  
She scarce knew what had chaunst hit, till twas past.

Calisto deflou red.

97

As when a man strooke with a blast of Thunder,  
 Feeles himselfe pierst, but knowes not how, nor where,  
 His troubled thoughts confusd with paine and wonder,  
 Distraeted twixt amazednesse and feare,  
 His foote remoues not, nor his handes doth sunder,  
 Seemes blind to see, and beeing deafe to heare,  
 And in an extasie so farre misled,  
 That he shewes dead aliue, and liuing dead.

98

Euen so this new-made woman, late a mayde,  
 Lyes senslesse after this her transformation,  
 Seeing in vaine she had implor'd heauens ayde,  
 With many a fearefull shrike, and shrill Oration,  
 Like one intranc't vpon the ground shes layde,  
 Amazde at this her sudden alteration :  
 She is she knowes not what, she cares not where,  
 Confounded with strange passion, force and feare.

99

*Ihoue* comforts her, and with his Princely arme,  
 He would haue raisd her from the settled grasse,  
 With amorous words he faine her griefe would charme,  
 He tels her what he meant, and who he was,  
 But there is no amends for such shrewd harme,  
 Nor can he cheere the discontented Lasse,  
 Though he oft sware, and by his life protested,  
 She in his Nuptiall bed should be inuested.

100

But nothing can preuaile, she weeping sweares,  
 To tell *Diana* of his shamefull deed,  
 So leaues him, watering all her way with teares,  
 Young *Ihoue* to leau the Forrest hath decreed,  
 He would not haue it come to *Dians* cares,  
 And therefore to the Citty backe doth speed :  
 She to the Cloyster with her checkes all wet,  
 Alone, as many, as when first they met.

Iafius

Iasius raignd in Italy, at whose marriage, the famous Egyptian Io was present. This was in the yeare of the world 2408. It was iust six yeares after that Moyses at the age offorty, hauing slaine the Egyptian, fledde from the sight of Pharao.

Eleuen yeares after Moyses departed out of Egypt, the two brothers Dardanus and Iasius waged warres in Italy: Iasius was assited by the Ianigenes (so cald of Janus,) Dardanus was ayded by the Aborigines, so called by Sabatus saga, who succeeded Comerius Gallus the Scythian in certayne conquered Prouinces of Italy.

At this time Lulus raignd in Spaine, Allobrox in france, Crothopus the 8. king of the Argiues, now raignd: Craunus the second king of Athens: and at this time Aaton was consecrated high Priest among the Israelites.

Iasius was slaine in the yeare of the world 2457. in whose place Coribanthus his sonne succeeded.

Dardanus soioured certayne yeares in Samothracia, & erected his Citty Dardan cald Troy, in the 31. yeare of the Dukedom of Moyses, receiuing that Prouince where his ci-ty was erected, from Atho prince of Mœonia.

Beretus

About the same time, by equall computation, Archas & Calisto subduing the Pelagians (by the helpe of Jupiter) cald the whole prouince Archadia.

Tantalus ruled the Phrygians, who were before his time, cald Mœones: This Mœonia is now called Lydia, vnder which clymate Arachne was borne, by Pallas turned into a Spider.

Diana was thought to be daughter to an ancient king calld Jupiter of Atticke, which I take to bee Jupiter Belus before spoken of. She was the first that instituted a profest order of Virginity. The Poets call this Diana Cinthia, and phœbe, figuring in her the Moone, and that her brother phœbus & she, were borne of their mother Latona, daughter to Cœus the Gyant in the Isle of Delos.

Atlanta was daughter to Iasius, sister to Coribantus, she first wounded the Calidonian Boare, and was after espoused to Meleagar sonne to Oeneus the king of Calidon, by his wife Althea.

## Britaynes Troy.

Lycaon was the sonne of Pelasgus, the sonne of Iupiter and Nyobe, and of Melibea, or as some thinke Cillene. He had many sonnes by many wifes, Mœnarus, Thesprotus, Nectinus, Caucon, Lycus, Maxius, Macareus. In Archadia, Menatus that built the City Menatus. Mœleneus that built Mœleneus not farre from Megapolis. Acontius, that built Acontium. Charisius, that gaue name to Charisium, and Cynethus to Cynetha: he hadde besides Psophis, Phthinus, Teleboas, Emon, Mantinus, Stimpheles, Clitor, Orchomenus, and others.

*Apollodorus.*

Some reckon them to the number of fifty, others to many more. Amongst all these, he had but two daughters, Callisto and Dia.

*Arat, in astron.*

Touching Ariadnes crowne, it is thus remembred,  
*Atq[ue] corona nitet clarum inter sidera signum,*  
*Defunct & quem bacchus ibi dedit esse Ariadnæ.*  
 being forsaken of Theseus in the Isle Naxos, whom before she had deliuered from the Myotara, she was espoused by the God Bacchus, and by him had Thoas, Cenopio, Staphilus, Exanthes, Latramis, and Tauropolis.

*Theopompos.*

The end of the second  
 CANTO.



## Argumentum

**C**Alista knowne to be with Child, is driven  
From Dians Cloyster : Archas doth pursue  
His mother : unto him Pelage is giuen,  
Now termed Archady : when Tytan knew  
Saturne had sonnes aliuē, his hart was riuēn  
With anger : he his men togither drew  
To Battayle : the two brothers fight their fils,  
Ioue saues his Father, and his Uncle kils.

## ARG. 2.

**T**Rans-formd Calisto, and the Gyant-kings,  
Ioues Combat with great Tiphō, Gamasings

## CANTO.3.



I  
Hen I record,  
the dire effeas of Warre,  
I cannot but with  
happy praise admire  
The blessed friendes of Peace  
which smoothes the scat  
Of wounding Steele,  
and al-consuming fire,

Oh, in what safety then thy Subjects are,  
Royall King James, secur'd from Warres fierce yre,  
That by thy peacefull gouernment alone,  
Studiest deuided Christendome i' attone.

King James.

2

To thee, may Poets sing the r chearefull laies,  
By whom their Muses flourish in soft peace :  
To thee, the Swaines may tune eternall praise,  
By whom they freely reape the earths increase ;  
The Merchants through the earth applaud thy daies,  
Wishing their endlesse date may never cease,  
By whō they throgħ the quartered world may traffick.  
*Asia, Europe, America, and Africke.*

3

Thy Liege-men thou hast plac't as on a hill,  
Free from the *Cannons* reach, from farre, to see  
Dividēd Nations one another kill,  
Whilst thy safe people as Spectators be,  
Onely to take a view what blood they spill,  
They neere to ruine, yet in safety we  
Alone in peace, whilst all the realmes about vs,  
Enuy our blisse, yet forst to fight without vs.

4

So did the Newter *Londoners* once stand  
On *Barnet-Heath*, aloofe, to see the fight  
Twixt the fourth *Edward*, Soueraigne of this land,  
And the great *Duke of Warwicke* in the right  
Of the sixt *Henry*, in which, hand to hand,  
Braue *John of Oxford* a renowned knight  
Made many a patting soule for liues-breath pant,  
And vanquisht many a worthy Combattant.

5

So stood the Kentish men to view the maine,  
In the yeare Eighty eight, when th'English fleete  
Fought with the huge Armadoes brought from *Spaine*,  
With what impatience did they stand to see't  
On the safe shore, willing to leaue the traine  
Of such faint Cowards, as thinke safety sweet  
In such a quarrell, where inuaders threat vs,  
And in our natvie kingdome seeke to beat vs.

6

Where Royal *Englands Admirall*, attended  
With all the *Chivalry* of our braue Nation,  
The name of *Howard* through the earth extended  
By *Nasal* triumph o're their proud Invasion,

Warwicke &  
Oxford.

The Spanish  
Armado, sent  
to inuade En-  
land.

where victory on the *Red-Crosse* descended,  
In Lightning and Earths-thunder, in such fashion  
That all the sheafed feathered shafts of *Spaine*,  
Headed with death, were shot them backe againe.

7

It shewed as if two Townes on th' Ocean built,  
Had been at once by Th'eauens lightning fired,  
The shining waters with the bright flames guilt,  
Breathd Clouds of smoke, which to the spheres aspired,  
The bloud of *Spaniſh* Souldiers that day spilt,  
Which through the Port-holes ran, *Neptune* admired,  
And tooke it for the Red-sea, whilst the thunder  
Of *Engliſh* shot, proclaymde the *Sea-gods* wonder.

8

But least this Ordinance should wake from sleepe,  
Our auncient enmity, now buried quite,  
The graue of all theyr shame, shall be the deepe,  
In which these peopled *Sea-townes* first did fight;  
Yet that I may a kinde of method keepe,  
And some deseruing Captaines to recite:  
Liue famous *Hawkins*, *Frobisher* and *Drake*,  
Whose very name, made *Spaines* Armadoes quake.

9

Now to returne vnto *Pelagia* backe,  
Which *Ihoue* hath made to him and to his seed,  
Then takes his leauue: the people loath to lacke  
The Prince, that from a Tyrant hath them freed  
Who of their liues and Honors sought the wracke,  
would change his purpose, but he hath decreed  
*Pelagia* to forsake, and I must leauue him  
To *Epires* King, who gladly will receiuue him.

10

And to the Forrest to *Calisto* turne,  
Whose sorrow with her swelling belly growes:  
Alasse, how can the Lady chuse but mourne?  
To see hir selfe so necre her painfull throwes:  
Tis August, now the scortching *Dog-starres* burne,  
Therefore the *Forrest-Queene* a set day chose  
For all her traine to bath them in the floud,  
*Calisto* mongst them by the riuier stood.

S.Fran. Drake  
S.Io Hawkins  
S.Mart.Frobi-  
sher.

The

11

The Queene with iealous eyes surueies the place,  
 Least men or Satyres should be ambusat by them,  
 The naked Ladies in the floud to face,  
 Or in their cloth-less beauty to espie them,  
 Now all at once they gin themselves t'vn'ace :  
 (Oh rauishing Harmony) had I bin by them,  
 I should haue thought so many silken strings,  
 Tutcht by such white hands, musicke fit for kings.

12

They doffe their vpper garments : each begins  
 Vnto her Milke-white Linnen smocke to bare her,  
 Small difference twixt their white smocks and their skins,  
 And hard it were to censure which were fairer :  
 Some plunge into the Riuver past their chins,  
 Some feare to venture, whilst the others dare her,  
 And with her tender foot the riuer feeles,  
 Making the waters margent rinsh her heeles.

13

Some stand vp to the Ankles, some the knees,  
 Some to the Brest, some diue aboue the Crowne,  
 Of this her naked fellow nothing sees,  
 Sawing the troubled waues, where she slid downe :  
 Another sinkes her body by degrees,  
 And first her foot, and then her legge doth drowne,  
 Some their saint fellowes to the deepe are crauing,  
 Some sit vpon the banke their white legs lauing.

14

One onely discontented, shrinks aside,  
 Her faint vnbracing idely she doth linger,  
 Full faine the Lasle her swelling brest would hide,  
 She pins and vnpins with her thumbe and finger,  
 Twice Phabe scnds ,and musing she denide  
 To bath her : she commands the rest to bring her,  
 Who betwixt mirth and earnest, force and play,  
 Allbut her Cobweb shaddow, snatcht away.

15

Dian at first perceiues her brests to swell,  
 And whispers to *Atlanta* what she found,  
 Who straight perceiud *Calisto* was not well,  
 They iudg'd she had her Virgins belt vnbound,

But when her vaile beneath her nauell fell,  
And that her belly shew'd so plumpe and round,  
They little need to aske if she transgreſſed,  
*Calistos* guilty bluſh, the aſt confeſt.

26

Therefore ſhe banift her, nor ſutes nor teares,  
Can with the Queene of Damsels ought preuaile,  
Who when by ſtrict inquiry made, ſhe heares  
*Of Jupiter* and his deceitfull ſtale,  
Who ſeem'd ſo like a Virgin: *phebe* ſweares,  
Because her iudgement thenceforth ſhall not fail,  
And to avoide occation of like venter,  
To ſearch all ſuch as to her traine shall enter.

17

Thus is *Lycrons* daughter banift now  
The City, by her late afum'd profession,  
Banift the Cloyſter by her breach of vow,  
For by no praiers, teares or interceſſion,  
*Diana* her reentrance will allow  
After exilement, for her late transgreſſion,  
Therefore afham'd, thruſh darke shades ſhe doth run,  
Till time expires, and ſhe brings forth a ſonne;

18

So did our *Cynthia* Chrafty preferre,  
The moſt admird Queene that euer rained,  
If any of her Virgin traine did erre,  
Or with the like offence their honors stained  
From her Imperiall Court ſhe banift her,  
And a perpetuall exile ſhe remained,  
Oh bright *Elifa* though thy dated daies  
Confine: there is no limit to thy praise.

*By Elizabeth.*

19

*Calistos* ſonne immagine ſeven years old,  
Brought vp mongſt Lyons, Tygers, Wolves, & Beares,  
The ſauage impe growes day by day more bold,  
And (halfe a bruit) no beast at all he feares,  
He brookes both Summers heat and Winters cold,  
And from the Woolſe his pray by force he teares,  
Upon a time his mother croſt his will,  
Whom he inrag'd purſude, and ſaught to kill.

She

20

She flies, he followes her with furious rage,  
 Till she is forst the Forrest to forsake,  
 And seeing no meanes can his spleene asswage,  
 She doth the way vnto the city take,  
 The neighbour Citty which is cal'd *Pelage*,  
 Where *Jupiter* by chance did merry-make;  
 Whose hap it was, then crossing through the street,  
 The mother and th' enraged sonne to meete.

21

*Calisto* spies *Ioue*, and for helpe she cries,  
 And at his Royall feet she humbly throwes her,  
 He stops the sauage, and with heedfull eyes,  
 Viewing *Calisto* well, at length he knowes her,  
 Though clad in barke and leaues, (a strange disguise)  
 For a kings daughter, and a Realms disposer:  
 Helpe *Ioue* (quoth she) and my pursuer stay,  
*Archas* thy sonne his mother seekes to slay.

22

*Ioue* gladly doth acknowledge the bold Lad  
 To be his son, for all the guifts of nature,  
 Pattern'd and shap't by *Jupiter* he had,  
 And of him nothing wants, but age and stature,  
 He caus'd him in rich garments to be clad,  
 And then he seem'd to al, a goodly creature,  
 For being attir'd in cloath of Gold and Tissew,  
 He may be easilly knowne to be *Ioues* Issue.

23

The strife betwixt the mother and the childe,  
 Is by the father and the husband ended,  
*Calisto* hath againe her selfe exil'd,  
 Scorning the grace that *Ioue* to her extended:  
 She hies her to the groues and forrests wilde,  
 With generall mankind for *Ioues* sake offended,  
 But in her flight as through the fields she ranged,  
 She feeles her figure and proportion changed.

24

*Hecateus,*

Her vpright body now gan forward bend,  
 And on the earth she doth directly stare,  
 And as her hands she would to heauen extend,  
 She sees her fingers clawes, o're-growne with haire,

And those same lips *Ioue* did of late command  
To be for colour per relesse, kissing rate,  
Are rough and stretcht in length, hir head down hangs  
Her skins a rough hide, and her teeth be fangs.

25

And when she would her strange estate bewaile  
And speake to heauen, the sorrowes of her hart,  
Instead of words she finds her Organs faile,  
And grunts out a harsh sound, that makes her start,  
She feates her shape, and ouer hill and dale  
Runs from her selfe, yet can she not depart  
From what she flies, for what she most doth feare  
She carries all the way: the shape of Beare.

26

And though a perfect Beare, yet Beares affright her,  
So do the Woules, though mongst their sauage crew  
Her Father liues, how should a Wolfe delight her  
Vnlesse *Lycaon* in such shape she knew?  
Meane time young *Archas* proues a valiant fighter,  
And in all Martiall practise famous grew,  
Adding leaucu Summers more vnto his age,  
Hee seats him in the kingdome of *Pelage*.

Calisto transformed into a Beare.

*Pauson in Arcadicis.*

*Pelagia cald Archadia of Archas.*

27

Where leauem him raigning in his Grandisres sted,  
Changing his kingdome and his peoples name,  
Whethet by loue or fate (I know not) led  
Them selues *Arcadians* they abroad proclaimme,  
After the name of *Archas* now their head  
*Pelage* a Citty too of ancient fame,  
They *Archad* call, a stile that shall perseuer  
Vnto the people and the Towne for euet.

28

*Archas in Archad* liues, in *Epyre Ioue*,  
*Saturne* in *Creet*, the God of Earth proclaimed,  
*Tytan* through forren Seas and Lands doth roue,  
Hauing by Conquest many Nations tamed,  
For time still gaue him Conquest where he stroue,  
which made him through the world both fear'd & famed  
Yet with a world the Tyrant seemes not pleaseid,  
Till he haue *Creet* his Natiuue birth-right ceaſt.

By

29

By strict inquiry, he at length hath found  
 His perjur'd Brother hath kept sonnes aliue,  
 against the couenant he by oath was bound,  
 Which was, that no male issue should suruiue:  
 This of his future war must be the ground,  
 He vowes in Irons his Brothers legs to gyue,  
 His hands to Manach, his necke to yoake,  
 In iust reuenge that he the league hath broke.

30

His sonnes all Gyants, and by nature strong,  
 He sends to assemble to this dreadfull warre,  
 Who like their father apt for rape or wrong,  
 Without the cause demaunding gathered are,  
 Vnnumbred people in their armes throng,  
 Brought by the Big-bon'd *Titanoys* from farre,  
 Where he and all his Gyant-sonne assemble,  
 They make the groning earth beneath them tremble.

Tyrons sons  
all Gyanis.

31

*Lycaon* was not there, him *Ioue* before  
 Had from th' *Arcadian* kingdome quite put downe,  
 There was the Gyant *Typhon*, he that wore  
 The *Ciprian* wreath, and the *Cicillian* crowne,  
 Huge *Briareus* that the scepter bore  
 Of *Nericos*, a monster, at whose frowne  
 Nations haue quak't, whole armies stood agast,  
 And Gods themselves shooke till his rage were past.

*Typhon.**Briareus.**Cæon.**Aegeon.*

32

*Cæon* likewise king of great *Cæas* Isle,  
 A fellow of a high and matchlesse size,  
 Who the rough Ocean calmed with a smile,  
 And with a frowne hath made the billowes rife,  
*Aegeon* too that hath inlarg'd his stile  
 Through many a kingdome: from whose raging eies  
 Bright lightning flames haue in his furious ire,  
 Afore a storne of thunder flasht out fire.

33

Of him the great *Mediterranean Ocean*  
 Is call'd th' *AEGEAN* Sea, it doth deuide  
*Europe* from *Asia*, and hath further motion  
 along the greatest part of *Greece*: beside,

This Gyant to the Gods scorn'd all deuotion,  
Therefore was cal'd *Brianchus* for his pride:  
The next *Hyperion* of the selfe-same breed;  
All these haue sworne the death of *Saturnes* seed.

Hyperion.

34  
There likewise came vnto these wars *Iapetus*,  
(*Calum* and *Terraes* son) in *Tytans* aide,  
He brought with him his sonne *Prometheus*,  
Whom *Tytan* the firsthoure a Captaine made,  
His brother *Athlas* too, and *Hesperus*,  
Their royll Ensignes in the field displai'd,  
And ouer diuers seas their armies ferried,  
From *Mauritania*, *Lybia*, and *Hesperied*.

Iapetus

Prometheus.

35  
Their *Randezvouz* in *Sicily* they made,  
And thence by sea they rigge a royll flet,  
The flourishing realme of *Saturne* to inuade,  
In time, their countlesse hoast takes land in *Creet*,  
Vallies by them are fil'd, hils euen are laid,  
Townes burnt, high Castles leuel'd with their feet,  
Where ere they turne, fire from their eye-bals flashes,  
Which townes and villages consumes to ashes.

36

*Saturne* their bold inuasion much admires,  
Not knowing whence their quarrell may be grounded,  
He calls his Counsell, and of them inquires  
How their immense ambition may be bounded,  
How with his enemies blood to quench the fires,  
And by what power the foe may be confounded;  
Adise is giuen to make a generall muster,  
To beat them backe that in such numbers cluster.

37

And as the king thron'd in his chaire of state,  
Sits in his pallace, all his chiefe Peeres by him,  
On these affaires to Counsell and debate,  
In thrusts a Knight from *Tytan*, to defie him,  
And mongst the Lords that bout him circled sat,  
He rudely throngs, and presseth to come neare him,  
But being kept backe, aloud he lifts his voice,  
And thus greets *Saturne* from the *Tytanoys*.

G

Thus

38

Thus sayes impetuous *Tytan*, *Saturnes* Lord,  
 Like a low vassale from my Throne descend,  
 Or I shall chase thee thence by fire and sword,  
 And with thy glory, to thy daies giue end,  
 For thou hast broke thy oath and Princely word,  
 And therein made an enemy of thy friend:  
 My Crownē I but resign'd vpon condition,  
 And thou those bands hast broke by thy Ambition.

39

Whilst *Saturne* his male-children kils : so long  
 He is the King of *Creet*, but that neglected,  
 He weares the *Cretan* Diadem by wrong,  
 Thy periury is to the world detected,  
 And therefore with an army great and strong,  
 Shall *Saturne* from his high throne be deieeted:  
 Thus *Tytan* doth the king of *Creet* defie,  
 And by these Summons, to submit or die.

40

Bold spirited *Saturne* doubly mou'd appeareth,  
 At his proud Message, with disdaine and wonder,  
 Disdaine; as being a Prince that nothing feareth  
 To heare his scorned enemy-threatnings Thunder;  
 With admiration: when he strangely heareth  
 Of sonnes aliue, which makes him deepeley wonder,  
 And taking *Sibell* by the hand thus say,  
 (Hauing commanded first his traine away.)

41

Sister and wife, I charge thee bŷ the zeale  
 Thou oweſt to me thy husband and thy brother,  
 The truth of all this practise to reueale,  
 And what I next demaund thee nothing smother,  
 Since it concernes th'estate of all our weale,  
 Art thou of any liuing sonne the mother?

The trembling Queene, low kneeling, thus repli'de,  
 You charge me deepe, and I will nothing hide.

42

I am a woman, and full well you know,  
 A woman hath a soft and tender brest,  
 But more, I am a mother: can you shew  
 A mother that in this kind hath transgreſt?

The occasion  
of this warre.

Stranger may stranger kill : Foe murder foe,  
Which mothers to their children most detest:  
Was it for murder you espous'd me first,  
To be a wife, of all good-wives accurst?

43

I'de rather be a pittious mother helde,  
Then through the world a Murdresse be esteem'd,  
Be my selfe murdred rather, then compeld  
To murder those for whom this womb hath teem'd:  
This wombe with three faire Princely sons hath sweld,  
Which dead to *Saturne* and the world are deem'd,  
Yet all three liue, but cruell husband where,  
*Saturne* shall neuer know, nor *Tytan* heare.

44

Th'amazed king immagines by her looke,  
Her feruent tongue doth on her hart-string strike,  
Necessity at this time, makes him brooke  
What his disturbed soule doth most dislike,  
Without reply the sad Queenē he forsooke,  
It pierst his hart as if an enemies pike  
Had by the aime of some strong hand bin cast,  
And side to side through all his entrailes past.

45

He comes where all his Lords in counsell sat,  
And tels them of three sons preseru'd to life,  
The Peeres at first see me much amaz'd therat,  
Yet all commend the pitty of his wife,  
And praise her vertue: (intermitting that)  
They next proceed to *Tytans* hostile strife,  
And thus conclude their enemies to expell,  
Whom they know Barbarous, bloody, fierce and fell.

46

When calling him that the defiance brought,  
This answere backe to *Tytan* they returne,  
That they his brauing menace set at naught,  
That their owne blouds shall quench the towns they burn  
That their immediate ruines they haue sought,  
And they no longer can reuenge adiourne,  
But the next sonne shall see strange vengeance tane  
Of all his *Cretan* subiects they haue slaine.

The

47

The Messengers dismift, while they prepare  
 Armes and munition for the Morrowes field,  
 Meane time great *Tytans* sonnes assembled are,  
 Who all their Fortunes on their fury build,  
 Their hauty lookes their spleenfull harts declare,  
 Each brandishing his sword, and ponderous shield,  
 Longing to heare from *Sturne* such reply,  
 That on his men they may their valours try.

48

Nor do they tempt the *Deities* in vaine,  
 They haue what they desire : to them behold  
 The baffled messenger gallops amaine,  
 But ere the Knight his message hath halfe told,  
 So much the Gyant kings their braues disdaine,  
 That with their scornefull feet they spurne the mold,  
 Their browes they furrow, and their teeth they grate,  
 And all the Gods blasphemē, to shew their hate.

49

Now hath the Sunne slid from his fiery Car,  
 And in cold *Ister* quencht his flaming head,  
 Blacke darknes rising from the earth afar,  
 You might perceiue the welkin to orespread,  
 Orions blazing lockes discouered are,  
 Pale *Cinthia* gouernes in *Apolloes* stead,  
*Bootes* his waine, about the pole hath driuen,  
 And all the stars borne bright that spangle heauen.

50

The morning comes, *Tytan* in field appeares  
 In compleat harnessse, arm'd from head to toe,  
 Next him *Ageon*, who no Corset weares  
 Or coat of Armes to encounter any foe,  
 Vnarmed as he is, he no man feares,  
 A plume doth from his gilded helmet flow,  
 Made of the Peacockes traine, his armes is strong,  
 In which he shakes a skeine, bright, broad, and long.

51

*Creous* huge sinnowy Armes, and bawny thighes  
 Are naked, being tawnied with the sun,  
 Buskins he weares that boue his ankles rise,  
 Pufft with such curl'd silke as *Arachne* spun,

The Armour  
of the gyants.

A coat of Armes well mail'd that fits his size,  
Laceth his body in, these Armes he woon  
Of a huge Monster, in the Isle of Thrace,  
Whose weapon was a weighty iron mace.

52

His knotted beard was as the *Porphir* blacke,  
So were the fleecy lockes vpon his crowne,  
Which to the middle of his armed backe,  
From his rough shaggy head discended downe,  
His fiery Eie-bals threaten *Saturnes* wracke,  
Sterne vengeance rous'd her selfe in *Caons* frownes,  
His sheld, a broad iron dore, his Lance a beame,  
Oft with his large stride he hath Archt a streeame.

53

*Typhon* in skins of Lyons grimly clad,  
Next his too Brothers in the march proceeds,  
The hides of these imperious beasts he had,  
From th' *Erianthian* forrest, where his deeds  
Liue still in memory, like one halfe mad  
The Gyant shewes in these disguised weeds,  
The Lyons iawes gnawing his Helmet stood,  
And grinning with his long fangs stain'd in blood.

54

And yet his owne fierce visage lowring vnder,  
Appeares as full of terror as that other,  
Two such aspects makes the *Saturniens* wonder,  
Next him appears *Euceladus* his Brother,  
Whose eye darts lightning and his voice speaks Thunder  
(This was the onely darling of his mother,)  
His weapon was a tall and snaggy Oake,  
With which he menac't death at euery stroake.

59

*Hiperion* in an armor all of Sunnes,  
Shines like the face of *Phæbus* o're the rest:  
This Gyant to his valiant Brothers runs,  
Crying to Armes, base lingering I detest,  
Damn'd be that Coward soule that damage shuns,  
Or from apparent perill shrinkes his brest,  
Behold where *Saturne* mongst his people crownd,  
His hornes and Clarions doth to battell sound.

56

*Saturne* appeares as great *Hyperion* spake,  
 Borne in an Iuory chaire with bright stones stodded,  
 Mongst which in trailes ran many an Anticke flake,  
 With rich Inamell, azur'd, greene and ruddled,  
 At the first push their enemies rankes they brake,  
 He fought till his bright Chariot was all bloodded:

About him round their bowes his Archers drew,  
 A fight which yet their Foe-men neuer knew.

57

The big-bon'd Gyants wounded from a farre,  
 And seeing none but their owne souldiers by them,  
 Amazed stand at this new kind of warte,  
 To receiue wounds by such as came not ne them,  
 From euery wing they heare their looses iarde,  
 They knew not where to turne, or how to flie them,  
 The showeres of Arrowes rain'd so fast and thicke,  
 That in their legges, thighs, brest, and armes they stick

58

So long as their strong Bowes of trusty Ewe  
 And silken strings held fast, so long fresh riuers  
 Of Crimson blood the Champion did imbrew,  
 For euery shaft the Archers Bow deliuers,  
 Or kils or woundes one of their countlesse crew,  
 But when they once had emptied all their quiuers,  
 And that the enemy saw their arrowes wasted,  
 To blowes and handy-strokes both armies hasted.

59

Thou famous English *Henry* of that name  
 The fist: I cannot but remember thee  
 That wan vnto thy kingdome endlesse fame,  
 By thy bold English Archers Chiualry,  
 In *Agin-Court*: when to the Frenchmens shame,  
 King, *Dolphin*, and the chiefe Nobility  
 Were with the ods of thousands forcf to yeeld,  
 And *Henry* Lord of that triumphant field.

60

But such successse king *Saturne* had not then,  
 He is in number and in strength too weake,  
 His people are but one to *Tytans* ten,  
 Nor are his guards so strong their spleene to wreake,

Henry the 5.

Agincourt.

The Gyant-Kings with infinites of men,  
Into their foes Battallions rudely breake :  
Their Polaxes and Clubs they heave on hie,  
The Kings surpriz'de and the *Saturniens* fly.

61

The *Tytans* brandish their victorious Glaues,  
and enter the great Citty (*Hanocke* crying)  
In *Cretan* bloud they drowne their Chariot Naues,  
And slaughter all the poore *Saturniens* flying,  
One hand sharpe steele, the other fire-brands waues,  
In euery place the grones of people, dying

Mixt with the Conquerors shoues, to heauen aspire,  
and in their harsh sound, make a dismal Quire.

62

The Citty's ceizd, *Saturne* and *Sybill* bound,  
Whilst *Tytan* Lords it in the *Cretan* Throne,  
His reuellung sonnes for Pillage ransacke round,  
And where they heare Babes shrike, or olde men grone,  
They shoue for ioy ; meane time King *Saturnes* wound  
*Sybill* bindes vp : and being all alone

In prison with her Lord, to him relates  
The fortunes of her sonnes, and their estates.

63

She tells him that young *Ihoue*, in *Epire* famed  
For Martiall triumphs, is theyr naturall sonne :  
He that *Lycaon* queld, *Pelagia* tamed,  
And many spoyles for *Milesius* woon :  
No sooner did the King heare young *Ihoue* named,  
But he repents the wrongs against him doon ;  
and proud of such an Issue so farre praisd,  
Hopes by his hand to haue his Fortunes raysd.

64

He therefore by the carefull Damsell sends,  
(The selfe-same Damsell that to *Oson* bore him  
as from a sorrowfull father kind commends)  
The Damsell hauing found him, kneeles before him,  
And the whole proiect she begins and ends  
Of *Saturnes* fall, and prayes him to restore him :  
*Ihoue* (that till now) a father never knew :  
amaz'd at first, himselfe a space withdrew,

And

65

And hauing in his hart her words debated  
 And euery thing conferd: his birth vnknowne  
 Which from his infancy the maide related  
 Euen to the time that he to yeares was growne,  
 Knowing the day and houte exactly dated,  
 His mothers pitty, and his fathers frowne,  
 To which her words she doth as witnesse bring  
 The two fayre daughters of the *Epyre King*.

66

The youthfull Prince is to the full perswaded,  
 It glads him to be sonne to one so great,  
 He sweares his Uncle shall be soone disgraced,  
 And tumbled headlong from his Fathers seat,  
 And all that haue the *Cretan Clyme* inuaded  
 Shall be repulst with scandall: In this heat  
 The *Epyre King* he doth of ayde implore,  
 And *Archas*, whom he late had crownd before.

67

Were he a stranger, yet he holds it sinne,  
 Not to pursue his rescue being opprest,  
 But being his father, and his next of Kin,  
 That by a Tyrants hand is dispossessit,  
 His mother to, that had his ransome bin  
 And kept the bloudy weapon from his breast:  
 All these incite his valour, and the rather  
 To seeme kind sonne, to so vnkind a Father.

68

Postes are to *Archas* in *Archadia* sent,  
 His father with two thousand men to meet,  
 Who musters vp his troopes incontinent,  
 Proud that his valour shall be knowne in *Creet*:  
 The bold *Parthemians* likewise to *Ihoue* sent  
 Of their owne voluntary minds a Fleet  
 Of shippes well stor'd with men, who both admire  
 His valour, and his amity desire.

69

The men of *Oson* round about him flocke,  
 Glad by so braue a Capraine to be guided,  
 Knowne to be issued from a Regall stocke,  
 Meane time King *Millesius* hath prouided

His stout *Epiriens*, who haue yowd to blocke  
The *Cretan* streetes, with trunkes of men deuided,  
So with the remnant of their forces troope  
To make proud *Tytan* and his Iſſue ſtoope.

70

Their Army they tranſport, and on the beach  
Of the ritch *Cretan* ſhore ſecurely land it,  
No man appears their entrance to impeach,  
The ſelſe-opinione Foe ſo lightly mand it,  
They thinke their fortunes out of dangers reach,  
And that their power's ſo great, none can withstand it,  
The couetous Princeſ more intend the ſpoyle  
Of one ritch towne, then loſſe of all the ſoyle.

71

But when the watch from the high Citty wals,  
Sees all the neighbor playnes with Armor spread,  
Alowd to *Tytan* and his ſonnes he cals,  
To arme with speed: the Gyants ſtraight make head  
Tydings of bloudy broyles them nought appals,  
With courage they their buſineſſe managed,  
And hauing each addreſſe his ſword and ſhield,  
Issue from forth the gates, and take the field.

72

Into three Battailles *Jupiter* diuides  
The Royall Army he conducts: The mayne  
King *Mellisens* by appointment guides,  
*Th' Oſoniens* and *Epyriens* fill his traine,  
Some from *Alacre* he receiuied beſides,  
A Citty ſubiect vnto *Epires* raigne:  
*Ihoue the Parthemians* in the vaw doth beare,  
Yong *Archas* with th' *Arcadians* leades the reare.

73

Syx Battailles *Tytan* makes, the greatſt he leades,  
And in the other fiue his ſonnes employes,  
It cheeres him when he ſees his Army ſpreads  
So many furlongs, led by his bold boyes:  
He ſweares, the ground whereon his enemy treads  
Shall drowne the hoaſt that he this day deſtroyes  
In their owne gore: and after in ſmall while,  
Yeeld to their mangled trunkes a funerall pile.

By

Jupiters Embassie to Tytan

74

By this young *Archas* twixt the Camps appeares,  
A trumpet all the way before him sounding:  
For *Tytan* through the army he inuaders,  
The Tyrant with all pride and spleene abounding  
Admits him, in the presence of his Petres,  
Legions of armed men his person rounding:  
His sudden comming, much amazement breeds,  
When *Archas* with his meslage thus proceeds.

75

Thus saith Prince *Jupiter*, king *Saturnes* sonne,  
Stay there (quoth *Tytan*) for thou hast confess,  
That what I do, is all by Iustice done,  
And by good right my selfe I here invest:  
The *Cretan* Crowne I haue by conquest won,  
In which I haue a filiall Interest:  
The name of *Saturns* sonne, *Saturne* excludes,  
And *Tytan* iustly enters (not intrudes.)

76

When *Archas* thus replyes: Great *Saturnes* seede  
And yssue Male suruiues, to see thee slayne,  
The bloud thou sought to shed, shall make thee bleed,  
And all the Gyant Princes of thy traine,  
So hath the *Epire* King with *Ihoue* decreed,  
Therefore before your blouds this verdure staine  
Leauie (these vsurped Confines) and release  
My Graundsite King, that hostile armes may cease.

77

Else, thus thy Nephew *Ihoue* by me hath sworne,  
By me his sonne *Archas*, th' *Arcadian* King,  
To plucke that Crowne from off thy browes, in skorne,  
And thee from that Tribunall headlong fling,  
and such as thy vsurped state suborne  
He shall to tuyne and destruction bring:  
*Tytan*, whose rage darts fire out of his eyes,  
Thus to the bold vndaunted youth replies:

78

Princox, Thou thinkst by thy despightfull braue  
To daunt vs, but thou giu'st vs greater spirit:  
Thou comst from *Saturnes* sonne: Thou dost degraue  
In that one word, his *Tytle*, not my *Merit*:

Thou telst vs we our naturall Kingdome haue,  
Whiche as our fathers eldest we inherite,  
For iust so old as *Ihoue* is, iust so long,  
*Saturne* usurpt vpon my right, by wrong.

79

Go tell thy Father, that his life is mine,  
And I that life am now come to bereave,  
So is thy life too which thou must resigne,  
When he got thee, he shoulde haue askt me leauie,  
His death was at his byrth due, so was thine,  
Which then deferd, you now come to receiuie:  
Reply not: the proud braues thou haft commenched,  
Hath vs and all our Issue much incenced.

80

*Archas* departs: *Tytan* his Souldiors cheeres,  
And tels them the directnesse of his cause;  
That tis *Yranus* Scepter which he beares,  
And he his eldest by all Natures lawes,  
The true successor to the Crowne he weares,  
They signe his *Aue* with a shrill applause,  
And by these motiue arguments perswaded,  
Threaten their liues, that haue his Clyme inuaded.

81

So *Ihoue* and *Millesens* hauing heard  
His peremptory answer, both prepare  
For imminent vengeance, not to be deferd,  
Lowd shrowts and cryes from both sides pierce the ayre,  
In euery battell dauntlesse rage appeard,  
The Champions in their hot bloud proudly fare:  
A confusd noyse drums in their halfe-deafe eares,  
Of trumpets, drums, shouts, swords, shields, splinterd

82

(Speares.

The Battale.

Out of this Battailles Chaos and confusion,  
Of vndistinguisht valor Prince *Ihoue* springs,  
And where he *Tytan* spies makes rough intrusion,  
Maugre the strength of all the Gyant-kings:  
This prologue was to some the full conclusion  
Of that daies Tragedy: theyr darts and Slings  
From euery part with eniuious hands they cast,  
And *Ihoue* through thousand weapons points hath past.

Pro-

83

Proceeding still, his sword prepares the way  
 Euen to the Chariot where his Uncle sat,  
 And spite of those that would his violence stay,  
 He strikes him on the Helme, and layes him flat,  
 There had he slaine him dead, but to the fray  
*Encelad* coms, and much inrag'd thereat  
 Assayles the Prince, whilst he the fight intends,  
 The rescude *Tytan* his high chayre ascends.

84

The noyse of his surprisall, in small space  
 Was spread through euery wing of this large field,  
 Such as beheld him fall, ran thence apace,  
 And to his sonnes reported he was kild :  
 In hast they draw their forces to this place,  
 And *Ihone* is round incompaist (Heauen him shield)  
*Saturne* from his high turret lookt, and wondred,  
 To see one Knight hold battell, aginst an hundred.

85

And calling *Sybille* to the Battlement,  
 From whence they might the doubtfull skirmish view,  
 They may perceiue how *Ihone* incontinent,  
 Twenty tall Souldiors of King *Tytans* slew :  
 Amaz'd they stand at his great hardiment,  
 One askt another, if this Knight they knew :  
 When noting well the bold deedes he had done,  
 (Quoth *Sybille*) may not this be *Ihone*, our sonne ?

86

Whilst in this hopefull doubt they stand confounded,  
 Behold, young *Archas* hauing vnderstood  
 His Father *Ihone* with thousand foes was rounded  
 And mongst the Gyants fought, all gul'd in blood,  
 He cauld a lowd charge to be shrilly sounded,  
 And thither makes where *Ihone* inuiron'd stood :  
 Now grew the battell hot, bold *Archas* pierces  
 Thruh the mid-hoast, & strewes his way with heres.

87

And at first shooke, breakes through th' Iron ring  
 Of armed men, that had his Father pend,  
 Whose sword by this emboweld the proud King  
*Enceladus*, and to his daies gave end :

But when he saw his sonne fresh succors bring,  
And to large prooef his dreadlesse spirit extend,  
With such essentiall ioy the Prince doth cheare him,  
Each blow deales death and not a man dares near him

88

Sauc *Tytan*, who mongst many Corles lying,  
O're which his Armed chariot swiftly ran,  
Amongst the rest *Euceladus* espying,  
The blood forsooke his cheeke, his face look't wan,  
He stampes, he stares, he strikes, still vengeance crying,  
And in disordered fury spares no man,  
Plummets of Lead, he from his Chariot threw,  
And many of the bold *Archadians* slew.

89

*Ioue* wondering whence so great a cry should grow,  
Or who so many of his men had slaine,  
Spies *Tytan* comming on, him *Ioue* doth know,  
And with all speed makes towards him againe:  
Now is the warre at height, for many a blow  
Deales wounds and death, thicke shewers of arrows rain,  
Quarters of men, and heads, with Helmets battered,  
Halfe hid in blood through all the fields are scattered.

90

*Tytan* encounters *Ioue*, *Ioue* him defies,  
And from his Steely Burgon beates out fire,  
By *Tytans* side doth proud *Hyperion* rise,  
Against him *Archas* doth the field desire,  
And now each other brauely doth despise,  
They combat son to son, and Sire to Sire,  
But *Ioue* and *Archas* best in power and skill,  
Old *Tytan* and the young *Hyperion* kill,

91

Iust as they fall, comes *Typhon*, hauing late  
King *Millesius* and his battell chaced,  
His enemies swords had hewd off many a plate  
From that iron coat in which his sides weare laced,  
Who letting out the nailes that bound him straite,  
Walkes in a cloud of his own smoake, vnbraced,  
And as vpon his fathers trunke he gazed,  
He pluckles his bold foote backe, and starts amazed.

Tytan & Hy-  
perion slayne.

H

But

The Combat  
twixt Jupiter  
and Ioue  
*Cygnus*

92  
But when he further looking, gan espy  
The proud *Hyperion* weltring in his gore,  
And huge *Enceladus* besides him lie,  
He quite forgets their Obits to deplore:  
The Earth he curses, and blasphemes the sky,  
And from his knotty head the blacke locks tore:  
With that inrag'de, his Axe aloft he heaved,  
And *Ihoues* broad shield iust in the middle cleaved.

93  
Both armies give them field-roome, two such spirits  
Beget in their encounter preparation,  
If *Ihoue* suruiue, King *Saturne* Crete inherits:  
If *Typhon* liue, great *Typhon* rules that Nation:  
Both parties stand Spectators of their merits,  
To view this Combat with high admiration,  
Forgetting fight, their weapons downe they bend,  
To see these two (the best on earth) contend.

94  
Huge *Typhon* is vnweeldy, *Ihoue* more quicke,  
and better breath'd, doth oft-times traaverse round,  
(To speed him with a blow, or with a pricke)  
Till he hath worne a bloody circle, round  
about his bulky foe: *Typhon* strikes thicke,  
But his vaine blowes dig Trenches in the ground,  
Had they falne right, they to the waast had cleft him,  
and both of Father, Crowne, and life bereft him.

95  
Two tedious houres lasts this renownmed fray,  
Yet neither Victor: with this fight compard  
All the dayes bloody broyle appeard but play,  
Both warde, both strike, both skorne to be out-dard,  
*Ihoue* with one blow, quite through his Targe makes way  
It cuts the steele-bars, the guilt studs it pared:  
*Typhon* to be aueng'de of this disgrace,  
Aymes a stiffe stroke full at his armed face.

96  
It crost his Visor, and so downe it glanced,  
And onely rac'st his Gorget: when *Ihoue* stands  
A Tip-toe with his armes on high aduanced,  
Holding his conquering sword in both his hands,

He fals it on his Beauer as it chanced,  
The massy stroake vntreuels all the bands  
That lockt his Helme, his wounded face appeares,  
He mad, with his sharpe nayles his Armour teares.

97

And now both strike at once, steele against steele,  
And armour against armour : their lowd strokes  
Make the woods tremble, and the earth to reele,  
Such blowes, cleaue Rocks, and fell the mountain-Oakes,  
At length they close and grapple, *Typhons* heele  
Twines about *Ihone* mid-legge, his armes he yoakes  
about his Gorget : actiue *Ihone* lets slip,  
and by fine flight, catcht *Typhon* on the hip.

98

The Gyant scapes the fall, and both let goe,  
Their weapons lost, they buffet fist to fist,  
and at aduantage lie : now hic, now low :  
To close againe, *Ihone* catcht by *Typhons* wrist,  
*Typhon* by his, both tugge, both cunning shew :  
*Typhon* makes play, *Ihone* catcht him by the twist,  
Heaues him aloft, and in his armes he brings him  
To a high Rocke, and in the Sea he flings him.

99

*Typhon* thus dead, their bands disordred fly,  
*Ihone*, *Archas*, and the *Epyre* King pursue them,  
*Aegeon* scapes, hereafter kept to die  
By him that with his brothers fought and slew them,  
*Bri'reus*, *Iapet*, *Athlas*, *Hespery*,  
*Prometheus* too disgui'd, that no man knew them,  
Fled with the rest : *Ihone* tyred in the chace,  
Returns to *Creet*, his parents to embrace.

100

Oh in what ioy was *Sybille* boue the rest,  
And Grandam *Vesta* freely to behold him,  
They weepe their teares of Ioy vpon his breast,  
And thousand sighes in their strict armes infold him,  
*Saturne* for *Inno* tends, with *Ihone* to feast,  
And his two sonnes (of whom his wife hath told him)  
With *Archas* and the *Epyre* King to meet,  
At generall Triumphs, to be made in *Creet*.

**H**er virgin belt unbound, Stanzo 15. It was the custome in those daies, the day of euery virgins mariage, to haue hir girdle loosed, by him that shoulde bee her husband.

In the 26. Stanzo, where Calisto is sayde to bee turned into a Beare, Phurnutius sayth, that the Lady hunting, was devoured of a Beare, and being seene no more, was thought to be metamorphosed into a Beare. There be two Beares in the heauens, the greater and the lesse, into which Ovid saith, Archas and his mother were translated: one of them Nauphus first obserued, the other Thales Milesius. Homer calls them Helicopes.

The warres twixt Jupiter and the Tyanoys, is called by the Poets Gyantomachia, Of which Ovid the first of his Metamor:

Aff: classe ferunt tegnum cœlestis gigantes,  
Atraq; congestes struxisse ad sidera mantes, &c.  
Of this there are divers Fables extant.

Briaceus thy cald Centimanem Gigantem, the Gyant with a hundred hands, alluding to his valour and his creditious strokes, which he gaue so thicke, as if he had strook with an hundred hands at once.

And of Typhon, Ovid in his Metamorph. 5. most ingeniously thus speakes;

Vasta Gyanteis Iuerta est Insula memoris,  
Tynactris & magnis subiectum motibus vrgit,  
Æthercas ausum sperare Typhoea ledes,  
et sic deinceps

Iapetus is certainly thought to be sonne of Iaphet, the 3. sonne of Noah.

Tantalus some thinke to be the sonne of Jupiter and the Nymph Plota: Others, of Jupiter and Plutus: as Iohannes Diaconus and Didimus: Others haue thought him to be the sonne of Imolus King of Lydia: as Zees: Others, the son of Æthon.

Talia ferre Puto quoq; Tantalou æthone natum,  
Qui nullo potuit fonte leuare sitim.  
Tantalus being to feast the Gods, for the more magnificence of the banquet and as the richest dish, slew his sonne Pelops,

and

Euseb. 2. euag.  
prepar.

Lucian in dial.  
de dipsad.

and serued him in : which the Goddes knowing, all refused to  
eate, onely Ceres, almost distraught with the losse of hir dan-  
ghter, rashly eate of the shoulde : The Goddes pitying the  
murder of his sonne, floung al his limbes into a Caldron, which  
boylng a space, they restored him againe to life, whom because  
he came out of the Caldron yonger then when he was slaine,  
he was called Pelops, but when his shoulde wanted (of which  
Ceres had hungerly fed) the Goddes made vp the place with  
Iuory, which shoulde of Iuory, was after, a badge of all the  
Pelopidans. Of his tormentes in hell, the report is common.  
His children were Broteus, Pelops and Niobes.

Pind. in Olimp.

Lycophron.

Ifacius.

### The end of the third

CANTO.

H 3



## Argumentum.

I Houe Esculapius kille, Apollo drives  
To keepe Admetus sheepe in Thessaly,  
And next his beautious sister Iuno wiues,  
At her returne from Creet to Partheny,  
The father with the sonne in battell striues,  
But by his puissance is inforsl to fly:  
Acrisius keepes his daughter in a Tower,  
Which amorous Ihoue skales in a golden shower

## ARG. 2.

To deuine Physicke Gods made first of men,  
And Perseus birth, swift Delia guids my pen

## CANTO.4.



Hou deuine Art of Physicke  
let me sing  
Thy honoured praise,  
and let my pen aspire  
To giue thee life,  
that vnto life canst bring  
Men halfe departed: whether thy first Syre  
Was that Prometheus, who from the Heauen's King  
Stole by his skill part of the vitall fier  
That kindles life in man, thereby to saue  
Sickle men, that stand with one foot in the graue.

2

Or whether Esculapius was thy father,  
Sonne to the Sun-god, by whose lively heat  
Symples and Plants, their saps and vertues gather,  
Let it suffice I know thy power is greate;

And my vnable muse admires thee rather,  
 Then comprehends thy worth, let them intreat  
 Of thy perfection, that with fame professe thee,  
 And in their Arts vnto the life expresse thee.

3

As famous *Butler, Pady, Turner, Poe,*  
*Atkinson, Lyster, Lodge,* who still suruiue :  
 Besides these English *Gallens* thousands moe,  
 Who where they come, death and diseases drieue  
 From pale sick creatures : and all *Cordials* know,  
 Spirits spent and wasted to preserue aliue,  
 In this with Gods and Kings they are at strife,  
 Physitians Kings and Gods alone giue life.

4

Some hold young *Mercury* deuisd the skill  
 Of Phisicke first, and taught that Art abroad,  
 Some vnto *Arabus* impute it still,  
 Some yeild that honour to th' *Egyptian God,*  
 Cal'd *Apis* or *Serapis*, others wil  
*Apollo* chiefe, what time he made abroad  
 With king *Admetus*, but most voyces rynne,  
 The first renown'd was *Esculap* his sonne.

*Arabus* sonne  
to *Apollo*.

5

*Hippocrates* reduc't it to an Art,  
*Gallen* and *Anicenna* him succeed,  
*Cassius* and *Calpitanus* too, impart  
 His soueraigne skill, *Rubrius* taught first to bleed,  
*Antonius Musa* chear'd the wasted hart,  
*Aruntius* too helpt euery grieve at need :  
*Archagathus* profest this first in *Rome*,  
 But all submit to Noble *Gallens* doome.

6

The first that did this sacred Art renoune,  
 And gaue it fame on earth was as I read,  
 Great *Aesculape* who tracing vp and downe  
 To gather Simples in the flowry Mead,  
 Hard by a rocke that weares a bushy crowne,  
 And boue the neighbour champion lifts his head,  
 He spies a Swaine in habit neate and briskē,  
 Hold battell with a dreadfull *Bassiliske*.

The tale of  
*Aesculapius*.

7

A monster that kils onely with his eie,  
Which from th'vnarmed Shepheard shrunke and ran,  
*Apolloes sonne* with wonder stands him neie,  
And thinks, or that no beast, or this no man,  
Admiring by what hidden *Dity*  
The piercing *Cockatrice* out-gaze he gan,  
Vnlesse by chance there lodg'd a *Vertue* rare,  
In some one simple in the wreath he ware.

8

All the strong armour against this horrid beast,  
Was but a Chaplet which begirt his braine,  
Which *Esculape* suspecting, much increast  
His Ardency, to know what hidden straine  
Slept in strange working herbs (thus being possest)  
He begs the Garland from the ignorant Swaine,  
Who now vnwreath'd, againe the beast defies,  
Who straight retunnes, and kils him with hir eies.

9

*Apolloes sonne* by certaine proofe now finds  
Th'inuertued hearbes haue gainst such poysen power,  
To combate with th'eie-killing Beast he minds,  
(Thirsting for fame) the wreath with many a Flower,  
And hearbe, and plant, about his braine he binds,  
And so with speed hasts to her Rocky tower,  
Skales her soule den, and threatens present warre,  
T'out-gaze her neare, who seeing, kils from farre.

10

The big-swelne Serpent with broad eye-lids stares,  
And through the aire her subtle poison flings,  
The Sunnes-hearbe charmed, soone her venom dares,  
And shrinkes not at her persaunt eie-bals stings,  
The *Basiliske* in her owne strength dispaireis,  
And to flie thence, she shakes her flaggy wings,  
But his Dart takes her as she meant to rise,  
And pierst her hart, that pierst harts with her eies.

11

Proud of this Trophy, he returning sees  
The harmelesse Swaine vpon the ground lie dead,  
Whom pityng, he descends vnto his knees,  
Taking the vertued Chaplet from his head,

And hearbe by hearbe into his mouth doth squeeze,  
And downe his throat their powerfull liquor shed,  
But when the iuice of one pure herbe was drain'd,  
The new departed life it backe constrain'd.

11

Nor wonder if such force in hearbs remaine,  
What cannot iuice of deuine Simples bruised?  
The Dragon finding his young Serpent slaine,  
Hauing th'herbe *Balin* in his wounds infus'd,  
Restores his life and makes him whole againe.  
Who taught the Heart how *Dettany* is vsed?  
Who being pierced through the bones and marrow,  
Can with that hearbe expell th'offensiue arrow.

12

Who taught the poore beast hauing poison tasted  
To seeke th'hearbe *Cancer*, and by that to cure him?  
Who taught the Bore finding his spirits wasted  
To seeke a branch of Iuy to assuare him?  
The Tortois spide a *Dragon*, and straight hasted  
For *Sauery*, arm'd with which he can endure him,  
*Chyron* found *Centery*, whose vse is holy,  
*Achilles* Yarrow, and great *Hermes*, Moly.

*Dictamum.**Sauory or  
Maioram.*

14

The Storke hauing a branch of *Orgamy*,  
Can with much ease the *Adders* sting eschew,  
And when the little *Weasill* chaste, doth fly  
The *Dragon*, he defends himselfe with *Rew*,  
Much might be done by their rare purity,  
By such as all their opperations knew:

No maruell then if such as know their skill,  
Find by their practise, Art to saue or kill.

15

The *Basiliske* and the reuiued *Swaine*,  
With all the powerfull hearbes that life restore,  
He beares to *Paphos*: they beholding slaine  
So horrible a Monster knowne before,  
Perceiuing likewise how he cal'd againe  
Men dead to life: his person they adore,  
Now *Esculapius* name is sounded hie,  
Through the vast compasse of the spacious skie.

And

16

And whether enuious of this Princes name,  
 Fitting the humorous world with such applauses,  
 Or whether for receiuing such as came  
 From the last field : or at what carping clauses  
*Ioue* was agrieu'd at *Esculapius* fame,  
 I find no certaine ground but for some causes  
 Vnknowne to me, he *Paphos* doth inuade,  
 And great *Apollo* to his sonne giues aide.

17

But *Saturnes* seed preuailes : much bloud he spills  
 To quench the heat of his incensed ire,  
*Paphos* he sackes, and *Esculapius* kils,  
 Oh, wheres the Art that made thy name aspire ?  
 Whose fame, Sea, Earth, and Heauen with clangor fils,  
 To others thou gauest life, now life desires,  
 (In vaine alas) when heauen hath doomd thy date,  
 Prepare thy soule, all physicke comes too late.

18

Besides this sentence, I p ronounce of hic  
 There is no strife with heauen : when their houres call,  
 Physitians must as well as patients die,  
 And meeete at the great iudgement generall,  
*Paphos* is spoil'd, *Apollo* forst to flie,  
 The *Cretans* him pursue, he scapes them all  
 Disguis'd, and is in exile forst to keepe  
 In *Theffaly*, the king *Admetus* sheepe.

19

I told you erst, how *Saturne* reinuested  
 Into *Parthemia*, for bright *Juno* sent  
 There, with her vnowne Brothers to be feasted,  
 And how *Athenian Neptune* had intent  
 To meet with *Pluto* there. Things thus digested,  
 Triumphant *Ioue*, now full of griefe Ostent,  
 For his late conquest, in his breath'd defiance,  
 Is in all pompe receiu'd by his alliance.

20

Chiefely by twin-borne *Juno*, not alone  
 His Sister, now his troth-plight Queene and Bride,  
 Their long diuided bodies they attone  
 And enter amorous parley, which espide

By *Saturne*, speedy Purseuants are gone  
To all the bordering Kings to them alide,  
Vnto their solemne spousales to invite,  
King, Prince, Duke, Marquesse, Baron, Lord, and  
21 (Knight.)

*Metis* the daughter of *Oceanus*

They say, was *Ioues* first wife, whom being great  
He swallowed: least of her being childed thus,  
One shold be borne to lift him from his seate;  
By this die God growes more then *Timpanus*,  
And swelling with the same, with throwes did sweat,  
Till after anguith, and much trauelling paine,  
The armed *Pallas* leapt out of his braine.

22

*Metis* deuour'd, he *Themis* takes to bed,  
Espousing her within the *Gnoſſean Isle*,  
There where the flood *Theremus* lifts his head,  
His third wife *Juno*, whom he wan by guile,  
*Ioue* knowing it vnlawfull was to wed  
His sister: by his God-hood in small while  
Transformes himselfe, and like a Cuckow flies;  
Where *Juno* tastes the pleasure of the skies.

*Apol. lib. 1. bib.*

*Hesiodus.*

*Ibo. Diaconus.*

*Orpheus in arg.*

*Paus. in corint.*

*Apol. Rhodius.*

23

But at his becke the King of Gods and men,  
Commands a storme the *Welkin* to orefast,  
At which the Cuckow trembling, shrinketh then  
Her legges beneath her wings, *Juno* at last  
Pitties the fearefull Bird, who quakes agen,  
And wraps it softly, till the storme was past,  
In her warme skirt, when *Ioue* within few houres  
Takes hart, turnes God, and the faire Queen deflours.

24

After which rape, he takes her to his Bride,  
And though some thinke her barren without heires:  
Some more iudicious, haue such tales denide,  
(Gods that know all things, know their owne affaires)  
And vwhat they vvill, their povverfull vvisedomes guide,  
Their children *Preces* were, vvhom vve call Prayers,  
These dwel on earth, but when they mount the sphears  
Haue free accessse to *Ioue* their fathers eares.

*Hermes in max  
eleg. scriptor.*

Imagine

25

Imagine all the pompe the Sea can yeild,  
Or ayre affoord, or earth bestow on Man,  
Seas-fish, Ayres-Fowle, beast both of Parke and field,  
Rarities flowed in abundance than,  
Nature and Art striue which is deeplier skild,  
Or in these pompous Nuptials better can :

Twixt these (being more then mortall) seem smal odds,  
And the high sumptuous shewes made by the Gods.

26

*Hebe.* -  
Night comes, a daughter is begot, and nam'd  
*Hebe*, the long-liu'd Feast at length expires,  
Great *Jupiter* and *Juno* are proclaimd  
*Parthemian* King and Queene : *Neptune* desires  
To visite *Athens*, being likewise nam'd  
Th' *Athenian* King, (his bloud Ambition fires,) *Pluto* departs, in *Tartary* to dwell,  
There founds a devilish Towne, and cals it *Hell*.

27

No day so cleere but darke night must ensue,  
Death is the end of life, and care of pleasure :  
Paine followes ease, and sorrowes ioy pursue,  
Saue (not to want) I know not what is Treasure,  
The Gods that scourge the false, and crowne the true,  
Darknesse and Light in equall ballance measure :  
Tydes fall to ebbes, the world is a meere graunge,  
Wher all things brooke decay, and couet chaunge.

28

Not long these triumphs last, when *Saturne* seeing  
*Parthemian* Ihoue such generall fame atchieue,  
Out-shining him, hee envyes at his being,  
(Still feare is apt things threatned to beleuee :)  
But when the Oracle with this agreeing  
He cals to mind : his Soule doth inly grieue,  
For this is he whom *Delphos* did foretell,  
Should *Saturne* from his Crowne and Realme, expell.

29

Now turnes he loue to hate : his Joy to Sadnesse,  
His Fathers-pitty, to a Foe-mans spight,  
His pleasure to despair, his myrrh to madnesse,  
In teares he spends the day, in sighes the night,

To spleene his feares conuert, to grieve his gladnesse,  
And all to Melanchollie is sad affright,  
Nor can his troubled sences be appeald,  
Till as a Traitor he Prince *Ioue* hath ceas'd.

30

He therefore musters vp a secret power  
Of his vnwilling Subiects, to surprize  
*Ioue* in *Parthemia*, *Ioue* ascends a Tower  
At the same time, and from a farre espies  
Their armed troopes, the fields and Champions scowre,  
From euery quarter clouds of thicke smoke rise,  
No way he can his eyes or body turne,  
But he sees Citties blaze, and Hamlets burne.

Warre twixt  
Saturne and  
Jupiter.

31

More mad with anger, then with rage dismaid,  
From that high Tower he in hast discends,  
To know what bold foe dares his realmes inuaid,  
And gainst his peacefull kingdome enuy bendis,  
Tidings is brought, great *Saturne* hath displaid  
His hostile fury, and his wracke intends:  
But *Ioue*, that in his Fathers grace affide,  
Sweares he shall die, that hath his name belide.

32

It bears no face of truth, no shape of reason,  
A father shoulde a guiltlesse sonne pursue,  
A sonne that hath his father sau'd from Treason,  
And but so late his dangerous enemies slew,  
From whose embracing armes he for a season,  
With much vnwillingnesse himselfe withdrew,  
All things well poyld, he cannot yet debate,  
How such hot loue so soone should change to hate.

33

But whilſt he argues thus, behold his foes  
With armed rankes begirt *Parthemia* round,  
Mongſt whom the prince his father *Saturne* knowes,  
And heares his warlike tunes to battell sound,  
He now forgets the filiall zeale he owes,  
And cries (to armes) their fury to confound,  
But then againe into himselfe retiring,  
He to his Father sends, his peace desiring.

I

Twice

34

Twice his submission to King *Saturne* came,  
 Twice his submission he returnes in skorne,  
 Then *Ihoue* his protestation doth proclame,  
 That with vnwillingnesse his Armes were borne,  
 Loth with his Syre to fight, more loath with shame  
 By his bold foes, to haue his Kingdome tornē :  
 Which to make good as *Saturne* earst had vowd'ē,  
 They charge and (*cry Assaule*) with clamors lowde.

35

Since no entreaty can preuaile, he rather  
 Then trust to certaine death, must battaile wage,  
*Archas* with him their sterne *Parthemians* gather,  
 And issue boldly, to withstand the rage  
 Of their knowne mallice : Twice *Ihoue* meetes his Father,  
 Twice giues him place, yet nothing can asswage  
 His setled hate, he threatens the Prince to kill,  
 Who whilst he strikes, beares off, and guardeth still.

36

And seekes out other Conquest mongst the troopes,  
 Of men vn-numbred, where his valour shines,  
 The strongest Champion to his fury stoopes,  
 And where he profers warre his stand resignes,  
 That now the pride of *Saturne* flagges and droops,  
*Archas* his forces with Prince *Ihoue* combines,  
 And make one hoast of able strength and feare,  
 Before them as they fight the field to cleare.

40

So haue I scene a storme of hayle and rayne,  
 With thicke tempestuous clouds of night and smoke,  
 Before it lay the fields of standing graine,  
 And top the stiffe bowes from the tallest Oake :  
 So where they come these Princes smooth the plaine,  
 Making the greene leaues weare a Crimson cloake :  
 The skarlet drops that from the wounded slide,  
 Into deepe red, the spring-tydes liuery dide.

38

They still pursue the slaughter, *Saturne* flies,  
 Him *Archas* hotly to the Sea-side chaces,  
 But in a Creeke a new-rigd ship he spies,  
 And shapēs by sea, his swift steps *Archas* traces,

But all in vaine, the gentle gusts arise  
and beare him from the sight of his disgraces;  
Leauwe we the conquered Father basely fled,  
The conquering sonne, triumphant mongst the dead.

39

Who from *Parthemia* posts in hast to *Creet*,  
To ceize vnto his vte his Fathers Crowne,  
The *Cretans* him with Olyue branches meet,  
(For who at prosperous Fortunes dare to frown?)  
The Scepter and themselues too, at his feet  
With one consent and voice they prostrate downe,  
His person with applause they circle round,  
Thus *Ihone & Juno*, King and Queene are crownd.

40

So without threatned armes or rude hostility,  
In greater pompe, and more degrees of State,  
By *Englands* Commons, and our high Nobility,  
Was Royall *James* mongst vs receiuied of late,  
With his Queene *Anne*, to the Realmes large vtility,  
Oh, may their dayes on earth haue endlesse date:  
In stead of Olyue branches, enterteined  
With zeale, with loyall thoughts, and harts vnscimed.

K. James and  
Queene Anne

41

Some say, *Ihone* guelles *Saturne*, and surrendred  
His procreatuer parts into the Ocean,  
Of which the Goddesse *Venus* was engendred,  
Betwixt them and the Seas continuall motion  
I thinke such superstitious people tendred  
Vnto these idle dreames too much deuotion:  
Else by this Mortall, signifie they would,  
He mongst his Souldiors dealt his Fathers gould.

42

And from this plenty surfets mongst them grew,  
Lasciuious gestures, Lust that had no measure,  
And in this kind, appeares the Mortall true:  
For oft excesse, begets vnlawfull pleasure;  
And so the Froath-borne *Venus* might accrew,  
and b: begot by *Saturnes* guelles treasure:  
So sacred spels are writ in parchment Tables,  
So golden truths are meant, in Leaden Fables.

42

*Opinion*, strongly mongst the Heathen raignes,  
 And hath continued from the longest season,  
 I searcht the Judgments of some ydle braines,  
 (That no Religion like, but built on Reason:)  
 To know what strength it hath, when it restraines  
 Some men in loyall bonds, fils some with Treason:  
 But found theyr censures vary from the right,  
 For thus th' Irregular prophanelly wright.

43

The opinion  
of some ydle  
discontents.

*Opinion* iudgeth all by apparition,  
 And from *Opinion*, shame or Honor springs,  
 (*Opinion*) Thou that art all Superstition,  
 Thou makest Beggars, or pronouncest Kings,  
 For why should man to man, make low submission;  
 Since each of vs, his line from *Adam* brings?  
 Hauing at first, one Father, and one mother,  
 What duty owes a brother to a brother.

44

Whats wealth to him that nothing doth esteemie it?  
 Whats to the dunghill Cocke the Pearle he found?  
 Giue him a graine of Barley and hee'l deeeme it  
 A richer prize: What differs gold from ground  
 To him that hath no iudgement to esteemie it?  
 Or Diamonds from Glasie? Search the world round,  
 Nothing is pretious held, but whats thought best,  
 Nothing acquir'd, but whats in most request.

45

*Opinion's* all: Say, I this man adore:  
 He is to me a King, (though but a Slaue,)  
 Or if a King, of him that bowes no more  
 Or holdes him none, the stile he cannot haue.  
*Religion* is *Opinion* too: Before  
*Religion* was, Man worshipi euery Graue,  
 And in these daies, through all the worlds dominions,  
 We see as many Churches as *Opinions*.

46.

*Opinion* first made Kings, first founded Lawes,  
 First did deuide the Gentle from the Base,  
 First bounded Man in compasse for, because  
 Men thought it good, they gaue *Opinion* place:

From this comes all contempt and all applause,  
Reuerence to some, and vnto some disgrace:  
This, Peace compounds, or Concord turns to odds,  
This, first dam'd Devils, first created Gods.

48

This, breedes the Atheists skorne, the Christians feare,  
The *Arrians* error, *Pagans* misbeliefe,  
This makes the *Turke* his *Alcoran* to heare,  
Breeds in the bold, presumption : penitent, griefe :  
This made the *Jewes* their *Saviour Christ* forsware,  
Despising him, choose *Barrabas* the Theefe :  
Hence came the *Persian Haly* (long agone)  
Diffring from him the seft of *Præster-Ihon*.

49

Hence comes the *Protestant* to be deuided  
From Triple-crowned *Rome* : a long-liu'd warre  
Not yet by armes or Argumēnts decided :  
Hence came the *Catholikes* mongst themselues to iar,  
Hence, diuers orders, diuers waies are guyded :  
Some *Jacobins*, and some *Franciscans* are :  
Templers, *Capoochians*, Fryers both blacke and gray,  
*Moonks*, and the *Iesuits*, bearing the most sway.

50

In our reformed Church too, a new man  
Is in few yeares crept vp, in strange disguise  
And cald the selfe-opinion'd *Puritan*,  
A fellow that can beare himselfe precise,  
No church supremacy endure he can,  
No orders in the Byshops Diocese :  
He keepes a starcht gate, weares a formall ruffe,  
A nosegay, set face, and a poted cuffe.

51

He neuer bids God speed you on the way,  
Because he knowes not what your bosomes smother,  
His phrase is, Verily ; By yea and nay,  
In faith, in truth, good neighbor, or good brother,  
And when he borrowes mony, nere will pay,  
One of th'elect must common with another,  
And when the poore his charity intreat,  
You labour not, and therefore must not eate.

52

He will not Preach, but Lector: nor in white,  
 Because the Elders of the Church commaund it,  
 He will no crosse in Baptisme, none shall fight  
 Vnder that Banner, if he may withstand it,  
 Nor out of antient Fathers Latine cite,  
 The cause may be, he doth not vnderstand it,  
 His followers preach all faith, and by their workes,  
 You would not Iudge them Catholickes, but Turkes.

53

He can endure no Organs, but is vext  
 To heare the Quirristers shrill Antheames sing,  
 He blames degrees in th' *Accademy* next,  
 And gainst the liberall Arts can Scripture bring,  
 And when his tongue hath runne beside the text,  
 You may perceiue him his loud clamors ring  
 Gainst honest pastimes, and with pittious phrase,  
 Raile against Hunting, Hawking, Cockes, and plaies.

54

With these the *Brownists* in some points cohere,  
 That likewise hold the marriage ring prophane,  
 Commanded prayers they'l not indure to heare,  
 and to subscribe to *Cannons* they disdaine:  
 They hold more sinne a corner'd cap to weare  
 Then cut a purse: leauue these as vilde and vaine,  
 By thee (*Opinion*) Realmes haue bin confounded,  
 What darst not thou, wher thou att firmly grounded?

55

To the first world now let my muse retire,  
 And see how strong thou wast *Opinion* then,  
 To create dieties I must aspire  
 And giue eternity with my fraile pen,  
 Such as the wold did in those daies admire,  
 It deified, and so made Gods of men :  
 The *Cretan Jupiter*, to heauen translated,  
 And *Saturne*, sire of all the Gods instated.

56

Made *Juno* Queene of heauen, *Venus* of pleasure,  
*Ceres* of Corne, and *Bacchus* God of wine,  
*Cupid* of Loue, *Mars* WVarre, and *Mammon* treasure,  
*Pallas* of wisedome, and of speech deuine,

God *Mercury*: men did their God-hoods measure  
By their owne thoughts, and vnto such resigne  
Their speciall honours, in whose harts they guest  
Most power in that, which they on earth profest.

57

This made the Heathen kings by *Ioue* to sweare,  
Their Queenes at *Junoes* sacred Altar kneele:  
Child-bearing women, chaste *Lucian* feare,  
Souldiers at *Mars* his shrine, to hang their steele,  
The Swaines to honor *Ceres*, by whose cheare  
Their graine decaide or prosper'd: this made kneele  
Drunkards to *Bacchus*, *Orpheus* strung his *Lyre*  
To *Phæbus* God of Musicke, and of Fire.

58

To *Esculapius* the Physitians prai'd,  
Shepheards to *Pan*, and Poets to the *Muses*,  
A God of *Neptune* Nauigators made,  
And he that gardens loues, *Pomona* chuses,  
Chaste Virgins still implore *Dianaes* aide,  
And who that loues, God *Cupids* name refuses,  
*Vulcan* commandeth Smiths, *Flora* Flowers,  
*Æolus* winds, and *pluto* infernall powers.

59

The Poets write, three brothers lots did cast  
For th'Vnfuerfall Empire: To *Ioue* fell  
Th'*Olimpicke* heauens, which all the rest surpast,  
Great *Neptune* with his three fork't Mace must dwell  
Within the bosome of the Ocean vast  
And guide the Seas, blacke *Pluto* gouernes hell,  
*Opinion*, whence these Gods build all their glory,  
Must be the *Base*, to our succeeding story.

60

Whilst thus *Egyptian Belus* was instated,  
The reuerend *Moyses* in Mount *Nebo* died,  
And Captaine *Iosua* second Judge created,  
The *Thracian Boreas*, from his Mothers side  
Stole faire *Orithia*, hauing long awaited,  
To make the beautious Virgin his sweet Bride,  
From whose rude armes she never could be freed:  
But leauing these, of *Belus* we proceed.

Which

61

The blustring winds before they had a king  
 To locke them fast within his brazen Caues,  
 Great deuestations ore the earth did bring,  
 Tossing blacke tempests on the curled waues:  
 Tis said rough *Boreas* shak't his flaggy wing,  
 Gaints his three brothers with opposed braues,  
 Who with such mortall hate, at variance fell,  
 They made heauen shake, earth reele, the Ocean swel:

62

No *Mediterran* Sea, before this brall,  
 Was knowne in the earths armes to be incloſd,  
 The Seas toſt by the winds, brake downe the wall,  
 Which for his bounds the fates had interpol'd,  
 At ſuch diſſention, the foure Brothers fall:  
 Having the raines of all their gulfes vnlod'd,  
 They cleſt the Earth, the Ocean full of pride,  
 Thrusts in, and two maine Lands ſhoulders aside.

63

His traine of waues by *Calpes* he brought in,  
 And through his deepe Abiſmes leads them to warre,  
 He peoples euery place where he hath bin  
 With his broad waters: who are ſtill at iarre  
 With the torne earth, more roomth and ſpace to win,  
 For his vnbounded limits (ſtretch't ſo farre)  
 That they haue pierst the aged *Tellus* hart,  
 And from *Europa*, *Africa* ſtill part.

64

So was *Italia* and *Sicilia* one,  
 Till the rough gulfes the *Ocean* did inuade,  
 Who forcf a channell, where before was none,  
 And twixt these kingdomes large irruption made,  
 Therefore the Gods th'vnbrideled winds t'attone,  
 That their commaundleſſe furies might be ſtaid,  
 Surprifd them, and to *Aeolus* bound in chaines  
 Gaue them, and he their roughnes ſtill restraines.

65

With *Joues* laſciuous pastimes I proceede,  
 As cheefely to the fall of *Troy* allide,  
 Oh you *Joues* daughters borne of heauenly ſeed,  
 My braine and pen by inspiration guide,

How the Me-  
diterranean  
sea first came.

The middle-  
earth ſea, that  
parts *Europe*  
from *Africa*.

*Valer. Flaccus*  
*lib. 1. Argon.*

That what the fates haue against *Troy* decreed  
Of *Priams* glory, and *Achilles* pride,  
Of *Hectors* valor, and bright *Hellens* fate,  
With all your aydes I may at large delate.

66

Not how on *Semele*, Ioue *Bacchus* got,  
Nor in the shape of Bull *Europa* staled,  
Of Swan-transformed *Loeda* speake I not,  
Nor of *Mnemosine* frame I my tale,  
Nor how *Esopt* did her honour blot,  
Nor *Astery* by Ioue turnd to a *Quaile*,  
Nor how for *Nicteis* he himselfe transformed,  
Nor *Ioes* rape, at which Queene *Juno* stormed.

67

But how he rauisht *Danae* that bright Lasse,  
By many suters (but in vaine) assailed,  
How she was closed in a Tower of Brasse,  
Which with a golden Ladder the prince skaled :  
What cannot gold ? whose brightnesse doth surpassee,  
How oft hath Gold boue womens strength preualed ?  
Laps that haue had against all temptations power,  
Haue spred themselues wide, to a golden shower.

68

From *Jupiter* of *Archad*, and a dame  
*Cal'd Isis* did one *Epaphus* proceed,  
To him was borne a sonne of ancient fame,  
Hight *Belus*, who great part of *Egypt* freed  
From tirrany ; and after swaide the same,  
He had a Sister too, who soone decreed  
*Archad* to change for *Affricke*, and her name  
*Lybia*, from whom the grim *Busyrus* came.

69

*Belus* two children had (so the fame runnes)  
*Danaus* and *Egyptus* : *Danaus* he  
Had fifty girles, *Egyptus* fifty sonnes,  
Twixt whom, thele Brothers a full match decree,  
All parts are pleasd, not one the marriage shunnes,  
False *Danaus*, with his daughters doth agree,  
As with their Bridegroomes in their beds they lay,  
The fifty husbands in one night to slay.

*Danaus.*  
*Egyptus.*

2409.

1473.

70

(Sauē young *Ypermenestra* not a maid,) But in her husbands bosome sheath'd her knife,  
And she alone the bloody plot bewraide,  
And to her *Linceus* prou'd a loyall wife,  
Of all *Egistus* sonnes, he by her aide,  
Alone did from the murther scape with life,  
Of whom, as they in nuptiall loue remained,  
He *Abas* got, *Abas* in *Arges*aigned.

71

*Abas Acrisius* got, from him discended  
Bright *Danae*, of whom we now intreat,  
Whose beauties fame is through the earth extended,  
*Acrisius* iealous of his Fathers seat  
To *Egypt* hies, and there his prayers commended,  
Offering large quantities of Gold and Wheat.  
At the God *Belus* his great Grandsires shrine,  
Of his faire daughters fortunes to deuine.

72

This answere he returns : Away, be gone  
Thou sonne of *Abas*, *Danae* forth shall bring  
A gallant boy, shall turne thee into stone,  
And after thee in *Arges* raine sole-King :  
*Acrisius* now hath turn'd his mirth to mone,  
From whence his ioyes should grow, his sorrows spring,  
His hoped Issue and successiue heire,  
Late, al his pleasure, now is all his care.

73

He intimates that from her wombe shall rise  
A gallant boy, that shall his Grandsire kill,  
And *Arges* Crowne by force of armes supprise,  
He sweares the maid shall liue a Virgin still,  
And to preuent his fate, doth straight devise  
A Tower impregnable, built on a hill,  
Strong of it selfe : but yet to make it sure,  
He girts it with a treble brazen Mure.

74

The guiltlesse Lady wonders at the state  
Of this new worke, not knowing why tis built,  
To see sharpe *Pynacles* themselues elate  
So high towards heauen, the Arches richly guylt,

The tale of Iu  
piter & Danae.

The building  
of Barreia to-  
wer

Huge Marble collumnes to support the gate,  
In euery place rich tinctures largely spilt,  
The Tarras with white Iuory pillers rail'd,  
And the Crosse-ebon bars, with guilt stoods nail'd.

60

It seemes too strong for pleasure, and for warre  
It shewes too neat: but now the worke is ended,  
Who that beholds it shining from a farre,  
But with admiring thoughts the worke commended?  
The nearer you approach, the more you are  
Inflam'd with wonder, not a staire ascended  
But of white Marble, not a doore but Brasse,  
The windowes glaz'd with Cristals, not with glasse.

61

All things prepard, the King will *Danae* carry  
To view the Tower, she giues it due with praise,  
He thus proceeds; Child thou shalt never marry,  
But in this place of pleasure end thy daies,  
And in this brazen circuit euer tarry,  
The Lady starts, and thinkes too long she staines  
In that loath'd place which now to her appears  
No Pallaec, but a dungeon full offaeres.

62

And asking why she must be kept a slane,  
Or how she hath deseru'd so strict a doome,  
To be so young put in her Marble graue,  
(For whats a Prison, but a liuing Toombe?)  
Or for what cause she may no husband haue,  
But liue an Acreesse in so strict a roome,  
Knowing her selfe a Princesse ripe and fit,  
Wrongd (as she thinkes) not to be married yet:

63

*Acrisius* tells her what great *Belus* spake,  
When hee with Orisons kneeld at his throne,  
That from her wombe the world a sonne should take,  
That shall his Grandfoure change into a stone,  
She interrupts him, and thus scilence brake,  
Oh would you be eternall liu'd alone?  
And never die? What would *Acrisius* haue,  
More then an heire to lodge him in his graue.

Did

79

Did you not into stone great *Abas* turne,  
 And *Abas* to his Father *Linceus* so,  
 Their funerall trunkes to sacred ashes burne,  
 O're which their monumentall marbles grow,  
 Oh Father, no man can his Fate adorne,  
 Shall these your eyes be closed vp by a Foe?  
 Or can you deeeme your owne bloud shall betray you?  
 Who are more fit within your stome to lay you?

80

What you did to your Father, let my sonne  
 Performe to you: successiuely succeed:  
 Your Fathers glasse is out, yours must be run,  
 Leave then your Crowne to one of *Abas* breed:  
 In vaine (quoth he) we cannot thus be wun,  
 To alter whats vncchangeably decreed;  
 Here shalt thou live, but royally attended,  
 Like a bright Queene, and from a King descended.

81

So leaues her guarded with a troope of Mayds,  
 And envious *Beldams* that were past their lust,  
 These, with rewardes and threats the King invades  
 In his high charge, to be feuere and iust,  
 But most the Matrons, (fittest for such trades)  
 Rather than wanton wenches, he dare trust:  
 Louers may Louers fauour, *Crones* are past it,  
 and enuy, but not pity those would tast it.

82

So doth the full-fed stomach meate deny  
 Vnto the famisht: So the Drunkard spills  
 Wine in abundance, which would cheare the dry,  
 Cold age the appetite of hot lust kilts,  
*Danae* thy beauties fame is sounded hie,  
 Mongst many other Kings: *Ihoues* cares it fils,  
 Heloues her by her fame, and longs to see her,  
 Nor are her thoughts at peace before he see her.

83

A thousand bracelets, Jewels, Pearls and Rings,  
 With gold of sundry stamps, the King prepares,  
 And hauing readied all these costly things,  
 In a poore Pedlers trusse, he packs his wares,

So hies to *Danaes* Tower (loue gaue him wings)  
Hope sometime cheeres him, sometimes he dispaires:  
At length arriues there, in an euening late,  
And falleth his rich packe at the Castle gate.

84

Where two leane wrinkled Crones stand Centinell,  
To giue the watchword to *Acrisius* guard,  
Appointed straight to ring the latum Bell,  
If any man once neere the Castle dar'd,  
The Pedler askes, who in that pallace dwell,  
Or how they call the place? Hast thou no heard  
Of *Danae* quoth the Beldam (looking sower)  
Whom *Arges* King, clost in this brazen Tower.

85

He viewes the place, and finds it strongly feared,  
Not to be won by armes, but skal'd by flight,  
I came from *Creet*, quoth he, and was intreated  
Heere to deliuer tokens of some weight  
From great king *Jupiter*: their cold blouds heated  
With hope of gaine, they cheare their age-duld sight,  
And with a couetous longing, earne to view  
What precious knackes he from his Hamper drew.

86

A thousand seuerall Trinckets he displaies,  
If this be *Danaes* Tower quoth he, then these  
Belong to you: the Crones his bounty praise,  
And in their hands two cosily Jewels cease,  
The younger Ladies now are come to gaze,  
Not one amongst them but he seekes to please: (gauie,  
Some Gold, some stones, some Rings, some Pearles he  
And all haue something, though they nothing craue.

87

Blear'd with these gifts, their charge they quite forget,  
And euery Ladies eye dwells on her prize,  
Comming fore *Danae*, she beholds them set  
With sundry brouches sparkling in her eyes,  
And asking whence they had them, they bid her  
The Pedler vp, who hath of fairer size,  
Brighter Alpect, and for a Queene to weare,  
In worth not to be valedewed, yet not deare.

K

*Danae*

88

*Danae* commands him vp, he glad ascends,  
 And through their bri'b'd hands freely is admitted  
 Euen to her chamber : Gold, thy might extends  
 Beyond all opposition, the best witted  
 Thou canst corrupt, diue through the hearts of friends,  
 By thee are wal'd Townes entred, skounces splitted,  
 By thee are armes swayed, Camps ouer-runne,  
 Children the Fathers spoile, and Sire the sonne.

89

No wonder then if Gold the Pedler brought,  
 To enter, where besides him, no man came,  
 Behold the Goddess this great King hath sought,  
 Oh how her bright eie doth his soule inflame !  
 Pearles, Iewels, Rings, and Gold, he sets at naught,  
 yea all the world, if valewed vvith this Dame,  
 Variety of costly gems he shewes her,  
 And makes her of them all, the free disposer.

90

So wils the *Cretan* King, nor vwill he take  
 One mite in way of Chaffer or set price,  
 She thankes the Pedler for his Maisters sake,  
 And hovv to please him, askes her maids aduice,  
 But they so much of their ovnke Ouches spake,  
 Whose brightness did their thoughts imparadice,  
 That they contend whose Iewell rarest glisters,  
 Whilst *Loue* in *Danaes* eare, thus softly whispers.

91

Behold vvhat loue can do : that King of *Crees*  
 That prizes *Danae* aboue any rate,  
 Wrapt in course Garments (for a King vnmeet)  
 (For *Danaes* Loue and grace, despising state)  
 Prostrates himselfe at thy Imperiall feet,  
 Resolud before he entred *Darrains* gate,  
 Thy beauty, vertue, youth, and fame to lauc,  
 Buried already in this brazen grauc.

92

For Lady, to vwhat purpose are you faire?  
 as good to haue a tan'd and vvrinkled hide,  
 Why is your hands so vwhite, your brovv so rare?  
 An *Ethiops* face maskt, shewves as full of Pride,

These brazen walles that only Judges are  
Of your bright lookes, al wonder are denide,  
Your Goddesse-shape is to the fencelesse stome  
No better than the beauty of yon *Crone*.

93

What difference makes the dead twixt grace and skorne ?  
What luster giues *Apollo* to the blind ?  
What are the choyseſt dainties if forborne ?  
Whats musicke to the eares whom deafnesse binde ?  
What is the costlyſt garment if not worne ?  
Or being worne, if none his riches mind ?  
What shewe's in Jewels hid behind a skreene ?  
Whats ſtate vñknowne ? whats beauty if not ſcene ?

94

The *Princesſe* ſighes, as knowing all is true,  
When *Jupiter* proceeds : Renowned Dame,  
Set this ritch beauty to the broad-worlds view,  
These rare perfections let the world proclaime,  
Whom thouſand Kingly Sutors ſhall purſue,  
Vnmaske this beauty : to that end I came :

Oh, leade not here a base condemned life !  
That may abroad, liue a free Queene and wife.

95

Pitty your ſeruant *Jupiter*, whose treasure,  
Wholc life, whose Crowne, whose fortunes are al yours,  
Robbe not your ſelfe of all earths glorious pleaſure,  
Pitty your youth, whose pride a gayle deuours, ]  
A dungeon takes of ſuch perfections ceaſure,  
That ſhould command all free enthroned powers :  
And die not here, t' eternal bonds betraide,  
Rob'd of all sweets, that for your taſt were made.

96

You are a woman desperate here, and lost,  
Kept from mans ſight, for which you were created,  
And beauteous *Princesſe* (which ſhould touch you moſt)  
Your gealous father by the world is rated  
As one that coopes you but to ſpare his coſt,  
And enuying you a Queene ſhould be iſtated,  
A Tyrant, that prefers his gealous feares,  
Before your vertue, beauty, youth and yeareſ.

97

Graunt me your loue (oh grant it) blush not Queene,  
 That loue shall be your ransome from this place,  
 This prisoned beauty shall abroad be setne,  
 and Empresses shall homage to your face,  
 and then this Gaile where you haue cloystred becene  
 You will despise, and tearme *Acrisius* base,  
 That gold in Brasse; and pearle in stone would shrowd,  
 Muffling the bright Sunne in so base a clowd.

98

Her tender hart relents, his amorous shape  
 Appeares out of his base vnknowne disguise,  
 and if her hart his sweet words cannot scape,  
 No wonder if his feature charme his eies,  
 She knowes no Peasant dares attempt her rape,  
 Nor any base thought ayme at her surprise:  
 and sauе King *Jupiter* by fame held peerlesse,  
 She knowes no prince so bold, so rich, so fearlesse.

99

But as she would reply, her Virgin-guard  
 Began to leaue their conference, and draw neere them,  
 Which *Jupiter* espying, straight prepar'd  
 His bounteous packe with more rewards to cheere them,  
 and whilst they askt the *Princesse* how she far'd,  
 He ransacks for more trifles, and doth beare them  
 Vnto the female waiters, *Danaes* traine,  
 So with fresh toyes he bribes them once againe.

100

They throng about him round, to be seru'd first,  
 and as they cast his bounty sturt aside,  
 Comparing which is best, and whose the worst,  
 More words and wagers must the strife decide,  
 and whilst these gemmes are by the Ladies purst,  
 and none neere *Danae* and the King abide:  
 She viewes the amorous *Prince* with more satietie,  
 and he the *Princesse* courts with fresh variety.

101

She neither giues him promise, nor deniall,  
 Neither repulse, nor graunt, (so Women vse)  
 When men (in sight of others) make their tryall,  
 They will not say you shall: least you abuse

Their friendly grant, but take them free from spyall,  
And say withall, they shall nor will, nor chuse,  
Then you shall find them weakly, fighting fall,  
And willingly, vnwilling prostrate all.

102

Giue louers opportunity, their loues  
Are halfe won to their hands without more sute,  
The man that verball Court-ship onely moues,  
Shall all his life time in vaine words dispute,  
When one that proffers faire, and fine force proues,  
Speeds with his Action, though his tongue be mute,  
For every maid, takes one thing from her mother,  
Whilst her tongue one thing speaks, to think another.

103

The night growes old, and the bright Lamps of heauen,  
Are halfe burnt out : the Beldams call to rest,  
What shall the Pedler do, so late be driuen  
Out of his Inne, the lodge that likes him best,  
To lie with *Charles-waine*, and the *Hyads* seauen,  
He hath deseru'd more grace they dare protest,  
To turne him out at this time might seeme cruell,  
That bought his bed with mary a high priz'd Iewell.

104

And yet to harbor him, they needs must feare,  
Because they shall incurre *Acrisius* ire,  
If such a tiding should arriuue his care,  
Their bodies all were doomd vnto the fire,  
But by what meanes can King *Acrisius* heare ?  
Beside, what pesant pedler dares aspire  
To *Danae*s bed ? and all their liues betray,  
Faine they would haue him gone, and faine to stay.

105

His bounty hath preuail'd, and he prouided  
A priuate lodging in a place remote,  
*Danae* vnto her Princely couch is guided,  
So much her Hand-maids on their fauours dote,  
They carelesse plucke her doore too, the locke slided  
Besides his fastning place, which none doth note,  
Then take their toyes, and to their beds they bear the,  
Longing for day, that they in sight may weare them.

106

A generall hushtnesse hath the world possest,  
 And all the Tower surpriz'd with golden-dreames,  
 Alone King *Jupiter* abandons rest,  
 Still wishing for *Apolloes* Golden beames :  
 Desperate of hope, he knowes not what is best,  
 When rising, from a farre he spies bright gleames  
 Pierce from his window, as from *Danaes* Tower,  
 In th'humid nights most taciturnall houre.

107

He knowes sad sleepe hath ceas'd vpon the many,  
 He heares no waking clocke, nor watch to iarre,  
 He venters forth, and searching, finds not any,  
 And in his way to this new blazing-starre,  
 He layes his eare to every rift and crany,  
 Till he with fearefull strides hath woon so farre,  
 That he must now these Marble steps ascend,  
 Which led vnto the bower of his faire friend.

108

Wher comming, with a soft and trembling pace,  
 To touch the doore, he feeles it yeld him way,  
 And freely giues him entrance to the place  
 Wher his diuineſt Mistresse *Danae* lay,  
 He kist her finger, hand, necke, brest, and face,  
 And euery thing the white sheete durſt betray,  
 That done, into her ſilver armes he crept,  
 And all this while the amorous Virgin ſlept.

109

Imagine how ſhe waking grew amazed,  
 Imagine him a double Rhetoricke uſing,  
 Action and words: ſometimes her ſelfe ſheraifed  
 To call for helpe, his dalliance quite refuſing,  
 Imagine then how he his loue imblazed,  
 He at her ſcorne, ſhe at his boldneſſe myſing,  
 His gifts, his name, his loue, plead on his part,  
 Gainſt him, her fame, her feare, and her chauſt hart.

110

Loue makes him eloquent, and ſweet occation,  
 Makes him bold too, ſhee's baſhfull, and withstands;  
 He laies to her both batty and perſuasion,  
 And much ado ſhe hath to paſle his hands,

Being girt in Armes, how can she scape invasion,  
Or breake the compasse of his Iuory bands :  
She would be gon, he woos her to lye still,  
So hee'l no violence vse, she layth she will.

111

Oh banquerupt *Ihoue*, in midst of all thy blisses  
Ioylesse, and yet with pleasures ring'd about:  
He wooes againe with Court-ship mixing kisses,  
A thousand batteries, *Danae* hath held out :  
And still the fiedger his irruption misses,  
They parly, but conclude not, both are stout:  
Sometimes he striues, then she begins to threat,  
Then hee from striuing, falles againe t'entreat.

112

What, cannot opportunity and place  
Bed-fellowship and loue, if they conspire ?  
A comely feature and a Countly face,  
Court-ship and Name of King to win desire ?  
All these in *Jupiter* intreat for grace :  
All these haue set her amorous hart a fire,  
And against all these, the least of which command,  
Sane bashfullnesse, sh'hath nothing to withstand.

113

And thats too weake gainst things of their ability,  
Yet is it of a temper, not to yeeld,  
For though it be subdude with much facility,  
T'will proudly see me still to maintaine the field :  
It raignes in many that profess civility,  
Who all their pleasures on compulsion build :  
For bashfull women long since learnt this skill,  
What they would giue, to grant against their will.

114

Women are weake, and weake ones must obey,  
Faite *Danae* is but woman, and must fall,  
Her glory is, that she hath held him play,  
And kept her friendly foe so long from all :  
What should she doe, the Prince will haue no nay,  
Her guard's asleepe, if she for help should call :  
What with compulsion, loue, force, and faire words,  
She lyes confus'd, and he the Princesse bordes.

This

Perseus.

115

This night the warlike *Perseus* was begot,  
And now the early day-star gins to rise,  
Who cal's the Prince vp, least the *Beldam* trot  
Should find his night-walke with her gealous eyes,  
But she their priuate sport suspected not,  
Nor knew the King in his assynd'e disguise :  
Teares when they part are in abundance shed,  
When he must leauue the Princely *Danae*s bed.

116

It is compounded and betweene them sworne,  
That *Ioue* must come in Armes by such a day,  
By whom the Lasse must be from *Arges* borne ;  
So takes his leaue, he dare no longer stay,  
The Sunne is cal'd vp by the early Morne,  
High time, to send the *Pedler* on his way :  
They praise the largesse of their bounteous guest,  
But of his Jewels, *Danae* keepes the best.

117

Leauue *Ioue* towards *Creet*, and *Danae* in sad plight,  
For his departure, whom she tenders dearely,  
She neuer lou'd vntill this *Ominous* night,  
And now to see him part, she riseth early,  
Gladly with him she would haue tane her flight,  
But feares her father would reuenge seuearly  
Her bold attempt, and backe returne her weeping,  
To spend her future youth in stricter keeping.

118

Besides she feares (that which indeed was trew)  
That she (of *Ioues* seed) might conceiue a sonne,  
Which if the gealous King *Acrisius* knew,  
At these sad tidings he would franticke run :  
The Princesse to her chamber now withdrew,  
Arm'd with this hope, that *Ioue* the deed had done :  
Th'only renownd, ritch, puissant, and of power,  
By force of Armes, to free her from the Tower.

119

Now to record what I remembred earst,  
How *Troos* in *Troy* his neighbor Kings out-shined,  
And in the same place where it was reuerst,  
How all *Troys* fame King *Tantalus* repined,

But how the *Ihrigian* forces were dispersit  
By *Troas*: is to another place assignde:

Here should I speake how *Troy* to fame aspired,  
But my Muse flags, and my dull pen istired.

**E** Sculapius the sonne of Apollo and the Nymph Coronis  
others thinke, of Arsiona the daughter of Leusippus.

Hee was taught his Physicke of Chiron the Centaur,  
which Zeses chil. 10. and Laetantius lib. de falsa Religione,  
both affirme he had a sister called Eriope, a wife, Epione, &  
a sonne Machaon and Podilarius. He was called Antonius,  
Medicus oucæata, Leuetricus, Cortineus, Corilæus, Ag-  
nitas Booueta, and he was borne among the Epidaurians.

Iupiter wan from Aculapius the Isle Paphos, and gaue  
it to his daughter Venus. Paphos was built by Eos sonne to  
Typhon.

In Saturne ended the golden world, and in his sonne Iupiter  
began the Brazen age.

Aeolus was son to Acesta and Jupiter, because the clouds  
and mysts rising about the seauen Eolian Islands, of which  
he was king, did alwaies portend tempestuous gusts and blasts,  
therfore the Poets feigned him to be king & god of the winds.

Epaphus the sonne of Isis and Jupiter Belus, builded the  
famous Egyptian Memphis, the yeare before Christ came in-  
to the world 1492. Orosius writes, that the fifty marriages  
concluding in nine & forty murders, was the year before Chr:  
1473. for which Daunaus was expulst his Realme, and fled  
to the Argiues, where he spent the remainder of his age. The  
yeare after this unnaturall massacre, Aaron deceased amongst  
the Israelites.

By Isis some say is meant Io, and by Jupiter Belus, Jupiter  
of Creet, Ovid in his metamorph:

Hince Epaphus magni genitus de semine tandem,  
Creditur esse Ihouis.

Epaphus and Phaeton, the one the sonne of Jupiter by Io,  
the other the sonne of Phæbus by Clymenen, beeing at some  
difference about their blouds, Phaeton leaues his mother to  
trauaile to the Pallace of the Sunne, where asking his unhappy  
boone as a sure testimony of his dissent from phæbus, he by his  
rashnesse and pride fired the world, and was strooke headlong  
from

*Homer hymno.  
Person in mes-  
semiacis.*

*Merleanus.*

*Orpheus in hym*

*from the Chariot of the Sunne, by one of Iupiters thunders.*

*Calimachus de  
coaditis insulis.*

*Archelaus lib.  
de fluminibus.*

*Lucianus in di-  
al. Calim. in  
bymn.*

Of Iupiter it is thus remembred, of Europa he begot Minoes and Rhadamant, Archas of Calisto, Pelasgus of Niobe, Scarpedon & Argas of Laodomeia, Hercules of Alcmena : Taygetus of Taigetes : Amphion and Zetes of Antiope : Castor, Helena, Pollux, and Clitemuestra of Læda: Perseus, of Danae : Deucalia of Iodoma : Britamart of Carme the daughter of Eubulus. Æthilius the father of Endimion of Protogenia. Epaphus of Ione. Ægina of the daughter of Asopus. Arceccilaus and Carbius of Terrebia : Colaxes of Ora : Cirus of Cirna, Dardanus of Electra, Hiarbus of Garamantius : Preces, Proserpina, and the Titiae, with infinite others, too long to recount.

Fit Taurus Cignus satyralq; aurumque ob amorem,  
Europa, Lædes, Antiope, Danaes.

*Zeus krvknos Tavros Saturos krusos di e'rrta  
Ledes, Evrotes, A'ntiopes, Danaes.*

Apollo exilde by Iupiter kept Admetus sheepe, which Pindarus in pithicis affirme, or his Oxen, as Horace i. carminum. And therefore he had the title to be called euer after, the god of pastures. As Virg. 3. Georgic.

Te quoq; Magne pales & te memorande Canemus  
pastor ab Amphriso.

The end of the fourth  
*CANTO.*



Argumentum

King Tantalus before the Troians flyes,  
Saturne arrives in Creet and by Troas ayded  
Once more intendes his Kingdome to surprise,  
Creet is by Trojan Ganimede inuaded,  
In ayde of Iupiter the Centaures rise,  
Aegeons ful fraught Gallics are distreded:  
Danae and her young sonne are turnd afloate,  
By Arges King, into a Mast-leffe boate.

ARG. 2.

Pelops, the two Atrides and Aegon,  
Vulcan the Gorgones in Epsilon.

CANTO. 5.

I

Hose inspiration  
Shall my heawy brayne  
Implore, to make  
my dull Invention light,  
Or to a loftyer key  
my pen constraine,  
Or raise my Muse,  
that takes so low a flight,

  
Thou Ihoue-borne Pallas o're my numbers raine,  
And musicall Apollo giue me spright,  
With the bright rayes that from thy temples shine,  
To shew me way vnto the Muses nine.

Of

2

Of whom the eldest *Clio* first deuised  
To Chroniclē the Royall gests of Kings,  
Strutting *Melpomene* in Gules disguised  
In Theaters, mongst Tragickē Actors sings,  
But soft *Thalya* hath such straines despisid,  
And to her Commicke sceneas shrill laughter brings,  
Wind Instruments Entirpe best affects,  
*Terpsichore* the stringed *Lyre* directes.

3

The Geometrickē figures *Erato*  
Hath in her charge, as first by her disclosed,  
But from *Calliope* hie Stanzoes flow,  
For the Heroik numbers first composed,  
The course of starres are by *Vrania* know,  
And how the Planets we aboue disposed,  
But *Pothimnia* smooth Rhetorickē chuses,  
The youngest of *Iones* daughters, and the Muses.

4

All these at once their sacred gifts aspire,  
That may giue beauty to my taske in hand,  
Affoarding helpe when I their aide desire,  
To guide my tost Bark to desired Land,  
A slender barke, slow sayl'd, and apt to tire,  
And founder in the Sea : weake, and vnmanid,  
*Apollo* with the rest, my voyage speed,  
Whilst to *Troyes* fatall ruine we proceed.

5

King *Tantalus* the sonne of *Jupiter*,  
That rain'd in *Attique*, brought an host 'fore *Troy*,  
Which his sonne *Pelops* led: how can he erre,  
Being directed by so braue a Boy  
That vndertakes his army to transf're,  
And *Troos* with his new City to destroy,  
*This Pelops* with the King of *Elis* ran,  
And in the course bright *Hippodamia* wan.

6

Her Father *Oenemaus* was betraide  
My *Myrtolus* his treacherous Chariot-driuer,  
And in the race slaine, *Pelops* by his aide,  
Of many fuiters dead the sole suruiuer,

After the goale obtaind, inioyes the maide,  
Intending with all pompous state to wiue her,  
Th'espousals ended, Time with swift pace runnes,  
And she in processe, hath producst two sonnes.

2617.

1346.

Eliud of the  
tribe of Benia-  
min, slew Eg-  
lon K. of Mo-  
ab.

7  
*Thyestes* and *Atreus* nam'd : the first  
Ore-come with burning lusts infatiate heat,  
Rauisht *Atreus* wife (oh deed accurst)  
For which *Atreus* doth him home intreat,  
And takes his Children where the Babes were nurst,  
To dresse their bodies for their fathers meat,  
Some bak't, some rost, some sod (oh bloody deed !)  
To make a father on his owne childe feed.

8

*Atreus* two sonnes had, the eldest hight  
*Agamemnon*, who was after *Mycenes* king,  
And *Greekish* Generall of the ten yeares fight,  
Twixt *Greece* and *Troy*, which we must after sing:  
The second *Menelaus*, in whose right,  
The *Argive* Dukes their puissant Armies bring,  
Husband to *Hellen*, when prince *Paris* sought her,  
And *Hellen*, *Jupiter* and *Ledaes* daughter.

The progeny  
of Menelaus  
and Agamem-  
non.

9

But we digresse : against *Pelops* and his Sire  
*Ilion* and *Ganimed* from *Troy* appeare,  
These are the sonnes of *Troos*, many a bold squire  
They led with them to *Ilion*, the first yeaire  
He rain'd in *Troy* in bright celestiall fire,  
Came the *Palladium* downe from heauen's high spheare,  
Which *Ilios* Towers long after did inioy,  
Continuing till the vtter sacke of *Troy*.

10

Their hostile Instruments to battell sound,  
Ten thousand hands at once to heauen are raised,  
Which in their firs, as many strike to ground,  
Cowards are scorn'd, none but the bold are praised,  
The *Troyans* haue begirt the *Phrygians* round,  
*Pelops* aboue the rest his fame imblazed,  
And *Ganimed* that doth bold *Pelops* see,  
Fights, as if none need kill a man but he.

L

Such

11

Such was the valour of this *Troian* youth,  
 Though *Troos* and *Ilion* both did wondrous well,  
 He onely stands, defends, breakes, and pursueth  
 Their standing battailes : by his valour fell  
 The *Phrigian* host, now murdere without ruth:  
*Charon* is tyr'd, with ferring soules to hell :

The *Troians* follow with victorious cries,  
 Whilst *Tantalus* and valiant *Pelops* flies.

12

This was that *Tantalus* bright *Flota* bare,  
 (Whom for a speciall grace) the Gods admit  
 To their high Counsell, where they oft repaire,  
 He blabs their secrets, therefore they held fit  
 To punish him in hell with torments rare,  
 In *Lathe* chin-deepe he must euer sit,  
 Hungry, whilst Apples touch his lips : and dry,  
 Whilst from his thirsty chin the waters flie.

Tantalus in Hell.

Pelops death and life.

1642.

1321.

13  
 And this that *Pelops* whom his father slew,  
 And hewd his body into gobbeys smal,  
 Whose Massacre the Gods in mercy rew,  
 And gathering vp his limbes to match them all,  
 They misse that peece to ioyne his body new,  
 Which from the throat doth to the shoulde fall ;  
 Which they with Iuory peece, and who more bolder  
 Then new-made *Pelops*, with his Iuery shouler.

14

And yet inforst to flie : but had his men  
 Bin euery one a *Pelops*, none had fled,  
 He was the last in field, preferring then  
 Fore Coward runners, the resolued dead,  
 But what can one alone gainst thousands ten ?  
 Led by so braue a Prince as *Ganimed*,  
 Leave we triumphant *Troos*, now let our hand  
 Direct sea-toyled *Saturne* safe a Land.

15

Who from his sonne in the last battaile flying,  
 his Grand-child *Archas* to the sea-side chast,  
 We left him in a ship the Ocean trying,  
 Where he hath plowed strange Seas : great dangers past :

Saturnes arriue in Troy.

Now entring th' *Hellefpon*, from farre espying  
(After his tedious course) a Towne at last ;  
His Marriners to shore their sailes employ,  
And Sea-beat *Saturne* touches land fore *Troy*.

16

Which *Troos* amidst his plausive triumphs seeing,  
With *Ilion*, *Ganimed*, and thousands more,  
Makes towards the harbor, whilst old *Saturne* freeing  
His men from ship-bord hath imprest the shore,  
He makes his habit with his stile agreeing,  
The *Troyans* wonder at the state he bore :  
Himselfe so well prepar'd, his ships so faire,  
Both to the barbarous *Troians* seeming rare.

17

So small a number can no warre pretend,  
Therefore their strange arriue they neede not feare,  
As farre as doth their *Hemisphere* extend,  
They view the sea, but see no shipping neare,  
Which makes the King salute him as a frend,  
And aske the reason of his landing there,  
*Saturne* replies : Behold poore strangers throwne,  
To vnkownne people, on a Land vnkownne.

18

Yet would you haue his Countrey, Nation, name,  
That knowes not on whose earth his bold feet tread,  
Nor with what breath he may his stile proclaimme,  
From his owne Natiue ayre so farre being fled :  
If you perhaps haue relift *Saturnes* fame,  
Whose glory liues, although his state be dead :  
Then view that *Saturne* with respectiuue eies,  
Whose far-spread beames set, at his sonnes vprise.

19

*Saturne* hath spoke enough, whose longing eares  
Haue not bin fild and cloy'd with his renowne,  
The Heauenly musicke of th' Harmonious spheares,  
Climbe to his praise : by him the fields are sowne,  
(The Archers shoo't) and Childing-*Tellus* beares,  
In what remote climbe is not *Saturne* knownne,  
By him are seas past, heady ships contrould,  
He first Tild, Ploud, Sowd, Reapt, and fined Gold.

L 2

He

20

He need not of his *Ominous* wars posseſſe him,  
*Troos* knowes his iſſues triumph, and his flight,  
Inſpir'd with ſupernaturall gifts they geſle him,  
And hold themſelues heauen fauoured in his fight:  
He vowes in *Creet* againe to repoſeſſe him,  
Where *Ihoue* vſurps againſt all paternall right,  
After few daies in feaſts and triuorphs ended,  
A puissant hoſt is to his charge commended.

21

Ganimeds  
warre againſt  
*Jupiter*.

O twenty thouſand ſouldiers, *Troians* all,  
Commanded by the valiant *Ganimed*,  
A better war-exploited Generall  
Neuer appear'd in fight of Er ſignes ſpred,  
They paſſe the *Egeon* ſeas (which men ſo call)  
Of the Grand Thiefe *Egeon*, he that fled  
From *Jupiter*, when all the *Tytans* periſht,  
Now on theſe ſeas by murdrous Pyrats cheriſht.

22

*Saturne* directs their landing, as beſt knowing  
The laſteſt harbors: and their army guided  
Through many furlongs of his ancient ſowing,  
Neuer till his daies by the Plough diuided;  
But as their hoſt to *Creet* is neater growing,  
With hope to take the *Cretans* unprouided,  
King *Jupiter* is by the ſkouts diſcride,  
With many *Centaures* that on horſebacke ride.

23

But not expeſting any hoſtile power,  
Or to beat backe inuaders, doth he gather  
This puissant hoſt, hee's for the brazen Tower  
Where *Danae* liues, coopt by her ruthleſſe father,  
But now that hoſt the *Cretan* ſoile muſt ſcoure,  
Whiſch amorous *Ihoue* would haue conducted rather  
To ſcale the brazen forteſſe, the darke ſkreene,  
Twixt courtly freedome, and his cloiſtred Queene.

24

To this imployment the stout *Centaures* came  
Vnder *Ixions* conduet, twice two hundred,  
Who firſt deuiſ'd *Theſſalian* ſteeds to tame,  
They ſeem'd at firſt, halfe horſe, halfe man vnsunderd,

At whose strange manage, and admired name,  
(Vnknowne till now) th'amazed *Troians* wondred,  
The battailes ioyne, and both the hosts discouer,  
About *Ihones* Tent, a Princely Eagle houer.

25

He takes it for an *Ominous* signe of good,  
The *Troians* for some heauy sad presage,  
By this, a thousand quarters swim in blood,  
And from both sides the heated Champions rage,  
In a deepe red they dy the neighbour flood,  
Neuer did bolder spirits battaile wage,  
The dying grone, the feare-confounded shrike,  
The wounded bleeding fall, the standing strike.

26

The *Centaures* boldly fight, the Prince of *Troy*  
Shines both in Armes and valour aboue all,  
Hauing both Art and strength his steele to imploy,  
And many halfe-dead limbes about him sprall,  
To him *Ihone* makes, and is re-met with ioy,  
On either part whole troopes before him fall,  
So haue I seene two burning *Meteors* fare,  
Breaking through diuers clouds to tilt in th'aire,

The Combat  
twixt *Ihone*  
and *Ganimed*.

27

Two fiery *Meteors* I may call them right,  
For they were both in gilded Armors laced,  
And had they fought in a darke cloudy night, / raced  
With such rough blowes their shields and helmes they  
And forst from them such store of fiery light,  
With steele encountering steele, and blowes well placed,  
The two maine Armes might haue fought in view,  
By the bright sparkes that from their Armors flew.

28

This Monomachy lasted not, for yonder  
Comes *Saturne* on the part of *Ganimed*,  
On th'other side, the hoofed *Centaures* thunder,  
And Charakter deepe halfe Moones where they tread,  
By whom the Champions are inforst assunder,  
And all confus'd that was in order led,  
Thus in this tumult and disordered brall,  
By scores and hundreds they drop downe and fal.

29

Saturne assailes his sonne, but is refus'd,  
 He shuns th'vnaturall combat with his Sire,  
 Amongst the *Troians* he his Champions chus'd,  
 The Hostile stranger shall his worth admire,  
 Against whose Armies he such valour vs'd,  
 That force, perforce, their yaward must retire :  
 Meane time Prince *Ganimed* King *Saturne* righting,  
 Alone, is midst a hundred *Centaures* fighting.

30

*Iason.*

Encountring *Eson*, arm'd at euery pecece,  
*Eson* well mounted, gainst the *Troian* ran,  
 This *Eson* sonne was after knowne in *Greece*,  
 Twas he that did the stately *Arges* man,  
 And in his bold quest of the golden fleece,  
 With the rich Sheepe deepe-speld *Medea* wan,  
 Who after old, decrepit, weake, and hored,  
 Was by his daughter to his youth restored.

31

Him *Ganimed* vnhorst, and in despight  
 Of the bold *Centaures* mounted on his steed,  
 Prouing the manage of this vnknown fight,  
 And in the proofe made many *Centaures* bleed,  
 (But all in vaine) his troopes are put to flight,  
*Saturne* is shrunke, and left him at his need,  
 And so ther ships in troopes his souldiers fled,  
 Whose shamefull steps, the Prince of force must red.

32

The *Centaures* and the *Cretan* king pursue them  
 Vnto the Oceans Margent, and euen there,  
 Twixt Sea and shore, in countesse heaps they slew them,  
 Such as escape, their course to *Troy*-ward beare,  
 For *Saturne*'s men, the *Cretans* cannot view them,  
 Another vnknowne tract (alas) they feare :

Whether the winds and waues their vessaile drove,  
 Twice driuen from *Creet* (against heauen in vaine wee

33

*Jupiter* and the *Centaures* luch ships take,  
 As should haue bin imployd for *Darraynes* Tower,  
 And after *Ganimed* to Sea they make,  
 Pursuing them to *Troy* with all their power,

They Land at once, the fearefull *Troians* quake,  
Doubting if earth or sea, shall them deuoure,  
*Troos* with an host discends, as one that guessed,  
The Prince his sonne, was by his fots distressed.

34

The battaile is renewed, the king intends  
To rescue sonne and Subiects in such state,  
But (ouer valiant) *Ganimed* extends  
His valour beyond wisedome, all too late  
The King of *Troy* his puissant fury bends,  
In rescue of his sonne, now in sad fate :

The *Cretans* him surprize, and he being tane  
With this rich prize, they make to Sea againe.

Ganimede ta-  
ken.

35

Leave *Troos* and *Ilion* mated at this croffe,  
The pride of *Troy* is not to be re-won,  
He rates him much aboue his kingdomes losse,  
And all *Dardania* mourneth for his son,  
How in the guard of those that from *Moleffe*  
Came with *Ixion*, and on horse-backe run,  
*Ioue* giues command (being at Sea assured)  
The Prisoners to be chear'd, the wounded cured.

36

And calling now to mind the Bird that soared  
About his rich Pauillion, he ordained  
Her picture should be drawne and quaintly skored,  
Vpon a Crimson Ensigne richly stained,  
Which since that fight, to all that *Mars* adored,  
As a perpetuall instance hath remained:  
Till then, they bore no flags, no Scutchions drew,  
*Ioues* Eagle was the first, in field that flew.

The first en-  
signe borne in  
Battell.

37

He now remembers *Danae*, and commands  
His Pylots to direct his waftage thither,  
But what the king inioynes, the wind withstands  
With boisterous gusts it foulds their sails together,  
And hurries them along by divers Lands,  
They beare their wandering course they ken not whether  
At length, they in the sea, *Aegean* wander,  
Of which, the Theefe *Aegeon* was commander.

*Aegeon.*

The

38.

The blustring tempest hath diuorst their Fleet,  
 Only the Ship wherein the *Centaurs* saile,  
 With *Ihone* and *Ganimed*, the Pirats meet,  
 The rest were straide, and of their Voyage faile,  
 Yet some amongst the rest take land in *Creet*,  
 Some bandied too and fro, by euery gale,  
 Yet all their barkes liue, none so neere to die,  
 As this the Pyrats from the shore discry.

39.

Sixe Gallyes they disanker from the Isle  
 Cald *Desert*, and their Barke in compassie round,  
*Ihone* and the *Centaurs* arme them in smal while,  
 And al their Martiall notes to battel sound,  
 Whiche the bold *Troian* hearing, gan to smile  
 In scornfull guise, to see his armes fast bound :  
 Oh when (quoth he) stood *Ganimed* thus still  
 To heare the Martial musicke of *Kill, kill?*

40.

Is my opinion of knowne Armes so weake ?  
 My name so poore, the *Centaurs* scorne mine ayde ?  
 Did we for this their maine Battallions breake ?  
 And with our Armed breast their hoasts invade ?  
 Why may I not in this case boldly speake ?  
 Shal I stand still, to see my life betraide ?  
 Although a Prisoner, yet this fauour shew,  
 To guard mine Honor, against a common foe.

41.

Not fighting against *Troy*, we are a friend,  
 These Pyrats with your honors couet mine :  
 Oh let the King of *Creet* such grace extend,  
 That by his side I may in Armour shine,  
 To see how wel I can my head defend :  
 Some desperate Act vnto my charge assigne :  
 They hale vs neere, our ship the Pirats boord,  
 For Honors sake, giue me my Armes and sword.

42.

These words charme *Jupiter*, and draw a vaile  
 Betwixt his hart and *Ganimeds* disgraces,  
 The King relents, the *Princes* words preuaile,  
 His bands he looseth, and with kind embraces

Sweares to him friendship that shall neuer faile,  
Armd as they are, they take their pointed places,  
*Ihoue* in the Prow, the *Centaurs* at his beck,  
To face their foes, guirt round their vpmost decke.

43

Their golden Eagle is displaide : the Gallics  
Grapple on euery side their hooked steele,  
Some from the Beak-heads, some the wast make fallyes,  
But those the *Centaurs* make like Drunkards reele,  
And drop downe to the Sea, here no man dallies,  
Some, with long pointed Irons bare their Keele  
To sinke them, others by the Ship sides crall,  
The *Centaurs* lop their hands off, downe they fall.

44

Twice they are forst t'vngrapple and vnhooke  
Their double chaynes : To this I may compare,  
Thy boording (valiant *Greenvild*) thou didst brooke,  
A hotter skirmish then the Pitats dare,  
Who keeping one good Ship, skornst to be tooke  
By a whole Fleet of *Spaniſh* men a-warre,  
Fighting till powder, shot, and men were wasted,  
And these consum'd, euen til thine owne life lasted.

Sir Richard  
Greenveld.

45

As often as they boorded thee, so oft  
Brauely repulſt, their sides bor'd through and through,  
And three times with thy three Decks blowne aloft,  
As high as heauen (what more could valor doe ?)  
Now thy proud Ship hath al her Ensignes doſt,  
Those sayles the Amorous winds with courtings woe  
To tinder burnt : thou profferd life despising,  
Leau'ſt thy (*Reuenge*) euen with the waters rising.

46

The Gallyes fasten ſtill : (a watchword giuen  
By *Inpiter*,) at once they headlong ſkip  
(Dispearſt) into ſuch veſſels as were driuen  
Within their reach, and leaue their *Cretan* Ship,  
Now many a Pitats ſkull is bruil'd and riuen,  
Some heau'd ore boord, ſome ſoftly ſlip  
Into the ſea for feare, their liues to ſmother,  
So, by auoyding one death, ſeeke another.

*Reuenge*, one  
of Q. Elizab.  
ſhips Royall.

The

47

Th'vndaunted Gyant-Theefe-Egeon now  
 Kens *Jupiter*, him *Jupiter* espies,  
 And facing him in his owne Gallies prow,  
 Thus with vndaunted language he defies :  
 Behold thy fate, see *Ihoue* thy ruyne vow,  
 Whom thou by Coward-ods sought to surprise,  
 Thou, that by land my ruthlesse fury fled,  
 Shalt now by Sea be forst t'abide me dead.

48

I am the sonne of *Saturne*, by whom fell,  
*Tytan*, with al the Earth-bred Gyant seed,  
 Thy Sire and brothers I haue sent to Hell,  
 and thy destruction I haue next decreed :  
 At this, th'inflam'd *Egeon* gan to swel,  
 Rage makes his language lagge, his fury speed :  
 Action proceeds his words, before he spake,  
 With his huge *Axe* vpon *Ihoues* helme he strake.

49

The blow was put to loane, while they two striue,  
 Prince *Ganimed* hath al the Gally cleared,  
 and mongst them all he leaues not one aliue,  
 Saue the graund-theefe, who now not to be feared  
*Ihoue* hath subdude, and gins his legges to gyeue,  
 Since in the Gyants rescue none appeared,  
 Bulke, hands, legs,thighes, the *Prince* at once inuirons  
 and leads him with an hundred chaynes of Iron.

50

In these the harmlesse Trauellers he bound,  
 (Now his owne plague) they that suruiue are fled,  
 and on the Seas dispersit, now doth *Ihoue* ground  
 His loue vpon his new friend *Ganimed*,  
 He enters his owne shippes and wanders round  
 The spacious Vast, where wind and waters led,  
 Crossing both *Torrid* and the frozen lines,  
 By this the *Sunne* had compast all the *Signes*.

51

The *Ramme* of *Helles*, and *Europaes* Bull,  
*Castor* and *Pollux*, *Cancers* burning Signe,  
 Th' *Herculean* Lyon, and the *Virgin-Trull*,  
 The skale of *Inſtice*, and the *Scorpions* line,

Egeon surprised.

The 12. Celestiall Signes.

*Chyron the Centaur*, with the horned skull  
Of watry *Capricorne*, next whom doth shine  
The *Troian* lad, that from his lauer powres,  
Last the two *Fishes* drilling Southern shewres.

52

And at the yeares end taking land in *Creet*,  
After his tedious progresse on the streme,  
Queene *Juno* welcoms him with kisses sweet,  
His subiects kneele to him as their supreame,  
Fiue hundred Steeds presenting at his feet,  
But he whose thoughts harpe on another theame,  
Prisons *Aegeon*, *Ganimed* sets free,  
And in his grace (saue *Juno*) who but he?

53

But *Juno*, when his mind on *Danae* ran,  
Shewd like a *Crow* vnto a siluer *Dove*,  
*Rose* to a *Black-berry*, *Rauen* to a *Swan*,  
It makes him mad he cannot ayde his *Loue*,  
Twelue Moones are fild and waind, since haplesse man  
The day expir'd, he shold his valour proue,  
And now (though late) hee'l try his best endeouour,  
To fetch her thence (for better late than neuer,)

54

But loe, amids his hostile preparation,  
By chance a Lord of *Arges* rode that way,  
Who, knowne to be a stranger of that Nation,  
The King demaunds of *Danae*, to bewray  
What he hath heard: he gins a sad Oration  
Which doth the *Princes* hoast from waftage stay,  
In what remote Clime, if by Rumor blowne,  
(Quoth th' *Arges* Lord) was not bright *Danae* known?

The rest of  
the history of  
*Danae*

55

When she was *Danae*, and whilst *Darrain* Tower  
Inclos'd earths-Beauty in her brazen hold,  
But now shee's cropt, and that sweet smelling flower  
Is vaded quite and withered, wrapt in mould:  
The King at this lost all his vitall power,  
His bloud forsakes his hart, his braine growes cold,  
His thoughts confuse, his soule within him bleeds,  
When th' *Arges* Lord of *Danae* thus proceeds.

Of

56

Of the Tower, *Darrains* strength, *Acrisius* guard,  
 Within how many gates of brasse inclosed,  
 Of their nocturnall watch, *Diurnall* warde,  
 Twixt man and her, what strong bars enterposed  
 To keepe her chaste, what deafe man hath not heard:  
 Yet al these locks are with those bolts vnloosed:  
 Oh heauens ! what mortall wit ? what humane skil  
 Can keepe a woman chaste, against her wil ?

57

The fruits of  
Geloufie.

Thou gealous foole, why dost thou gayle thy wife ?  
 When *Darrains* strong Tower cannot loue expel ?  
 Better thou hadst to graunt her a free life,  
 If she be honest, she wil guide it well :  
 If otherwise adiected, vaine is strife  
 Though in the circuit of Brasse walles she dwel,  
 Inmure her body fast as thou canst thinke,  
 Shee'l make thee Cuckold, bee't but through a chinke.

58

Perhaps her body in stri& bonds thou hast,  
 Yet canst thou not the thoughts within her stay :  
 Not she that dares not sinne, is counted chaste,  
 Not she that's matcht, and cannot step astray :  
 Not she that feares, is mongst the vertuous placst :  
 " *Alone shee's Chaste, that will not, though she may :*  
 Their Natures are, to couet things denide,  
 And in forbidden pathes to tread aside.

59

Oft haue I seene a Steed would keepe no Tract,  
 But fling, and bound, when he was too much raynde,  
 But when he felte his curbe and bridle slackt,  
 Play with the Byt, that he so much disdaind,  
 And so that Steed by gentle meanes is backt  
 Which brookes no Ryder, being much constraind,  
 So doth a sicke man stil, though he be chid,  
 Most couet, what the Doctors most forbid.

60

Had *Danae* mongst a thousand futers playd  
 And reuel'd in her Fathers pallace, then  
 I doubt not but she still had beene a mayd  
 And (as she did before) despised men :

Her ruthlesse Father her fresh youth betraide,  
When he inclos'd her in her brazen den :  
Though thousand gates and doores her beautys mother  
Loue breakes through al, to make the maide a mother.

61

Her time expires, her father spies her great,  
And threatens the Beldams to consuming fire ;  
New Guardiens are appointed in this heat,  
*Acrisius* doth by sundry meanes inquire  
Of her, and of her guard, by no intreat  
Or forced torment, made to glut his ire :  
Will they confesse, the Ladies all dare sweare,  
(Saueth vnexpected Pedler) none came there.

62

Not will bright *Danae* yet disclose her shame,  
Vntill the long lamented houre draw neare,  
Nine Moones o'repast, her houre of Childing came,  
Deniall bootes not, when such signes appeare ;  
And now gainst *Cretan Ithoue* shew gins t'exclaine,  
And gainst all them that will themselues forswear :  
A childe is borne, the Lad shee *Perseus* names,  
Cleares all her maids, and on her selfe exclaines.

The birth of  
*Perseus*.

63

Th'offended King hath doom'd them both to die,  
And (being inexorable) that doome stands ;  
The Seas they in a mastlesse boat must try,  
Where both th'Imperious wind and waue commands,  
The pitteous Martinetts themselues apply  
To their vnvilling taske : In their loth hands  
They *Perseus* take, and the faire *Danae* guide,  
To tast the mercy of the rigorous tide.

64

The Argive Lord heere sighes, but heere *Ithoue* rages,  
Threatning *Acrisius*, cursing his delay,  
But *Ganimed* at length his spleene asswages,  
And aymes his threatned thoughts another way,  
Hauing lost *Danae* quite, he now ingages  
His loue to *Juno*, and beside her lay,  
Of whom he got a sonne ; In small time after,  
From his Aunt *Ceres* he deriu'd a daughter.

M

None

65

None comes amisse to him, stranger nor kin,  
Of his owne Nation, or of climes remote,  
His daughter *Venus* tells him tis no sin  
For men to practise dalliance where they dote,  
Prince *Ganimed* that long in grace had bin,  
And did this loosenesse in his Hauior note,  
Demanded how he could his thoughts deuide,  
To loue so many, thus the King repli'de :

66

I will not in my owne vaine errors stand,  
Nor boldly that (which some condemne) maintaine,  
The fault is great, if it bee truely scand,  
I knew it bad, but can it not restraine ;  
For mad-man like I stiue to plow the land,  
In seeking my free humor to restraine :  
I burne, and seeking ease, run to the fire,  
I loath my fault, and yet my guilt desire.

67

I want the power to governe mine owne will,  
My head-strong appetite beares all the sway,  
I know my waies losse, yet I wander still,  
I see the path, and yet I turne astray :  
Thus like a Ship misguided without skill,  
Whom a stiffe violent Tempest beares away,  
To wracke it on some Rocke or shallow sounds,  
I am transported quite beyond my bounds.

68

I loue, but yet I know not in what fashion,  
I loue a thousand, for a thousand reasons,  
My mouing thoughts abide in no firme station ;  
My hart is subiect to my blind thoughts Treasons,  
For euery sundry Lasse I enter passion,  
And am of loue prouided at all seasons :  
That wench is modest ! oh shees in my Bookes,  
I onely loue her for her modest lookes.

69

Yon lasse is bold, (see, see) my heart she easeth,  
I like her, shees not like a Milke-sop bred,  
And straight this thought my apprehension scyseth,  
She will be much more plyant in the bed,

This is a Shrew : her sharpenesse my soule pleaseith,  
Because no sheepe, I would the Damsell wed;  
And in that thought I skale her amorous fort,  
Sharpe Noses are all Shrewes, yet apt for sport.

70

Is she a Scholler ? Then her Art delights me:  
Is she a Dunce ? Her simplenesse contents me:  
Doth she applaud my loue ? Her praise incites me:  
Or discommend me ? Yet she represents me  
With matter of new loue : Admit she spights me,  
I loue her : for her spight no whit torments me ;  
For though her words be rough, smooth is her skin,  
What in the first I loose, the last, I win.

71

Hath she a tripping gate ? Her short steps moue me,  
And in her quicker motion I take Pride :  
Takes she large steps in going ? As you loue me  
Let me haue her, I like her for her stride :  
Sings she ? I am enchanted, let her proue me,  
I on her lips can quauer and deuide :  
Is she vnweildy ? Yet my hart she charmes,  
And may be much more astiuie in my armes.

72

Her I affect, she is so sweet a Singer,  
And I loue her, though she can tune no note :  
She playes vpon the Lute, that nimble finger  
Would please me better in a place remote :  
Yon dances; I affect a lusty springer,  
And on such captring legges who could not dote.  
This cannot dance ; yet when she lies in bed,  
She will find Art to haue thy fancies fed.

73

All things I chant me that these Ladies do,  
And in my frozen breast bright bon-fires make ;  
Thou art a *Bona-roba*, and I wo  
Thee for thy bredth and length : thy Stature sake :  
Thou art a little Lasse, I like thee too,  
And were I sleepy thou wouldest keepe me wake :  
Not one can come amisse, I can find sport,  
Both with the fat and leane, the long and short.

74

Yon Lady manners wants, I straight suppose,  
 Would she learne Court-ship, how it would beseem her:  
 This court-ship hath, and I must needs disclose  
 What loue I for her manners can beteeme her,  
 That hath a whitely face, and a long nose,  
 And for them both I wonderous well esteeme her:  
 This the greene sicknesse hath, I long to proue her,  
 This lookes not greene, but black, I therfore loue her

75

Is her haire browne? So louely *Ladaes* was,  
 Browne trameld lockes best grace, the brightest hew:  
 Are her lockes yellow? Such *Auroraes* glasse,  
 Presents in her attyring to her view:  
 Is haire orient bright? It doth surpassee,  
 If Chestnut coloured? Such do I pursue:  
 My eies still aime at beauties rare perfections,  
 and I all colours loue, and all complexions.

76

My loue can fit it selfe to euery story,  
 I loue a young girle, and a woman staid,  
 Her fresh yeares please me, and I shoulde be sorry  
 To loose her youth: who would not loue a Maid,  
 anotheres lookes are Matron-like, I glory  
 In her: and I her person must inuade:  
 To end as many as the world can hold,  
 M'ambitious loue likes, be they young or old.

77

Now to proceed of *Danae* and her sonne,  
 Long lost vpon the Oceans ruthlesse streames,  
 at length her barke th' *Apulian* shores hath won,  
 about the houre when *Phaebus* dons his beame,  
 and to ascend the Easterne hill begun,  
 When she new wakt out of her horrid dreames:  
 Her selfe halfe dead with cold, her Babe neare frozen,  
 Finds that her barke hath a faire harbor chosen.

78

Which a poore *Naples* Fisherman espying,  
 Kenning a Barke that had nor Oare nor saile,  
 He leaues the nets that on the shore were drying,  
 and puts to Sea the mastlesse boat to hale,

Whiche boording on the bate plankes, he sees lying  
A beaurious Goddesse, couer'd with a vaile,  
And on her knee a babe, or dead, or sleeping,  
To which she sange not, but was softly weeping.

79

It mou'd the poore man to behold her teares,  
He sees th'extremity they both are in,  
Her sailesse boat vnto the Land he steares,  
And her young infant that was bare and thin  
A wraps in his Capootch, and softly beares  
Vnto his cottage, where no Prince hath bin,  
He makes a chearefull Fire, and in a while,  
The halfe-staru'd babe doth on his mother smile.

80

And being refresht with what the Cottage lent,  
Their Native beauties reposest their faces,  
Whose rarenesse the poore man admiring, went  
To acquaint the King with one so full of graces,  
Who sends for her to Court incontinent,  
And hauing seene her beauty *Danae* places,  
In his throne Royall, swearing by his life,  
The bounteous seas haue sent him this rate wife.

81

This King *Pelonnus* hight, who gently praiers,  
To acquaint him with her birth and fortunes past,  
The blushing Dame her modest eye gan raise,  
And to his faire demaund replies at last,  
She telshim she hath spent her youthfull dayes  
In *Arges*: next how she to Sea was cast:  
Of *Darraines* Tower, of her vntimely fate;  
Of *Jupiter*s forg'd loue, *Acrisius* hate.

82

Discoursing orderly the sum of all,  
At which the King oft wept, her fortunes ruing,  
blaming the cause of her vntimely fall,  
At euery *Inter-medium* loue renewing,  
He thinkes *Acrisius* hate too great: too small  
*Ihoues* loue, that left such beautie for pursuing,  
he wooes, she yeelds, that did the King besot,  
And married, *Danaus* is betweene them got.

*Pelonnus* ma  
rieth *Danae* &  
begat *Danaus*.

83

Of whom and of young *Persens* forbear,  
 To speake of *Saturne* through the world notorious,  
 And *Jupiter* subduing Climats neare,  
 As *Cecill*, *Lemnos*, *Cipres* (stil victorious)  
 Piercing large *Italy*, and welcom'd there  
 By *Ianus*, for mongst Kings his stile was glorious,  
 This *Ianus byfrons* was of auncient name,  
 Of him our *January* tooke first name.

*January.*

84

*Ianus* tels *Ihoue* King *Saturne* dwells them by,  
 Teaching rude Nations Tillage, there vnowne  
 And held in reuerence, for the Princes nie  
 Receiue his exilde people as their owne,  
 He shewes him plowes, teemes, yokes and harrowes lic,  
 And fields of ripened graine, already growne:  
 This King at length brought *Saturne* to *Ihoues* view,  
 And by his meanes, attonement twixt them grew.

85

The good old *Ianus* in *Tarentum* raignde,  
 So did *Euander* in Mount *Auentine*,  
 Since one of *Roomes* leauen hills, and proudly nam'd  
 By these King *Italus* of auncient line,  
 This *Italus* from *Ciracise* constraind  
 Built the great Citty *Albe*, by which shine  
 Bright *Tyber* Streames, al these at once desire,  
 Peace and accord betweene the sonne and Syre.

86

*Saturne* surrenders *Creet*, hauing erected  
 A Citty, where *Roomes* Capitoll now stands,  
 And a chast Virgin to his wife elected,  
*Philicus* cald, colleaguued in nuptiall bands,  
 Of whom he *Picus* got, *Picus* protected  
 That Citty after *Saturne*, and commands  
 The Realme adiacent, *Fannus* was his sonne,  
 and from this *Fannus* did *Latinus* come.

87

The Poets make this *Fannus* for his care  
 O're husbandry, the auncient Sire and Father  
 Of all the Rural-gods: His Queene was fayre  
 And *Fatua* hight, who would haue bedded rather

*Saturne & Jupiter accord.**Ianus Euander.**Italus.**Saturne second marriage.*

With Hercules suppos'd *Amphitrites* heire,  
But our dispersed story we must gather,  
And of *Nicofratre*, wife to *Euander*,  
A little speake, before too farre we wander.

88

Who dotes on *Jupiter*, and laught hym charmes,  
With *Negromanticke* Charracters, in which  
He expert growes, and hauing left offarmes,  
Studies the blacke spels of this sorcering Witch,  
Abandons horrid sound of shrill alarmes,  
Now onely labours to be wise and rich,  
And leaues the *Iatian* Kings, where long he staid,  
After the league twixt him and *Saturne* made.

89

To *Ceeet* returning, where Queene *Inno* was  
Deliuered of a foule mishapen Lad,  
*Cald Vulcan*, *Ceres* of a louely Lasse,  
Hight *Proserpine*: the eniuious Queene growes sad,  
To see her Aunts child in bright lookes surpassē  
Hers in deformed foulenesse: *Ihone's* more glad  
Of *Proserpine* then *Vulcan*, which espide,  
The icalous Queene doth with her husband chide.

The birth of  
Vulcan and  
Proserpine.

90

She chases, he laughes, she blames his wanton ryat,  
He giues her liberall scandall a deafe eare,  
She counts her selfe food to suffice his diat,  
and telis of all his scapes, how, when, and where,  
That he is forst to keepe his Queene in quiat,  
To marry *Ceres* to a great Lord there,  
With whom he gaue t'augment his name and power  
*Sicill* and *Syracusa* for her dower.

91

To *Vulcan* he the Isle of *Lemnos* gaue,  
To be instructed in hid *Geomancy*,  
In the deepe bowels of the earth to rauie,  
To learne the force of fire in *Pyromancy*,  
Taught by *Beroutes*, and *Piragma* graue,  
The third *Sceropes* red him *Negromancy*,  
Himselfe the God of Smiths, *Lemnos* his seat,  
Where these three *Cyclops* on his Anuiles beat:

and

How Vulcan  
became lame.

92  
And frame *Ihoues* trisulck thunders, some deuine  
Lame *Vulcan* in his birth was straight and faire,  
And being in *Ihgues* lap where Planets shine  
And stars like golden studs sticke round his chaire,  
The Mansion of the Gods, th'heauens Christaline,  
Dandling his smiling babe, he spies the ayre  
Al in guilt flames, earth burne, the Meteors drinke  
The boyling Seas, and heauens huge Collumcs shrink.

93  
For *phaeton* had set the world on fire,  
At which *Ihoue* rising from his throne in hast,  
To thunder-strike the youth that durst aspire,  
Downe drops his sonne towards earth, and falling, past  
Through al the Planets, by *Apollo* hier  
Then al the rest, So by the Moone at last,  
Twixt heauen and earth, who can describe the way?  
When he was falling a long Summers day.

94  
He lights in *Lemnos*, nor can *Vulcan* die  
By this occase, being borne of heauenly seed,  
Though on the earth amaz'd the infant lie  
He breaths at last, (so haue the Fates decreed)  
Of *Vulcans* craft, and how he did affie  
*Venus* (Loues Queene) how *Mars* did twixt them breed  
Strife and dissencion: how the winged boy  
Was borne, belongs not to the tale of *Troy*.

95  
Yet that I may not slightly let them passe,  
Without some smal remembrance of my pen,  
Whose history so oft recorded was,  
By auncient Poets, hie-renowned men,  
To Thracian *Mars*, and the bright *Paphian* Lasse  
A little space we must looke backe agen;  
And speake how she her bridal bed did blot,  
The very night yong *Cupid* was begot.

96  
When *Mars* and *Venus* made appoint to meet,  
And to that end a priuate Conclaue found,  
To dally out the howers in kisses sweet,  
And sports in which the loues-Queene did abound,

That no fly tell-tales should their pastimes greet,  
The obscure Caue they first perused round,  
To shunne disturbance til their game was done,  
Ialous of all : but fearing most the Sunne.

97

Knowing his searching eye is prying still  
Through euery Casement, loope-hoole, chinke, or crany,  
Therefore to blind him they must vse their skill,  
The blabbing *Phabus* they dread most of any :  
A noble youth on *Mars* attended still,  
Whose secerie he had prefer'd 'bove many :  
*Gallus* they call him, whom God *Mars* wil haue  
To watch the *Sunne* at th' entrance of the Caue.

98

The Louers enter, *Gallus* stayes behind,  
All the night long his eye-lids never close,  
But towards the *Dawne*, dul sleepes his fences bind  
In their soft chaines : his powers to rest dispose ;  
He neither feares Fawnes, Nymphs, stars, moon, or wind,  
Nor any other eye : the *Sunne* God rose,  
And in his mounting through th'*Olympick* sky,  
He that sees all things, did the Louers spy.

99

The Tel-tale *Sunne* straight to the Smith discouers  
Th' adulterate practise of this amorous payre,  
Who straight deuis'd a net to catch the louers ;  
Meane time *Mars* wakes, sees *Venus* lye all bare,  
(Both ouer-slept themselues) for *Phabus* houers  
Ouer their caue, and in his face doth stare :  
Th' astonisht War-god knowes not what to thinke,  
Seeing the *Sunne* stil peeping through a chinke.

100

Th' astonisht God first gently *Venus* wakes,  
Who blusht to thinke the *Sunne* their stealth had spide,  
Then by the curled lockes he *Gallus* takes,  
And thus he saies ; Since then we are descrive  
By thy default, behold(poore *Gallus* quakes  
Before his sentence, and his face would hide)  
be thou transformd, thou that hast wrought our shame  
Vnto a bird, that stil shal beare thy name.

This

101

This new made Bird (the *Cocke* in shape translated)  
 Yet in his hart his ancient thoughts retaines,  
 For euery morne the *Sunne* by him is rated ;  
 He by his crowing to God *Mars* complaines,  
 Before the *Sunne* is in his chaire instated,  
 Or in his hand takes the Celestiall raines,  
 He aginst his tides still with his wings, is drumming,  
 And tels to all the world the *Sunne* is comming.

102

Of *Perseus* next, and of the *Gorgon* slaine,  
 And of *Acrisius*, by young *Danaus* ayde  
 Restor'd to *Arges*, and the Tower *Darraine*,  
 And of *Andromede* the louely maid  
 My muse sings next : In *Hesperi* cal'd *Spaine*,  
*Porus* (suppos'd a Sea-god) often preyd  
 On harimelelle Strangers, who their voyage bore  
 Along by *Spaine*, vpon th'*Hesperian* shore.

103

*The Gorgons.*

This *Porus* three sweet daughters leaues : *Medusa*,  
*Euriale*, and *Scennio*, their names ;  
 All faire at first : the glorious eye of day  
 Saw never three more bright and stately dames,  
 These did the spacious *Dorcad* Islands sway :  
 The eldest against *Minerva* warre proclames,  
 At which the Goddesse high displeasance takes,  
 And turnes their golden heires to crawling snakes.

104

She leaues them all no more laue one broad eye,  
 Plac't in *Medusa*'s forehead, and to shine  
 Like sulphure, whose Aspe infects the sky,  
 Parches the grasse, and blasts both Rose and Spine,  
 It hath the *Basiliske* true property,  
 To kill farre off, her head is Serpentine :  
 And by the pest, that on her fore-head burnes,  
 All that behold her face, to stones she turnes.

105

About her Pallace thousand pictures stand,  
 Once men, now Images of lencelesse stone ;  
 Of all that in the *Dorcad* Islands Land,  
 If by these *Gorgons* scene suruiues not one :

More then *Medeas* rod, or *Circes* wand,  
her poysonus eye-ball hath trans-form'd alone :  
armies of men haue compast her at ones,  
Armies of men her eie hath turnd to stones.

106

Throughout her kingdome you may people see  
Disperst and taking stands in sundry places,  
But neither moue hand, arme, head, foot, or knee,  
For they haue stony limbes and Marble faces,  
That oft-times Trauellors deceiued be,  
To see dead stones retaine such liuely graces :  
Some asking them the climate, some the way,  
Others to know th' vncertaine time of day.

107

Nay sometimes quarrels haue betwixt them growne,  
Receiuing to their answeres no reply,  
one angry fellow drawes vpon a stone,  
And sweares deepe Oaths hee'l make it speake or die,  
others more patient yet displeas'd are gone,  
And say they skill no points of honesty :  
Nor wonder if these strangers so mistooke,  
When euery dead face had a liuing looke.

108

Heare one was going, and in going spide  
By Adder-haird *Medusa*, and so stayes,  
Euen as one legge did fore another stride,  
and as his hindmost heele he gan to raise  
To draw it after, both his legges abide  
Fixt to the earth, his armes beside him playes :  
his body forward bends, the picture showing,  
The shape of one on earnest busynesse going.

109

Another digging as the Queene came by,  
Stoopes stil with one Hand boue the other placst,  
The right foot fixt, the left aduanced hie  
To driue the dull Spade in, another facst  
the Gorgon-monster, as his loue past by,  
Who spreads his amorous armes t'infauldh her wast :  
and smiling in her face, his Image stands,  
Laughing with halfe-shut eyes, & broad-spread hands.

Here

110

Heere stands a Fisher by the waters brink,  
 The Angle-hand stretcht forward to the riper,  
 And there a Sheapheard heau'd his hands to drinke  
 On his blacke bottle, both his lips vnseuer,  
 His head bends backe, legs stride, and you would thinke  
 He dranke still, but this draught must last for euer:  
 His bottles gone, stil stands he strangely fating,  
 Hands heau'd, necke bent, mouth yawning, eies broad

111

(staring.)

Of Marble Statues many thousands more,  
 In Field, Groues, orchards, High-waies, houses, streets,  
 Some naked, others in the robes they worc,  
 So hardly doth she deale with al she meets,  
 This man she takes conferring, but before  
 He can conclude his tale, his spirit fleets:  
 Some she finds chafing, laughing, striking, riding,  
 Al turn'd to stones in selfe-same shap abiding.

112

I feare my pen hath with *Medusa* met,  
 For on the sodaine it growes stiffe and dull,  
 And cannot now defray my promist debt,  
 And with the *Gorgons* staine this Margent full,  
 Heere therefore this daies journey shall be set,  
 And blame me not, if my tyr'd hand I pull  
 From his *Diurnal* task, at our next view,  
 I bring him on this stage, that *Gorgen* slew.

**I**xyon was King of Thessaly, who being by Jupiter taken up into Heaven, and comforted of certaines grifes there, fell in loue with Juno, which Jupiter perciuing, deceived him with a cloud, made in the likenesse of Juno, of which Ixion begat the Centaurs: After adiudged by the Destinies to be tortured with the wheele in hell.

I hold Ganimed rather surprized by Jupiter in battaile, then as some write to be stolne by him as his minion, & after this rape made his Cup-bearer.

Apulia where Danae was cast upon the shore, is now a part of Italy bordering upon the Adriaticke sea.

Vulcan

Vulcan was Iupiters Smith, an excellent workeman, on who  
the Poets Father many rare workes, among which, I find one,  
not unecessary to be remembred, which Ouid speaks of, and  
I thus English.

This Tale is blaz'd through heauen, how once vnware  
Venus and Mars were tooke in Vulcans snare :  
The God of Warre doth in his brow discouer  
The perfect and true patterne of a Louer :  
Nor could the Goddesse Venus be so crewell  
To deny Mars : (soft kindnesse is a Jewell  
In any woman, and becomes her well)  
In this the Queene of loue doth most excell :  
(Oh heauen) how often haue they mocks and flouted  
The Smiths polt-foote (whilst nothing he misdoubted)  
Made Iests of him and his begrimed trade,  
And his smoog'd visage, blacke with Cole-dust made :  
Mars, tickled with lowd laughter, when he saw  
Venus like Vulcan limpe, so holt and draw  
One foot behind another, with sweete grace  
To counterfet his lame vneuen pace.  
Their meetings first the Louers hide with fear,  
From every icleons eye, and captious care.  
The God of Warre and Loues lasciuious dame,  
In publicke view were full of bashfull shame ;  
But the Sunne spies how this sweet paire agree,  
(Oh what bright Phœbus can be hid from thee ?)  
The Sun both sees and blabs the sight, forthwith,  
And in all post he speeds to tell the Smith :  
(Oh Sunne) what bad examples doest thou shew ?  
What thou in secret seest, must all men know ?  
For silence, aske a bribe from her faire treasure,  
Shee'lle grant thee that shall make thee swell with pleasure.  
The God whose face is smoog'd with smoke and fiar,  
Placeth about their bed a net of Wiar  
So quaintly made, that it deceives the eye  
Straight (as he feignes) to Lemnos he must hie,  
The Louers meet, where he the traine hath set,  
And both lie fast catcht in a wiery net :  
He calsthe Gods, she louers naked sprall  
And cannot rise, the Queene of Loue shewes all :  
Mars chases, and Venus weepes, neither can flinch,

Mars & Vi-  
nus.

Grappled they lie, in vaine they kicke and winch:  
 Their legs are one within another tide,  
 Their hands so fast that they can nothing hide:  
 Amongst these high Spectators, one by chance  
 That saw them naked in this pitfall dance:  
 Thus to himselfe said: If it tedious be  
 Good God of warre, bestow thy place on me.

Of the Gorgons, because there are many opinions, we wil a little insist upon their particular discouery. Of them there is a double; kind some hairy, some bald, yet al born of Phorcus & Cetus. These three Sisters had but one common eye, and one common tooth to feed with. The Latines call them Lamiae, à gutteris amplitudine, which Lamia some thinke to bee the daughter of Neptune, and the first Prophetesse, cald Sibilla among the Aphrians. They were also cald Pemphrado Prieto and Dino, to whom some haue likewise added Ixno, whose name both Æschilus and Hesiod in their workes remember. They were cald Greæ, and liue in the utmost Islands of Iberia towards the West. Some likewise number Silla amongst the Gorgons; Others describe them not with snaky lockes, but heads of Dragons and Girdles (about their waists) of Vipers, All concluding in this, that their sight was immediat death, which Æschilus signified in this.

Sunt tres sorores his volucres non procul  
 Serpentibus dirisque comptæ Gorgones  
 Quas intuens nemo diu spirauerit.

Alexander.  
 Mindius lib. d:  
 In mentis.

The Beast Nomades in Libia hath likewise the name of Gorgon, somewhat resembling a sheep, which others describe more like a Sea-calf. It is said this monster by the infection of his eyes kils what beast soever he meets. His hair couers his brows. Many of Marius Souldiers marching against Jugurth, followed this beast, mistaking him for a sheepe, and presentlie fell down dead: by these Greæ, Phorci, these Gorgons, & monstres of the sea, is understood nothing else but that knowledge and wisedome, which is acquired by experiance, to purchase which it behoued Perseus to use the aid of Pallas, the helme of Pluto, and the sword of Mercury, by vertue of which, he subdude those monsters. Which the Poets haue amongst others thrusst into hell. Centauri in foris stabulant, scillæq; bifomes.

Et centum geminus Briareus, ac belua Lernæ  
 Horrendum stridens, flammisq; armata chimara  
 Gorgones Harpiæq; & forma tricorporis umbræ.

Virgil.

Athenæus lib. 2

*Argumentum*

Perseus the Gorgon kills, then takes his way,  
 To Ioppen, on his flying horse alone,  
 Destroys the Monster, frees Andromeda,  
 Actisius saves, turnes Atlas into stone:  
 King Pricus wife, the beauteous Aurai  
 Doates on the valiant Knight Bellerephon:  
 The Troians are with fearfull pests annoyde,  
 By Hercules, great Troy is first destroyde.

## A R G . 2 .

In Zera Phineus fals, Chimer is slaine,  
 I Dis acts his rape: Queene Ceres doth complain.

## C A N T O . 6 .

## I



Ineras, thou that hadst  
 the power to make  
 Monsters of them, that thy  
 high Name despise,  
 To turne a golde-Wire  
 to a crawling Snake,  
 And change the beauty  
 of bewitching eyes,

The Patronage of all my labors take,  
 More sacred Names, thy God-hood may comprise  
 Religion, Vertue, Zeale, we may thee call,  
 Whose foes are vgly, and with Adders crall.

2

The three foule *Gorgons* by thy power disguised,  
Were *Lust* infatiate, *Auarice* and *Pride*,  
These Sisters in *Hisperia* tyranised,  
All looking with one eye, who can deuide  
Their powers and Natures, being three comprised  
Within one head, and Sisters neere allide,  
All such as on their strength themselues assure,  
Sencelesse of good, as stones they soone obdure.

3

Therefore to arme vs gainst this hottid fiend,  
Behoues vs to implore *Myneruac* ayde,  
*Perseus* bright shield vnto our arme to bind,  
And then we boldly may such foes inuade,  
His shield was Cristall, and so bright it shind,  
It dim'd the *Gorgon* eye, and whilst she plaid  
In darkenesse, and her killing sight forsooke,  
Her monstrous head he from her shoulders strooke:

*Perseus* killeth  
the *Gorgon*.

1497  
1466

*Nimphodorus*  
lib. 3. *Histor.*  
*Theopompus* lib.  
17. *Pegasus.*

4

About the time *Perseus* the *Gorgon* slew,  
*Busyris* gouern'd in *Egyptia*,  
*Cadmus* rul'd *Thebes*: to *Komas* France was due,  
*Belochnus* Emperor of *Affyria*,  
*Othoniell* Trumpets before *Israel* blew,  
Prince *Radamant* raign'd King in *Lycia*:  
*Tyrhenus* *Italy*, and *Triton* *Spaine*,  
Whilst *Liber Pater* all the East doth gaine.

5

The *Gorgons* head with power to turne to stone,  
Vpon his shield he fixt, and of the blood  
That Issued from the wound, swift *Pegas* shone,  
And neigde out of the earth a Stallion good,  
Whom *Perseus* backt, and out of sight is gone,  
Flying o're Mountaine, Valley, rocke, and flood,  
From *Arctos* vnto *Cancers* burning tracke,  
And from hot *Cancer* to cold *Arctos* backe.

6

In his high Airery progresse ouer all  
The Prouinces and Clymes beneath him spreading,  
Where ere the purple drops from *Gorgon* fall,  
Adders and Snakes are bred, the people treading

Their secure steps, see vgly Serpents crall,  
Their venomous stings, and fearefull hisses dreading:  
*Affrique* doth Snakes in most abundance store,  
Because he longest did o're *Affrique* soare.

*Africa* most  
abounding  
with snakes.

7  
Yet whilst his venomous spoyles were bleeding new,  
But leauing *Affrique*, forward *Pegas* flies,  
He now the *Ramme*, now doth the *Fishes* view,  
And mounts and stoopes as the winds fall or rise:  
At length he leaues the Orient to pursue,  
The fatre *Septemtrion* keeping still the skies:  
Till falling with *Hyperion* in the West,  
He with the day-tyrd *Phæbus* couets rest.

8

And stooping with the Sunne into these Seas,  
Where night by night he sleekes his fiery Carre,  
And *Atlas* of that Orchard keepes the keyes,  
Where golden Apples in abundance are;  
Thus *Perseus* greetes him: May your Highnesse please  
To be my royll Host, who come from farre:  
If greatness may my welcome more approoue,  
Know thou in me receiuest the Sonne of *Ihone*.

*Atlas.*

9  
If nouelty in strangers thou acquiest,  
Behold, my flying steed and couered shielde,  
Hence groome (quoth *Atlas*) thou hat rest desirest,  
Lodge with the waking starres in the broad field,  
To thee that to our Pallace thus aspirest,  
We scorne all succour and relieve to yeeld:  
Thou com'it, as Prophets did long since reueale,  
From *Hespery* my golden fruit to steale.

10

One of *Ihounes* yssue out Deuiniers say,  
Must perpetrate such theft, and thee I feare,  
Thou lookst like one that aymes at golden pray,  
And I my *Aurea Mals*, hold so deere,  
That I haue stopt vp each accessiue way:  
Instead of pales, high mountaines their heads reare  
About mine Orchard, by a Dragon kept,  
A wakefull Monster, one that neuuer slept.

This prophe-  
sie had his  
end in Hercu-  
les.

N 3 With

Atlas trans-  
formed.

II

With that he violent hands on *Perseus* layes,  
 To beat him from his Pallace, but *Ithous sonne*  
 The Gorgon-sheild vnto the King displaies,  
 Who instantly turns to a hill of stone,  
 His haires and beard increase to Trees and sprayes,  
 His Bulke and Shoulders into hills are growne:  
 His head a Promontory top, o're-peering  
 The neighbour Rockes, and other Mountains neering.

12

His bones to stones, his bloud to Christall springs,  
 And by the Gods decrees he so increaseth,  
 And with his growth such height and vastnesse brings,  
 That heauens huge weight, the two strong poles releaseth  
 To rest them on his shoulders: the Latke sings  
 The Sun his earely note, the night surceaseth:  
*Acrisius* Grand-child doth with *Phæbus* rise,  
 And to his arme his shield *Gorgonian* ties.

13

His hooked skeyne he fastens to his thigh,  
 So mongst the clouds on *Pegas* backe he sores,  
 The Swaine below that filleth his wandering eye,  
 Leaues off his labor, and the helpe implores  
 Of powers deuine, t'explaine this nouelty,  
 He passeth diuers Seas and sundry shores:  
 Euen to th' *Aethiopian* Clime, and thence,  
 To where *Cepheus* makes his residence.

The tale of  
*Perseus* and  
*Andromeda*.

2589

1374

14

There for her Mothers guilt, *Andromeda*;  
 By vniust *Hammon* was condemnd to die,  
 Whom as yong *Perseus* in his Ayery way,  
 Did from amongst the racking clouds espy,  
 Saue that the winds her golden haires display,  
 And drops of Pearle raine from her watry eye,  
 He had mistooke her, being chain'd alone,  
 For some faire Image of white Marble stome.

15

But when he saw no Marble was so white,  
 Nor Iuory to her skin to be compared,  
 He raines his winged Steed and staies his flight,  
 And greedily vpon her beauty stared,

To shake his flaggy wings forgetting quite;  
He loues, and greeues to see how ill she fared,  
And now his toong no longer he refrains,  
But sayes: oh you, vnworthy these rude chains,

16

Much fitter for a louers kind embrase,  
Tell me your stocke, your Nation, and your name,  
And why such beauty should possesse this place?  
Or for what crime into these bands you came?  
Faine would the bashful girle haue hid her face,  
Sane that her hands were bound: she blusht for shame:  
Twice did he vrge her, she was silent still,  
Yet the third time tels al, against her will.

17

How bright *Cassiope* her beauteous Mother,  
Knowing her daughter to be wonderous faire,  
The pride her hart conceiued could not smother,  
But with *Nereides* must needs compare,  
For which they all complaind to *Ihoues* great Brother  
*Neptune*, who with infection taints the ayre,  
Nor can the pest cease, or the Towne be spared,  
Til she theredy, that was with Nymphs compared.

*Cassias in Perseide.*

*Aratus.*

18

But in the midst of her discourse, behold,  
Ere she can end her lamentable tale,  
A huge Sea-monster with his long traine rold  
In curled knots, makes the poore Girle looke pale,  
The frowning billowes are by him controld,  
Boie which h'advanceth many a shelly skale:  
She shreekes: her Sire and Mother, both disaire,  
The people with shrill out-cries pierce the ayre.

19

Which *Danaes* sonne espying, thus he saies  
Vnto the Queene and the lamenting King:  
The time you see is short, the Monster staies  
Assur'd destruction to yon maid to bring,  
If then *Ihoues* son his towring fames can raise,  
And pierce yon huge Sea-Dragons skaly wing,  
Destroy the Monster, and preserue her life,  
Shal the bright Virgin be my troth-plight wife?

Who

20

Who doubrs, but the sad Parents soone agree?  
 They paw ne their honors to this sudden motion;  
*Phineus* besides, the Maide doth promise free,  
 Resigning vp his right with much deuotion;  
 The Couenant made, and now from fatte they see  
 The Whaly Monster beare a-brest the Ocean,  
 And driving with his Fins whole Seas afore,  
 In making to the Virgin on the shore.

21

When suddenly young *Perseus* mounts the skies,  
 His shadow danc't vpon the siluer waues,  
 Which when the wrathfull Serpent did espy,  
 Against the idle shape he fumes and raues,  
 And as his drowned traine appears on high  
 Aboue the brine, in which so oft he laues:  
 The dantleſſe Prince, whose courage neuer failes,  
 Strikes with his Faulchion, fire out of his scales.

22

And as you see a towring Eagle, when  
 She spyes a speckled Serpent, soone her spangles  
 Upon the greene brest of some Moorish Fen  
 Stoopes downe, and in the Dragons Crest intangles  
 Her talents: least his Iawes turning againe,  
 Ceaze her proud Sears, and whilst in vaine she wrangles  
 And threatens ruine to the princely Fowle,  
 She tires on euery knot and curled rowle.

23

So *Perseus* sowſes on the horrid Beast  
 He hewes and beats him, till he makes him reele,  
 Possessing still his backe, which much increast  
 The Monsters fury, such strange weight to feele,  
 Sometimes aboue the Sea he lifts his brest,  
 And *Perseus* still pursues him with his Steele,  
 Somtime beneath the blood-stain'd waues he shrinks,  
 The whilst his wouds like graues, whol billows drinks.

24

Whilst he the Sea, the Rince the Ayre supplies,  
 Waiting aloft to see the fiend appeare,  
 Whose yawning chaps aboue the Billowes rise,  
 Ready to swallow all the Confines neare,

Whom as the valiant Prince againe espyes,  
He makes to him amaine, all voyde of feare:

And on his winged Steede against him tilts,  
Shouing bright *Harpe* vp eu'en to the hilts.

25

The wounded Whale casts from his hillish Iawes  
Riuers of Waters, mixt with purple gore,  
But from their force the wary Prince withdrawes,  
And strikes behind, on both sides and before,  
In many a place his shelly Armour flawes,  
Still byting *Harpe*, makes the Hell-hound rore:

And tyrd at length, the brutish Monster drowndes,  
In the blacke bloud that yssued from his wounds.

26

The God of Seas quak't at the frightfull sound  
His Monster made: the Gods aboue looke pale,  
The waters in the which his bulke lay drownd,  
With feare shrunk from him: now the slaughterd whale  
Receiuers from *Perseus* many an vnfelt wound,  
Whom Keene-edged *Harpe* pierst from head to tale:  
The parents now clap hands: the Mayde reioyces,  
The people lift to heauen their plausive voyces.

27

And whilst the multitude their wondring eyes  
Cast on the Monster, *Perseus* raines his steede,  
And from the Marble rocke the Mayde vntyes,  
By his late valour from the Hell-hound freede,  
How can *Cepheus* or his Queene devise,  
Or the bright Mayde to giue sufficient meede  
To *Perseus* for his merite, who desires,  
With quicke dispatch to kindle *Hymens* fites.

*Cepheus.*

28

The yeere *Andromeda* from death was freede,  
*Pheamone* first in *Pythia* propheside,  
*Cadmus* found Letters: taught the *Greekes* to reede:  
*Cecrops* th' Athenian Monarchy supplyde,  
*Rhomnus* the Spanish Scepter (in the weede  
Pontificke.) *Ranses* did through *Aegypte* ride,  
*Achaio* did *Achaya* first instaure,  
Now breath'd in *Crete*, the two shapt *Mynotaur*.

*Cecrops.*

The

29

The pallace is prepard, in euery place  
 Lowd Musicke sounds, the Bride is richly clad,  
 The Father his bold Sonne in Law to grace  
 Invites the Neighbour Kings : but *Phineus* mad,  
 From this high feast absents himselfe a space,  
 Till of his friends, great troops he gathered had,  
 To force the Virgine, freed on *soppens* shore,  
 Now *Perseus* Bride, though plight to him before.

30

Behold, the Pallace Court throngd with a crew,  
 Of men in Armour glistring : The loud sound  
 Of Nuptiall Musicke, through the Hall that flew,  
 With shrill confusions on the sudden drownd,  
 And still their shewtes and cryes more violent grew,  
 Till all the Bridall guests, incompast round  
 With hostile fiedge, amazedly discend,  
 To know what foes their powers against them bend.

31

With wrath vntam'd, the hurrying multitude  
 Rageth, and growes Impetuous : some cry, bring  
 That Stranger hether, whom we will exclude  
 From the fayre Court : some cry, lets haue the King :  
 Others the Bride : some mongst the rest more rude,  
 Say, come, the Pallace to the ground lets fling :  
 And whilst these sevrall clamors pierce their eares,  
 Proud *phineus* first, before them all appeares.

32

And shaking in his hand an Oaken Speare  
 Headed with Brasie : he thus bold *Perseus* greets:  
 Behold, th' Auenger of my nupciall Pheere,  
 Whom thou wouldest force. The Pallace Court & streets  
 Glister in armes, and canst thou hope to beare  
*Andromeda* from hence, Him *Cepheus* meets,  
 And as he was about his Speare to cast  
 At warlike *Perseus*, Thus replies at last.

33

Oh ! what will *Phineus* do ? What hellish rage  
 Mads thee to mischiefe ? Who begot this strife ?  
 Is this for *Danaes* Sonne sufficient wage,  
 Whose valor hath preserud my Daughters life ?

Why doest not thou, thy loue with ours ingage,  
For sauing her that should haue bin thy wife?  
Whom not bold *Perseus* but the Gods bereft thee,  
The fates, and not the prince, hath wuelesse left thee.

34  
When she was married to the Marble rocke,  
The fastning of those chaines thy bands vntide,  
Wa'st not enough, thou borne of *Cepheus* stocke,  
Her husband and her Kinsman neare allide,  
Saw'st all this people round about her flocke  
To see the sea-Whale in his bowels hide  
And bury her? Her freedome not pursuing,  
Vnworthy thou didst leau her to her ruine.

35  
Is *Phineus* sorry that she did not bleed,  
That her Redeemer he pursues with ire?  
Or if thou holdst her such a high-priz'd meed,  
Why didst thou not her from the Rocke desire?  
Or else, to him that hath my daughter freed,  
Why dost not yeeld her? *Phineus* eyes sparke fire:  
Doubtfull at whom he shall his Iauelin fling,  
His Rival *Perseus*, or his Kinsman King.

36  
The vprore like the raging sea increaseth,  
Where thousand Rebels are by *Perseus* slaine,  
Till tyr'd with slaughter his tough arme surceaseth,  
With multitudes of men to strow the plaine,  
For not a daring souldier neere him preaseth,  
But dies by *Harpe*, and yet all in vaine  
Such throngs of *Phineus* friends his valor cumber,  
That Noble vertue must needsyeeld to number.

37  
Therefore the Prince his *Gorgon* shield vncases,  
And saies aloud (since you compell me) see,  
Reuenge sufficient for my foule disgraces,  
For where strength failes we must vse policy,  
All that are *Perseus* friends, turne hence their faces,  
My foes all perish in their surquedree:

Fright Babes with Bug-beares, quoth the next that  
ayming a speare at *Perseus* with both hands. (stands,

But

38

But as on Gorgons head he casts his eyc,  
 His limbes grow stiffe, and he is changd to stone :  
 Another strikes the next that stands him by,  
 And pierst him through the brest, who now doth grone  
 His soule to Ayre : this done, he ment to fly,  
 But feeleſſ his aȝiue ſpirits fled and gone :  
 His Marble arme hath loſt his nimble ſpeed,  
 To draw it from the bulke which he made bleed.

39

Behold a Prince borne by the ſeauen-fold Nyle,  
 Crying to *Persēus* thus : See here thy bane,  
 Be proud, that we who dallied all this while,  
 Will at the length vouchſafe thy blood to draine :  
 And as he ſpake ſuch words, a ſcornefull ſmile  
 His viſage caſts, intending to haue ſlaine  
 The *Ihone*-ſtar'd prince, his frozen Statue ſhowes  
 Like one ſtill ſmiling, and ſtill threatning blowes.

40

What ? Stand you at the *Gorgons* ſight amazed ?  
 (Quoth Moble *Erix* ; or hath Witchcrafts ſpell  
 Such power vpon the valiant, who haue blazed  
 Their armes in many conſlicts, and fought well ?  
 Lets ſee what deuill in this ſhape is raifed,  
 Whom my Steele-pollax cannot proſtrate fell,  
 But in his preſſing forward, he ſoone feeleſſ  
 Cold leaden numbnelleſſe gyue his ſenceleſſe heeles.

41

Amongſt the reſt, one of bold *Persēus* crew,  
 Glancing his eye vpon his maifters shield  
 Turnd ſtone : him one of *Phineus* ſouldiers knew,  
 And thought to cleave him ſtanding in the field,  
 But with the ſtroke fire from the Marble flew,  
 His fore-head ſounded like a brazen shield ;  
 At which the ſouldier muſing, *Gorgon* ſpyes,  
 So stands transformd, with wonder in his eyes.

42

So that at laſt *Phineus* repents his ſpleene  
 And vniuſt warre made for *Andromeda*,  
 Two hundred of his traine his eye hath ſcene,  
 All Statues : vnto ſome he cals (*Away*)

Follow to some : Where liues that eniuious teene,  
With which you threatned *Perseus*? Wherfore stay  
Your paces from pursuite? Wheres the defying?  
So claps them on the shoulders, Courage crying.

43

But when he felt their hardned limbs offend  
His aking hand, and yeild it no impression,  
And that their mockery shapes did idly bend  
Their threatening armes, now finds he his transgression:  
His penitent hands he doth to heauen extend,  
Praying that they would ayd his intercession  
To great *Acrisius* Grand-childe, who strikes dead,  
So many bold sprites with his *Gorgons* head.

44

Now as with oblique paces, and his eies  
Turnd from the conquering Prince, he kneeling, speakes ;  
Hoping t'appease him with submissiue cries,  
The implacable Prince his rage thus wreakes,  
Behold what doome the Impartiall Deities  
Alot the wretch that Lawes of honor breakes:  
So with his shield *Gergonian* him pursude,  
Hardning the face which he behind him skrewd.

45

At th'instant his retorted necke waxt hard,  
His spread Armes stiff, his fixt eyes shewing feare,  
And you would thinke his shape all fence debard,  
Spake as it stood, words that a man might heare:  
These tumults done, and *Hymens* rights prepar'd,  
The Prince intends another course to beare :  
He takes his leaue, consorted with his Bride,  
And to his Mother his swift steps applide.

46

In the Mid-way he youthfull *Danaus* meets,  
(His hopefull Brother) who at the first fight  
Salutes him and his wife, with kind regreets,  
In many a sweet discourse they spend that night :  
At length the Murke and Palped darkenesse fleets  
From the skies azurd forehead : with the light  
The Princes rise, and speed them to the shore,  
To which the mast-less boat their mother bore.

O

Now

47

Now *Phrigian Mydas* famous for his eares,  
 Ia giuing *Apolloes* honor to God *Pan*,  
 And for his golden wish) the Scepter beares  
 Of *Phrigia*: In *Israell* that good man,  
*Samgor* was Judge, whose power so great appeares,  
 He of the *Philistyns* kild many a man;  
 And in one battaile whilst the Trumpets blew,  
 VVith an Oxe-goade sixe hundred Heathen slew.

48

But in these passages great *Saturnes Sonne*,  
 That with the *Troians* was at broad hostility,  
 At *Ganimeds* request, a league begun,  
 Now *Ihone* and *Troos* are one: he whose ability  
 Could not defend his *Troy* from being ore-run,  
 Now can commaund *Troyes* foes with much facility:  
 So, to yeeld way, rebates the greatest stroake,  
 So, softest walles, hard bullets soonest choake.

49

T'wixt *England* and great *Spaine*, two potent Nations,  
 Like enmity, hath long time beeene commenced,  
 And whilst *Eliza* liu'd, her proclamations  
 Oppos'd their pride, and her owne Prouince fenced,  
 But now with mutuall kind Congratulations,  
 All iniuries on both sides are dispensed,  
 And our great *Englands* *Ihone* for *Spaines* best vse,  
 Hath at their suite, granted a termine Truce.

50

*Troos* yeelds his due to Nature, him succeeds  
*Ilion* his Sonne, who *Ilios* high Towers reard,  
 More famous for his buildings, then braue deeds,  
 A royll Prince, and more beloud then feard,  
 He for a present, sends foure milke-white Steedes  
 To *Cretan Ihone* (a Present much indeerd)  
 Who by the Knight that such a treasure brought,  
 Re-sends a pretious gold-branch quaintly wrought.

51

Much richer gifts in enterchange of state,  
 Our Soueraigne to the lofty *Spaniard* gauc  
 The warlike Constable, who came of late  
 From *Hesperi*: a fие yeares truce to craue:

The league  
twixt Englaſd  
and Spaine.

2856

1307

More precious presents and of dearer rate,  
Bare Englands Admirall : both rich and braue,  
When from K. James sent with a princely traine,  
He was the great Embassador for Spaine.

The L. High  
Admiral Imb.  
for Spaine.

52  
*Ithunes branch (cald. the Palladium) the King plac'ſt*  
In *Pallas* royall Temple, where it stood  
Till *Troyes* proud wals were quite deieſt and rac'ſt,  
And *Iſlions* lofty Turrets ſwam in blood :  
Great *Iſlion* dies, and he that next him grac'ſt  
The *Troian* Crowne (a prince not all ſo good)  
*Laomedon*, of whom vve heere vvill ſtay,  
To beare the Sonnes of *Danae* on their way.

53  
Who as they paſt the defart, from a farre  
They might eſpy a goodly Knight lie ſpread  
Vpon the graſſe, he ſeem'd a man of Warre,  
For he was arm'd at all points (ſaue the head)  
On his faire brow appear'd no ſouldier ſcarre,  
It ſeemes he had not Armes long managed:  
Exchanges paſt of many a kind ſalute,  
Thus ſpeaks the armed Knight, whilſt they stand mute.

54  
Who hath not of the great *Acrifius* hard ?  
*Acrifius*, he that built the brazen Tower?  
Now Arges King no longer, but debard  
His native kingdome by his Brothers power,  
His Brother *Pricus* hath againſt him ward,  
And all his glories left him in an hovver :  
Stay there (quoth *Perſeus*) you haue toucht me neerly  
*Acrifius* vvrongs, King *Pricus* ſhall buy decretly.

54  
We are *Acrifius* Grand-child, and diſcended  
From beautious *Danae*, and that ſort of Brasse  
That Lady Rumor hath ſo farre commended,  
Who in Gold-liquid-showre-drops courted was ;  
Oh ! vwhere vvas I *Acrifius*, t'haue defended,  
With *Pricus* blood to haue ſtained the Argive graſſe :  
Both *Abas* ſonne, a Prince frugall and thrifty,  
He, *Linceus* ſonne, the ſole remaine of fifty.

56

Is Brother-hood abroad so light esteemed,  
That kingdomes can such holy knots vny ?  
Let me no more *Ihoues* Royall soone be deemed  
But for *Acrisus* wrongs, King *Pricus* die,  
He that in all the world austerest seemed,  
And stood vpon most points of honesty,  
Hath prou'd the greatest Hypocrite : like those,  
Without precise : within, religious foes.

57

Assist me Noble Knight in this aduenture,  
(Quoth the great *Gorgon-tamer* : ) when replide  
The armed stranger, by the firme Indenture  
Of honor, I am else-where bound to ride ;  
But if with me you will my voyage enter  
And see what shall my Chiualry betide,  
My Noble taske atchieu'd, I then wil lead you  
To *Pricus*, where my knowledge much may sted you.

58

*Bellerophon.*

When I the Triple-shapt *Chimere* haue slaine,  
Whose dreadfull forme makes all *Sicilia* quake,  
*Bellerophon* will then returne againe,  
And your attempt against *Pricus* vndertake :  
The Princes wonder at *Chimeraes* name ,  
And that one knight his desperate life should stake  
Against such odds, asking what Imposition  
Hath sent him on this dangerous expedition.

59

Or whether vncompeld he be so mad  
To seeke assur'd destruction, and to scale  
The Deuils den, where nothing can be had  
But certain ruine, his tough skin is Male,  
A terrible huge Lyons head (which drad)  
A Chieures body, and a Serpents tale,  
Him whose vast gorge whole armies cannot fill,  
Why should one desperate Knight attempt to kill ?

*K. Pricus Bro-*  
*ther to Acri-*  
*sus.*

60

*Bellerophon* replies, by *Pricus* doome,  
Not my owne will I am compeld to go,  
Else in my growing yeares that yet but bloome,  
I'de flesh my sword on a more equall foe .

But in *Sicilia* I must seeke my Toombe,  
Or kill the triple-Monster, dreaded so,  
(Sayth *Perseus* then) VVhat makes him so seuere?  
Attend (quoth he) great Princes you shall heare.

61

Oh! Why did Nature frame these Women fayre?  
And make theyr outward features Angell-bright?  
When their blacke insides staynd and spotted are,  
With Lust, with Pride, Contempt, disdaine, & Spight?  
Why should the snowy Swans in beauty rare  
Hane such blacke flet? Why should the Lilly white  
Bear such ranke smel? Can men withstand their fates,  
When golden vessailes bring in poysoned cates?

*Bellerophons  
tale.*

62

I thought I might haue gatherd a fresh Rose,  
And not haue prick't my finger with a Thorne:  
Or a sweete flower out of the Garden chose,  
But not a Nettle in my hand haue worne:  
Still, next the sweetest flower, the Nettle growes,  
The rarest beauty hath the rudest scorne:  
The Rouers Shippe beares the best promising sayles,  
The foulest Serpents the most golden skales.

63

By a fayre Woman is my youth mispent,  
My Innocent youth that never loue imbraced,  
Her deuillish mind to mallice wholly bent,  
My fortunes hath o're turnd, my Name disgraced,  
And I, through her malevolent entent  
Like a poore exile from my Countrey chaced:  
Oh woman! Made of Enuy, Pride, and Lustes:  
Woe to the man, that to thy weakenesse trusts.

64

My hopes (quoth *Perseus*) I on this haue layde,  
And thinke her heart to be her beauties peere,  
Nor where I trusted most am I betrayde,  
*Andromeda* I know still holds me deere,  
The stranger Knight (quoth she) that doth vpbrayde,  
Our sex so much, me thinkes is too seuere,  
To blame all women, for one Ladies deedes,  
At this all silence made, whilst he proceeds.

65

In *Pricus* Court my Child-hood I haue spent,  
 And there the grace of many Ladies gained,  
 But I whose thoughts were all on Knight-hood bent,  
 Regardlesse of their lookes, their loues disdained:  
 Among the rest, Queene *Aurea* often sent  
 Gifts and smooth Letters, fraught with lines vnsaigued:  
 This beautious Q. whose thoughts were at such strife,  
 Was my dread Soueraigns spouse: King *Pricus* wife.

66

Morethen her rauishing beauty could intice,  
 Th'allegiance to my King with me preuailed:  
 The more the wanton Queene incites to vice,  
 The more her sighes and amorous Courtships failed:  
 I held my name and honor of more price,  
 Then basely yeild, when womanish lust assailed:  
 At last, with such hot flames her entrailes burnd,  
 That(being disdain'd) her loue to rancor turnd.

67

She that before held of my person deereley,  
 Now damnes my presence to the deepest hell,  
 And in her hart vowes to reuenge seuerely  
 My loyall scorne(I know no hate so fell  
 As that which was once Loue) It toucht her neerely,  
 Where loue once log'd such poysonus hate doth dwell,  
 That now she aimis her enuy at my head,  
 Nor can she liue, *Belerephon* not dead.

68

Forthwith she cites me to King *Pricus* throne,  
 And as a Rauisher I am accusd,  
 She swears that when I found her all alone,  
 I would her roiall person haue abusd:  
 And then round pearles about her eyebals shone,  
 Which dropt downe by her cheeks,/such craft she vld:)  
 Oh heauen! what cannot cunning women doo?  
 By oaths, and teares, to win their husbands too?

69

I pleaded Innocence, but what (God wot)  
 Could my weake plea against her teares preuaile?  
 And to accuse her spouse-breach booted not,  
 Her whom teares helpt,could protestations faile?

Besides in honor I could lay no spot  
Vpon her loyalty, rather bewaile  
Her want of grace, and the hy-Gods importune,  
To assist my Innocence, and guide my fortune.

70

When I askt witnessse of such foule abuse,  
She thus replide, commixing words with teares :  
When lustfull men aime at such horride vse,  
They watch all spyal-eyes and listning eares :  
Nor can the want of witnessse plead excuse,  
For who (that to a woman fancy beares)  
Will, when he seekes t'inforce her aginst all reason,  
First, call his witnessse, to such hated Treason ?

71

Rather he watcheth the most silent houre,  
When man and beast is sunke in leaden slumbers,  
And *Morpheus* he that hath on midnight power,  
The world with vniuersal darkenesse cubabers :  
When (sauing Lust and Murder) al the powers  
Of earth lie hulst and charmd: vwhen no man numbers  
The yron toongs of Clockes : such a blacke time  
Should haue bin guilty of his more blacke crime.

72

For double vvitnesse in this case I stand,  
*Pricus* (you are my Husband and my King)  
And where should *Aurea* if not at your hand  
Seeke Justice : at that word fresh fourses spring  
From her drownd eies : what need the cause be scand  
With more sufficient prooфе? What needs she bring  
More arguments? Since euery teare she spilt,  
Perswades her loyalty : my heinous guilt.

73

The King though inly mou'd with wrath and spleene,  
Yet in his calme lookes moderates his Ire,  
He cals to mind how faithfull I haue bin,  
Since, (when I seru'd as *Knight*) before (as *Squire*)  
Loath would he vnreuenched leaue his Queene,  
As loth doth he my Innocent blood desire:  
Therefore twixt both, this rigorous doome he gaue,  
That the *Chimeraes* wombe should be my graue.

His

74

His tale thus ended, the two Princes vow  
 To lend him all assistance : by their aide  
*Belerephon* hath made *Chimera* bow,  
 Which done, they ioyntly *Pricus* Realme invaide :  
*Acrisius* by their armes is raised now,  
 And *Pricus* slaine : In *Arges* they are staide  
 By old *Acrisius*, who repents at last,  
 Of *Danae*, mongst the ruthlesse Billowes cast.

75

The Noble *Perseus* he adopts his sonne,  
 And makes him Heyre aparant to the Crowne :  
 Sorry for all the spight against him done,  
 And now bright *Danae* he accounts his owne,  
 Sending young *Danaus* and *Bellerephon*  
 With royal gifts (soone to the Princesse knowne)  
 Shewing by these his reconciled hart,  
 But with the warlike *Perseus* hee'l not part.

76

Whom the same day he *Arges* King creates,  
 Himselfe in *Darraine* liues a life retyred,  
*Perseus*, *Andromeda* his Queene instates  
 In the like pompe (a Lady much admired)  
 Fiue children he begat (so would the Fates)  
 More valiant, with their Fathers gifts inspired :  
 Rich *Scelenus*, great *Bachmon*, and bold *Demon*,  
 Noble *Erictreus*, and faire *Gorgophon*.

77

This *Gorgophon* is held to be the first,  
 That in those daies was knowne to marry twice,  
 Her husband dead, alone this Lady durst  
 Proue second spousals, which was held a vice,  
 The chaste Matrons her example curst,  
 Who held their constant loue in Soueraigne price :  
 Our hinder widowes, Saint her name in heauen,  
 Some foure, some fiue, nay some haue told to seauen.

78

His sonnes takes wiues, *Acrisius* still suruiuing,  
 Who glories in his warlike Grand-childs seed,  
 Their honors from their Fathers acts deriuing,  
 For by their swords did many Tyrants bleed :

*Perseus* Issue.  
*Herodotus* in  
*Polimnia*.

*Pausanias* in  
*Corinthiacis*.

But leauue them in their deedses of valour striuing,  
And of *Acrisius* timelesse fate proceede :

Forgetting what was told him long agone,  
That *Danaes* Sonne must turne him into stonc.

79

When *Perseus* had in *Arges* gauernd long,  
Vpon a night he much desird to see  
*Acrisius* : and to *Darraine* that was strong  
With triple gates, alone ascended he,  
There knobs, the Porters had forgot his toong,  
and with bold words denyde him entrance free :

At which inrag'de, the Prince his *Harpe* drew,  
And at first stroke th' ill-languad'g *Guardian* flew.

80

The vptore flowes apace, Clamors arise  
From all parts of the Fort : to the Kinges eare  
They come at last, who with the Warders cryes  
Astonisht, to the tumult preaseth neere,  
Thinking t'appease the broyle and riotyze,  
But haplesse man vnwares he perisht there :

The enraged Prince that mad-like layde about,  
Struck with a blow, his Grand-sires life-bloud out.

2657.

1306.

81

*Perseus* the vnauyded fates now blames,  
And layes *Acrisius* in his Marble graue,  
He that on earth injoyes the hy'st-stilde-names,  
Vnto theyr doomes must yeeld himselfe a slau,  
From all delights the Prince himselfe reclaymes,  
In *Arges* Throne he no delight can haue :

But for his sake that th' *Argine* Scepter bore,  
he leauues the Prouince, neate to see it more.

82

His Court unto *Mecenes* he transported,  
But thither did his sorrowes him pursue,  
and therefore with a huge hoast brauely sorted,  
himselfe into the Orient he withdrew :  
his army he with warlike phrase exhorted  
Gainst *Lyber-Pater*, whom in armes he slew,  
and where the Easterne Monarchs bloud lay spilt,  
*Persepolis* a stately Towne he built.

*Theseus in rebus Corinthiacis.*

*Persepolis.*

He

83

He calſ the prouince *Perſea* by his name,  
 Where *Bachmon* in the kingdome him ſucceeds,  
*Eriſteus* did all the Nations tame  
 By the red ſea, and there his honoured deeds  
 Are Chronicled: great *Scelemeſt* thy fame  
 Liues in *Mecenes*: the *Pontificke* weeds  
 Are for thy Royalty reſeru'd alone,  
 In *Thebes*, remaines twice-married *Gorgophon*.

84

*Alceus* and *Electrion* from his line  
 Discend, *Alceus* was *Amphitrioes* ſire,  
*Electrion* as *Bochas* doth deuine,  
*Alcmena* got, whose face all eyes admire,  
*Alcmena* and *Amphitrio* combine  
 Themſelues by *Hymens* ceremoniall fire:  
 Of this bright *Theban* dame through *Greece* commen-  
 This Monſter-tamer *Hercules* diſcended.

85

But how great *Ihone* with bright *Alcmena* lay,  
 Himselue transforming to *Amphitrioes* ſhape,  
 Adding three nights together without day:  
 How *Juno* enuious of her husbands rape,  
*Alcmenaes* Child-birth hindred, and did ſlay  
 The vnborene infants who with wonder ſcape  
 Her Hell-borne charmes, how by *Galantis* ſimile,  
*Juno* was mockt, *Alcmena* ſcapt her guile.

86

How young *Alcides* in the Cradle lying,  
 Check't two inuenomed Snakes, by *Juno* ſent  
 To ſtrangle him: how *Ypectens* dying  
 By those charm'd Serpents, to *Elifum* went,  
 And how the *Ihone*-star'd Lad his valor trying  
 Vpon th'*Olimpicke* mount: disgraced ſent  
 All ſuch as came to haue their valours tride,  
 To leape, to run, to wrastle, or to ride.

87

*Galantis Alcmenaes nurse.*

How by the K. *Eriſteus* he vvas taught,  
 Lou'd beautious *Megera*, and fam'd all *Greece*,  
 And through the world renown'd aduentures ſought,  
 Conquer'd great *Cacus* and the golden fleece:

*Ypectens Hercules*  
*twinne-*  
*Brother and*  
*fonne to Amphitrio*

How Achelous he to ruine brought,  
Doted on *Deianeira* that faire preece,  
And *Iole*, who the more fame to win,  
Made great *Alcides* on a distaffe spin.

88

*Iole* daughter  
to *Gaeus*.

All these we leaue as tales too often told,  
And rubs that would our running voyage let,  
Not that our thoughts despise them being old,  
(For to antiquity we owe much debt)  
But because Time that hath his acts inold  
To many a Common sale his deeds hath set,  
Therefore (though no part of his worth to reaue him)  
We now for matters more allide, must leaue him.

89

And now looke backe to *Troy*: *Laomedon*  
Intends new wals about his Towne to reare,  
But wanting coined Gold to deale vpon,  
Solicits all the Gods, such as dwelt neare,  
Chiefly those two that rule the *Sea* and *Sun*,  
*Neptune* and *Phaebus* Mony-maisters vvere,  
Of whose rich Priests for so much coine he cals,  
As may repaire his Citties ruin'd wals.

90

They dispuruey their vestry of such Treasure  
As they may spare, the vwork now being ended  
Demand their sums againe: but out of measure  
At their request the Monarch seemes offended,  
And saies he meanes to pay them at his pleasure:  
The Gods (by whom *Troy* vvas vwith wals defended,)  
Inrag'd at his ingratitude, conspire,  
With ioynt reuenge to vbreak their spleenfull ire.

*Herodotus*:

○ 91

The vvrathfull *Neptune* first his Billowes raisd  
Aboue the high-built-Wals, thinking to drowne  
Those lofty spires whom all the world hath praisd,  
Hurrying his brinish waters through the Towne:  
Now *Dolphins* play, where barbed Steeds haue graz'd,  
In euery pau'd-street *Neptunes* Billowes frownie,  
Till being weary with the Citties sacke,  
He drawes himselfe into his Channels backe,

For

92

For by the fates appointment the proud God  
Must keepe his falling ebbes as well as flow,  
Else pale-fac't *Cinthia*, at whose dreadfull nod  
Obedient *Neptune* shrinkes, her rage will shew,  
For she commands his waues, and his abod  
Is pointed by the Moone, whether below  
In his Abisme, or rockes appearing hire,  
He guidis his lookes by her immortall fire.

93

But as he shrinkes his waters at her becke,  
He leaues much slimy filth vpon the shore,  
Now gan the God of Fire his beames reflect  
Vpon the drownded Continent that wore  
The sea-Gods wrath, and now must bide his checke,  
A hot contagious stemme (not knowne before)  
Poysons the Clime, and as the heat increast,  
The infectious pest consum'd both man and beast.

94

Halfe-perisht *Troy* vnable to withstand  
Their double wrath, her people from her flye,  
Knowing they both offended Sea and Land,  
And to abide their vengeance must needs dye,  
The King himselfe that wants power to command,  
The all-consuming Plague, fears to come nyc,  
The wals he reard, but must to *Delphos* trauell,  
To excuse his Pride, that with the Gods durst cauell.

95

His due Oblations ended : tis returnd,  
That he must seeke th'offended Gods t'appease,  
Else the hot plague (his peoples entrailes burnd,)  
Shall all the remnant of his subiects cease,  
Nor must his fearefull penance be adiournd :  
Nothing can *Neptune* and *Apollo* please,  
But monthly to a Monster of the flood,  
To yeild a beautious maide of the Kings blood.

96

This couenant, the *Troyan* King prepares  
Alotted Virgins, now th'infection flakes,  
At length alas (for bold Fate all things dares,)  
The lot the beautious maide *Hesione* takes,

The Kings sole Daughter, Fottune nothing carcs  
For him, whose hand th'Imperiall Scepter shakes.

The hood-winckt Goddess dare on all sides strike,  
Beggers and Kings, in lots are both alike.

97

Imagin her with thousand Virgins guided  
Vnto her fearefull Toombe, her Monster-graue :  
Imagin how the hulky Diuell slyded  
Along the Seas smooth breast, parting the waue :  
Alasse poore naked Damsell, ill prouided,  
Whom Millions, without heauens help cannot saue :  
Yet see, help coms : behold the pride of *Greece*  
Deck't in the conquest of the Golden fleec.

98

Along the glassie *Hellespont* by chance  
*Alcides* sayling, sees vpon the Land  
The all-dispoyled Virgin in a Trance,  
Wayling her ruine on the bryny Strand,  
Aboue the Waues he sees a Whale aduance  
His dreadfull shape : at whose sight all that stand  
Upon the Beach, some sounding, as halfe dead,  
Others dismayde, backe to the City fled.

99

Such onely, whom the cause concerned most,  
And vnto whom the Virgine was allyde,  
Attend her swallowing, on the *Marine* coast,  
For whom (no Mortall) safety can prouide,  
Now great *Alcides* with his Greekish host  
Lands on the Continent vnterrifide :  
And while the *Troian* King with terrour shakes,  
The Virgins Rescue boldly vndertakes.

100

Two barbed Steeds, the best that *Asia* bred,  
Are by the King ordaind the Victors mett,  
By whose strong hand the Sea-Whale shall fall dead,  
The Virgine liue, and *Troy* from pest be freed ;  
Now falleth his huge Club on the Monsters head  
With such impetuous weight, and violent spedde :  
As if Heauens greatest Collumne should downe fall,  
That beares the high roofe of th'*Olimpicke* Hall.

101

The hydious *Augur* slaine, and she releast,  
 The perjur'd King, the promist meede denies,  
 And seeing *Troy* both wal'd, and free from pest,  
 Excludes the *Greeke* for his bold enterprise:  
 Who sayles from *Greece*: after few months of rest  
 Doth burne *Lariſſe*, and *Tenedos* surprise,  
 Ruinates *Troy*, expels *Laomedon*,  
 Beates downe the wals made by the Sea and Sunne.

The first deſtruction of  
Troy.

*Creon* K. of  
*Thebes*.

In which atchieuement *Philiſteles* fought,  
 (Made of *Alcides* vanquisht foē his friend)  
 The King *Eriſtheus* there for honor sought:  
 And *Creon* to this dreadfull fight gaue end,  
 The Noble *Theseus* his assistance brought,  
*Theban Amphitriō* did his armes extend  
 Gainſt *Asias* pride, and with the rest retурning,  
 Ayded great *Hercules* in *Troyes* firſt burning.

102

These as they were a Ship-board, hauing fild  
 The vast Wombes of their Barkes with wealthy spoiles,  
 Insulting in the *Troian* bloud they spild,  
 Discourſing of their fightes and dangerous broyles,  
 And ſuch great victories attaīnd but feild,  
 Though with more labours, and Infudate toyles:  
 Cups of *Greece* Wine vnto this Conqueſt crownd,  
 Thus King *Eriſtheus* boards the Princes round.

103

Now the firſt *Vigill* of the night is entred,  
 With ſome diſcourse lets ouertake the Sunne,  
 Who flying, is by this bencath vs centred,  
 And whilſt the waking Stars their courses runne,  
 Diſcourse, who firſt the *Tartar* gates aduenterd,  
 And by whose hand that bold attempt was done,  
 Of *Orpheus* and *Euridice*, and in fine  
 Of *Pluto*, and the rauisht *Proſerpine*.

*Pluto* and  
*Proſerpine*.

104

When *Theseus* thus: Since you deſire to know  
 The true report of these *Tartarian* bralles,  
 Which none can better then *Alcides* ſhew,  
 Or *Theseus* Present: by th' *Aſnean* Wallies,

The Waters of *Pergusa* gently flow,  
And thence into the Neighboring River falleth:  
Crown'd with a grove, through which the lake doth  
Making his bowes a Bon-grace from the Sun. (run,

105

Hether fayre *Proserpine* repaying still,  
With Daysies, Daffadils, and Lillies white,  
Roses and Mary-golds her lap to fill,  
And to returne home laden (a sweete sight)  
Chaplets to make, or Gyrlands by fine skill;  
By chance the God of shades in edge of night  
In his blacke *Ebon* Chariot hurrying by,  
Vpon the Virgine casts a Rauishers eye.

106

He spyes, and loues, and catches vp at ones,  
Th'affrighted Virgine, who lets fall her flowers,  
he beares her ouer hills, Dales, Rocks, and stones,  
She, calls on Mother, Friends, and (teares she powers,)  
Mother nor friend can heare her shriekes and groanes,  
Through pooles and Lakes the God of *Tartar* skoures,  
he yerkes his hot Steedes with his wyery strings,  
And from his Coach Wheeles rusty darknesse flings.

107

And calls his Ietty Stallions by their Names,  
Whose hard hoofes make the vaulted Center-sound,  
his ratling Chariot, through the ayre proclaymes  
his feare and flight, with burnisht Brasse shod round,  
Nor once lookes backe the dreadfull God of flames,  
Or thinkes his rape safe on the vpper ground:  
But with his *Ebon-Mace* the earth inforces,  
Which cleft, sinkes him, his Chariot, and his horses.

108

The Queene of *Plenty*, she that crownes the land  
With seuerall graine, and *Neptunes* Kingdome bounds,  
Searches about, but cannot vnderstand  
Of her fayre Daughter, yet the world she rounds,  
And day by day she takes this taske in hand,  
But in her bootleſſe search her ſelfe confounds:  
*Aurora* finds her in her trauels riſing,  
The ſetting Sunne ſtill ſees her, eaſe diſpifing.

*Ceres*

100

But in our labors we our pen must rest,  
 Least in her search, vve our Inuention loose,  
 Which finding tyr'd vvith trauell, vve hold best  
 A vvhole to cherish, (therefore rest we choose)  
 Heere therefore let vs breath, ere vve digest  
 Troyes second fall, as that vvwhich next ensues :

Our Muse vvith Phæbus sets, and vvith the Sun  
 To Morrovv rising, is our taske begun.

*Apollod. Athē.  
lib. 2.  
Melanthes lib.  
de mysterys.*

**T**He Gorgons were cald by other names, Pemphrado, Erito and Dino, to whom was added a third Iæno.

Pegasus taking his flight out of Helicon, striking the earth with his hoones, there presently sprung out the pleasant Fountaine Hippocrene, after consecrate to the Mules. Some moralize this winged Horse to a swift-saile Ship, in vvwhich Perseus sauld in all his forraine aduentures.

Aurea Mala, which the Latines conster golden Apples, the Greekes call golden Sheepe, the word importing so much.

Atlas for his exquisite skil in Astronomy was said to beare heauen on his shoulders.

*S. Augustine.*

Of this Sea-monster S. Augustine speakes in his Booke de Ciuitate Dei, affirming that one of the bones, was in his time still unconsumed and kept.

The monster Chimere described with a Lyons head, a Goats belly, and a Serpents taile, was a mountaine in Sicily, whose top was full of wilde Lyons, the middle of Goats, and the foote and lower part swarmed with serpents : This hill Belerephon by the ayde of Perseus, cleared of all these Sauadges, & after made it habitable.

*Quid Meta-  
morph.*

Where Iupiter is said to put three nights into one, som haue ingenionsly imagined it, to be about that time, when at Iosuahs prayer the Sunne staide his Diurnal course(till he had the slaughter of his enemies) which being kept away from a Country so farre remote, must of force lengthen the night by his absence, as it prolonged the day by his presence.

Galanthis by her craft deceiuing Juno, was by her after in her anger transformed into a Weasill.

Philocletes sonne to Pæan, and after his surprisall, companion with Hercules in all his trauels, to whom at his death

hee

he gave his arrowes, poysoned in the bloud of Hydra.

The length of that night before mentioned, may else be alluded to that in the 2. Kings, Chap: xx. where Zedekiah beeing promist by God fifteene yeares life after his extreame sicknesse, and cravinge a signe, God commanded the shadow of the Sun to go backe ten degrees, which was incontinently performed in the Diall of Ahuz : as it was promised him by Isaiah the Prophet.

The Nereides with whome Andromeda was compared, were the daughters of Nereus the son of Oceanus & Thetis: his daughters were nymphs of the sea : he had by the nymph Doris these three children, Halia, Spio, Pasithae & Ligea, with others to the number of fifty, whose names Hesiodus remembers, and Apollodorus.

Laomedon, besides Hesione, whom he best loued, had 3. daughters more, Aethala, Astioche, and Medicastes, but Hesione being dearest to him, Neptune and Apollo chuse her to be devoured of the Sea-monster.

Hes. in Theog.

Apollodorus  
Athen.

The end of the sixt  
CANTO.



## Argumentum.

EVridia stung with a Snake and dying,  
 Sad Orpheus trauels for her sake to Hell,  
 Among th' Infernals Musickes vertue trying,  
 Much honoured (euen where fiends & deuils dwel)  
 Ceres to Hercules for vengeance crying,  
 Th' undaunted Greeke, seekes Pluto to expell:  
 Iasons rich Fleece, & proud Troy once more racht  
 By Hercules, in our next skeades are plac't.

## ARG. 2.

WHO Musick found: hell saft: Perithous harms  
 Eta describes, with great Medeas charmes.

## CANTO. 7.

**M**Vsicke by which the Spheares are taught to moue,  
 And tune their motion to their makers praise,  
 Approves it selfe deuine: first sound aboue,  
 After bequeath'd fraile man, to cheare his daies:  
 Whether twere taught vs by the Birds, that proue  
 Their harmony, in their sweet-Chirping layes,  
 Or whether found by man: of this I am sure,  
 It hath bin Ancient, and shall long endure.

**Eusebius.**

Let Homers Demodocus witnesse beare,  
 And Virgils Iopas: with this heauenly skill,  
 Some say Amphion rauisht first the care,  
 Which Zephns did with Notes and Crotchets fill,

But others *Dionisius* hold most deare,  
As one that made his Ayers lowd and shrill,  
Men diuerely deriuie Musickes soft feer,  
Some from *Arcadia*; likewise some from *Crees*.

*Pollinnes*

3  
On Shalmes *Trezenius Dardanus* first plaid,  
On Cranes legs first, but after fram'd of Reed,  
Bright *Mayaes* sonne on a parcht *Tortoys* made  
Th'vnshaped Harpe: most Writters haue agreed  
That *Tubal* gaue it forme, with pins that staid  
The tuned strings, to make his Musicke speed:  
*Pan* found the Pipe, to play at *Syrinx* lute,  
*Tymarias*, was the first, that strung the Lute.

*Solinus**Mercury*:

4  
*Nables* and *Regals*, holy *David* found,  
*Dirceus* an *Athenian*, *Clarious* shrill,  
And these the *Lacedemons* did first sound,  
When the *Messenians* they in armes did kill:  
Vnto the *Dulcimer* first danced round  
The *Troglodites*: after the *Rebeck* still  
Th' *Archadians* fought: *Pises Tyrhenus* was  
The first that fashond Trumpets made of Brasse.

*Iosephus*

5  
Which some to *Myses* attribute, and say  
The *Hebrewes* with a Siluer Trumpet led,  
Marcht, and retyrd: were taught to keepe array,  
When to fall off, when on; fly or make head:  
*Dromslades* the *Romans* taught: the *Cretans* they,  
After the Lute their hostile paces tread:  
Great *Haliattes* with his sword and shield,  
Marcht not without lowd pipers in the field.

*Haliattes king of Lydia.*

6  
This, as it hath the power in dreadfull Warres  
Mongst soft effeminate breasts to kindle rage,  
and to relenting grace all entrance barres,  
So hath it power the rudeſt thoughts to affwage:  
To musicke moue the Plannets, dance the stars,  
It tempers fury, makes the wilde man sage,  
In this conſent of ſtringes, he that can well,  
May with harmonious *Orpheus* enter hell.

Wec

7

We left Queene *Ceres* in her Daughters Quest,  
Measuring the earth from one side to another,  
Yet can shee find no end to her vnrest,  
Her Daughter lost, shee is no more a Mother :  
The earth once cherisht, she doth now detest,  
Gainst which her spleene, she can no longer smother :  
Shee calls it barbarous, vnthankfull, base,  
And no more worthy of her Soueraigne grace.

8

And much against her ancient pleasure speakes,  
For what she fauour'd earst, she now dislikes,  
In euery place she comes, the Ploughes she b<sup>t</sup>eakes,  
The laborous Oxen she with Murraine strikes,  
Vpon the toyling Swaines her spleene she wreakes,  
Cattell and Men choake vp their new-plasht Dykes :  
The barraine fieldes deceiue the Plow-mans trust,  
The vsuring seede is molded vnto dust.

9

Which rather in the parched furrow dries,  
Layd open vnto euery rigorous blast,  
Else to the thecuish Byrds a prey it lies,  
Or if it hap to gather root at last,  
Cockle and Tares, euen with the Corn-eares rife,  
Else by the choaking Cooch-grasse it is past :  
Thus through her griefe, the earth is barraine made,  
The hoped haruest perisht in the blade.

10

Meane time *Euridice*, the new made Bride  
Of *Orpheus*, with a princely traine consorted,  
As in a Meddow by a Riuers side,  
Vnto her Husbands *Harpe* one day she sported,  
And by his tune her measured paces guide,  
In a swift *Hadegay* (as some reported : )  
She shricking starts, for whilst her Husband singes  
Vnto his *Harpe*, a Snake her Ankle stings.

II

In *Orpheus* armes she dyes, her soule discends,  
Ferryed by *Charon* o're the *Stigian Lake*,  
The woefull Bridegrome, leaues his house and friendes,  
Vowing with her the loath'd world to forsake,

To the *Tenarian* part his course he bends,  
And by the way, no cheerefull word he spake :  
But by ten thousand pathes, turning doth crosse  
Through *Tartary*, and through the blacke *Molosse*.

12

There is a steepe decliuy way lookes downe,  
Which to th' Infernall Kingdome *Orpheus* guides,  
Whose louer, vapors breathes : he sits not downe,  
But enters the darke Cauerne with large strides,  
With thousand shadowes, he is compast round,  
Yet still the suffocating Mists diuides :

Millions of Ghosts vnbodyed, bout him play,  
Yet fearelesse, *Orpheus* still keepes no his way.

*Molosse* is a part  
of *Epire*, so cal-  
led of *Molossus*  
Sonne to Pyr-  
hus and Andro-  
macb.

13

Hels restlesse *Ferriman* with Musick payd,  
Is pleas'd to giue him waftage too and fro,  
The triple Hell-hound, that his entrance stayd,  
Charmed with Musick, likewise lets him go,  
So through the ayry throng he passage made,  
(Th'immortall people that remaine below : )  
And tuning by the way his siluer stringes,  
To the three fatall Sisters, Thus he singes :

14

You powers Infernall, full of awfull dread,  
Whose dietyes no eye terrestriall sees,  
I know all Creatures that are mortall bred,  
At first or last, must stand to your decrees,  
I come not as a spy among the dead,  
To blab your doomes, or rob you of your fees :  
I onely pierce these vaults (voyd of all crime)  
To secke my Bride, that perisht fore her time.

*M: Manilius s.  
rerum Astro-  
nomicarum.*

15

By loue, whose high commaund was never bounded  
In Earth or Heauen, but hath some power belovv  
By your blacke Ministers : by *Orcus* rounded  
With *Styx*, whose pitchy Waters ebbe and flow,  
By those three Kings, by whom all doomes are sounded,  
The *Elisan* pleasures, and the Lake of Woe :  
By all the dreadfull secrets of the dead,  
Fayre *Parce* knitt againe her vitall thread.

*Minos, Eacus,  
Rhodamant.*

16

I seeke not to exempt her from your doome,  
 This is our generall home, heare we must stey,  
 Though now releast, (as all things hither come)  
 So must she too, and heare abide for aye,  
 Graunt that she now may but bespeake her roome,  
 And to her death allot a longer day :

Or if th' immoued Fates, this will not doe  
 Before my time (with her detaine me to.)

Hels torments

17  
 This with such moouing accents *Orpheus* sung,  
 That Chin-deepe *Tantalus* forgot to bow  
 Vnto the shrinking *Waue* : *Ixion* hung  
 Vntost vpon the *Wheele* : and *Sisiphe* now  
 Rests him vpon his stone. His *Harpe* was strung  
 With such rare art, the *Danaes* knew not how :  
 To vse their empty tubbes, *Stix* breath'd not fire,  
 Nor can the vulture on *Prometheus* tyre.

*Clotho, lachesis  
Atropos.*

18  
 The Sisters weepe, Hels Judges appeare mild,  
 And euery tortur'd Ghost forgets his paine,  
*Proserpine* laugh, and the drad *Pluto* smild  
 To see her chang'd of cheere, no soules complaine,  
 Hels Senate to his grace is reconcild,  
 And all agree, she shall suruiue againe :  
 Through million-Ghosts, his Bride is sought & found,  
 And brought to him, still haulting on her wound.

*In Argonauti-  
cis.*

19  
 He takes her, with this charge at *Plutoes* hand,  
 Not to locke backe till he *Auerkus* past,  
 And the large limits of the *Stygian* Strand,  
 Through darke and obscure wayes, through deserts vast,  
 Steepe hills and smoaky Caues, his Wife he man'd,  
 Vntill he came where a thin plancke was pla'st  
 O're a deepe raging Torrent, where dismayd,  
*Orpheus* lookest backe, her trembling arme t'hau'e staid.

20  
 Which the three-throated *Cerberus* espying,  
 Snatches her vp, and beares her backe to hell,  
 In vaine are all his sighes, his teares, his crying :  
 Lowder then he can play, the Dog can yell,

He blames his too much loue, and almost dying  
 Is ready with his Bride mongst shades to dwell,  
 So long vpon the barren plaines he trifled,  
 Till with hells vapors he was almost stifled.

21

At length the *Rhodopeian Orpheus* turnes  
 His feeble paces to the vpper earth,  
 Which now with discontented *Ceres* mournes  
 The rape of *Proserpine*, still plagu'd with Dearth,  
 Either the Sun the gleby Champion burnes,  
 Else too much raine doth force abortiuie birth  
 To the ranke Corne, the world forct to complaine,  
 With widdowed *Orpheus* and the Queene of Graine.

22

Who hauing searcht Earth, of her child to know,  
 She finds her no where on the earth abiding ;  
 And skaling heauen, Heaven can no daughter shewe,  
 Therefore both heauen and earth the Queene is chiding,  
 Onely she left vnsought the vaults below,  
 But heares how *Orpheus* hath by Musickes guiding  
 Past through *Avernu* and the *Stygian* fires,  
 Therefore of him she for her childe inquires.

23

He tells her of her Daughter new translated,  
 Whom in the vaulted Kingdomes he had leene  
 With *Pluto*, in th' infernall Throne instated,  
 Where though against her will she raignes as Queene :  
 Oh Ihoue (quoth she) and hath that God (most bated  
 Of *Proserpine*) the hellish raptor beene !  
 Monarch of Deuils, since thou doest constraine mee,  
 Vnto the Gods aboue I must complaine mee.

24

This was (quoth *Hercules*) about the season  
 When *Hippodamia* matcht with *Theseus* frend,  
 Noble *Perithous* by the *Centaures* Treason,  
 Was rausht and re-purchast : But an end,  
 Our watre-toyld limbes we keepe against all reason  
 From Natiue rest, I seele soft sleepe descend  
 and close my eye-lids with his downy wings,  
 I must to rest ; For this time, farewell Kings.

Whe-

25

Whether being weary of his hostile paine  
 Tooke in the former fight, he couets rest,  
 Or whether modesty made him restraine,  
 To heare his praise where he deserued best :  
 But his retурne the Kings intreat in vaine,  
 When *Theseus* thus proceeds at their request ;  
*Ceres* displeasd the hye *Olimpus* mounts,  
 And to the eare of *Ihōue* this rape recounts.

26

Reuenge great *Ihōue* (quoth she) thy wrongs and mine,  
 And if mine cannot moue thee, let thy owne,  
 For ours betwixt vs is faire *Proserpine*,  
 (By diuellish *Pluto* into *Orcus* thowne)  
 Long lost, long sought, my daughter's found in fine,  
 Rather not found, her losse is certaine knowne :  
 For how alas can I vwell tearme her found  
 Whom I still lose, kept low, beneath the ground.

27

In the rude armes of the blacke *Dīs* shees plac'ſt,  
 Hels Adamantine gates besides inclose her,  
 Let not thy Aunt great *Ihōue* be thus disgrac'ſt,  
 But of my owne childe make me free disposer,  
 Else let my name be from thy Bed-role rac'ſt,  
 and be no more a Goddesse, if I lose her :  
 But *Ihōue* by faire words seekes t'appease the Mother,  
 and reconcile her to his *Stigian* Brother.

28

But th'vnapeased Goddesse hates the Thiefe,  
 That with her daughter all her pleasure stale,  
 and since heauen giues no comfort to her griefe,  
 Sheele try vwhat Mortal can her daughtet bale,  
 She comes vvhile *Hercules* and all the chiefe  
 Of *Greece* assembled, where she tells this tale :  
 And weeping, sweares to be at sterne defiance,  
 With the *Tartarian Dīs*, and his alliance.

29

Before *Alcides* on this Iourney went  
 Vnwares to him, my friend and I prepare,  
 (Noble *Perithous*) to this one dissent,  
 Thinking to cheare the Queene opprest vwith care,

But fate was opposite to his intent,  
We scarce (well arm'd) had tucht the lowest stare :  
But *Cerberus*, my friend vntimely flew,  
and me halfe-dead vpon the Pauement threw.

*Peribous  
slaine.*

30

Vnto my rescue great *Alcides* came,  
To *Hyppodamias* husband much to late,  
The *Ithoniall* youth that can all Monsters tame,  
Ere he findes leysure to lament our Fate,  
Or on the murdrous Hel-hound to exclame,  
He fals his huge Club on the Monsters pate,  
Which with such violent fury pasht his braines,  
It stounds him, so he leaues him bound in chaines.

31

Aduentring forward in his Lyons case,  
Th'vnbodyed Ghosts affrighted from him flie,  
Who see such terror in his yrefull face,  
Poore soules they feare by him againe to die,  
Hels Marble gates he beates ope with his Mace  
And manly might amongst the Deuils try,  
Who as they stop his way, his Club makes reele,  
Whilst Furyes fly him with their whips of steele.

32

Vast hell is all in vprore, *Pluto* wonders  
To see his black-fac't ministers afraide,  
he feares th'Imperiall Lord of fire and Thunders  
Attempts his lower Kingdoms to inuade :  
From *Proserpine*, his twined armes he sounders,  
Takes vp his sable Mace of *Porphyry* made :  
And with his blacke Guard forward marcheth still,  
where greatest was the presse, the cry most shrill.

33

Hell had beene sack't, and all hells right displayd,  
had not the Fates whom Gods and Men obey,  
The fury of th'aduentrous *Grecian* stayde,  
and with their reverent paces stopt his way,  
(Those whom the Gods incline to, he obeyd)  
In their Brasse rols that never shall decay,  
*Alcides* (by their license) reades his Fate,  
and armes layde by, more mildly they debate.

Q

*Pluto*

34

*Pluto* inquires the cause of his attiue,  
 He tels him for the rauisht *Proserpine*,  
 Whom as he heares, the King intends to wiue,  
 Whose heauenly face must among Angels shinc,  
 Not be amongst the Deuils damnd aliuue,  
 Of this the Fate twixt him and his define :

And thus amongst them they compound the cause,  
 According to their neuuer-changing Lawes.

35

That if Queene *Proserpine* hath kept stri& fast,  
 And since her entring Hell not tasted food,  
 as she hath once the *Stygian* riuier past,  
 So backe to earth she may re-saile the flood ;  
 Inquiry made, the girtle alas did tast  
 Some few Pomgranat graines, which vnderstood,  
 Her doome the fates amongst themselues compoun d,  
 That *Proserpine* must still liue vnder ground.

36

Attonement made with hell, the glorious *Greeke*,  
 Arm'd with his club returnes the way he came,  
 Vpon the earth archieuements new to seeke,  
 Since hell is fild with his victorious name,  
 Through many a winding path, and turning creeke,  
 He comes at last where my deere friend lay slaine:  
 I wounded, and the triple Hell-hound laid  
 Bound in those Gyues which he for others made.

37

To mournefull *Hippodamia* he presents  
 The mufcrous Dogs with her deere husbands coarse,  
 She sings his Dirge in many sad Laments,  
 But at the fiend that slew without remorse  
 Her husband, shew aimes all her discontent,  
 And on his face imprints her womanish force :  
 heere *Theseus* wept, nor could he longer hide  
 His priuate sorrow for his friend that dide.

38

This is the Noble *Theseus* *Aethraes* sonne,  
 By King *Egeus*, that durst hell inuade,  
 In battaile th' *Amazonian* *Baldrick* wonne,  
 And stout *Hippolite* his Dutchesse made,

Who when King *Minos* cloſd *Pasiphae's* Sonne  
The *Mynotaure* in the *Dedalian* shade :  
He by her helpe, to whom ſhe proou'd vnytrue,  
Releafe the Tribute, and the Monster ſlew.

The lal orinth  
made to *Dedalus*.  
Looke in the  
Skolly.

39

*Eriſtheus*, and the valiant *Theban* King,  
That knew the Prince *Perithous*, much lament him,  
But with their teares the day began to ſpring,  
They wifh the Fates a longer date had lent him,  
With kindled Lampes th'attendant Pages bring  
The Princes to their Cabins : He that lent him  
On this attempt, at parting they desire  
To blesſe their shores, whilſt they the ſeas aspyre.

40

Our thoughts muſt land them which their Trophyes  
From ruin'd *Troy*, on ſeverall Coaſts of *Greece*, (brought  
Rememb'ring *Iaſon*, who with honor ſought  
The fam'd aduenture of the golden Fleece,  
Duke *Æſon* in this voyage ſpared naught,  
Many bold Knights well arm'd at euery pecece  
Assiſt the Noble *Greeke* in this aduenter,  
Offring the *Argoe* with the Prince to enter.

41

Duke *Peleas* gaue it furtherance, to whose Court  
Where *Iaſon* feasted, then *Alcides* came  
With *Philocetes*, as his deare Conſort,  
From ſtrange aduentures that Imblaze his fame,  
Disankring from the fayre *Theſſalian* Port,  
Accompanied with many Knights of fame :  
*Castor* and *Pollux*, bold *Amphitriion*,  
*Amphion*, *Zetus*, and ſterne *Telamon*.

*Peleas* King of  
*Theſſaly*, and  
Uncle to *Iaſon*.

42

*Amphion* was a fayre Harmonious Youth,  
Well ſkild in Muſicke, *Zethus* was his Brother,  
Begot by *Cretan* *Ihoue* one happy night,  
Vpon the fayre *Antiopa* his Mother,  
She *Lychus* Wife, yet rauisht with the ſight  
Of *Jupiter*, her loue ſhe could not ſmother :  
These her fayre ſonnes built *Thebes*, with large exēpt,  
Two yeares before they on this voyage went.

*Amphion*.  
*Zethus*.

*Thebes*.

43

With all the *Gracian* chivalry attended  
 They disimbooke, the gentle Billowes smile,  
 Th' *Ægean Seas* they passe, but late defended  
 By the Grand Thief, that gaue those Seas their stile,  
 No wind or waue their well-rig'd ship offendeth,  
 But the calme looking *Thetis* harbors guile :  
 Her fawning front she wrinkleth with a frowne,  
 And thinkes th' ambitious *Argonauts* to drowne.

44

A tempest.

At the blacke Euening close, the Sea lookt white,  
 The storme-presaging VVawe begins to swell,  
 And blustring *Eurus* rising now at night  
 With his flag Vinges, vpon the waters fell :  
 The Mayster bids slacke sayle, but against the might,  
 Of his commaunded Mates, the winds rebell :  
 The Boat-Swayne brals, the Marriners are chid,  
 For what they would, the stubborne gusts forbidd.

45

All fall to labour, one man helps to steere,  
 Others to slacken the big-bellied Sayle,  
 Some to the Cap-string call, some pray, some sweare,  
 Some let the Tackles slip, whilst others hale :  
 Some cling vnto the maine-Mast, and cleave there,  
 Some chafe with anger, some with feare looke pale :  
 Some ply the Pompe (and that which would deuour  
 Their shipp in time) Sea into Sea repoure.

46

Sharpe-byting winter growes, and on each side  
 The foure seditious Brothers threaten war,  
 and tosse the Billowes, who in scornefull pride  
 Spit foaming Brine, the winds with waters iarde,  
 The breaking seas, whose entrance were denyde,  
 Beate against each Pitchy-rib and calked Sparre :  
 and by their Oaken strength denyde Intencion,  
 Fall where they were begot, to meere confusion.

47

Now as the shriking Billowes are diuided,  
 Low Vallyes tweene two mighty Mountaines fall,  
 From whose steepe breasts the shaken vessaile flyded,  
 Burying in Sea, Sayles, Tackles, Masts, and all :

But there remaynes not long, the Barke well guided,  
Climbes vp those clyffes, a dreadfull watty wall:

That to themselues, amazd with feare they shew,  
Like men in th'ayre surueighing hell below.

48

It seem'd as if the Heauens and Seas had Wars,  
And that the one the other did defy,  
Twixt whom the mutinous winds make greater Iars,  
Th'ambitious Billowes seeme to threat the sky,  
And fling their brine-waues in the face of Stars,  
Who therewith mooud, melt all the Clouds on hye,  
And such tempestuous shewers of raine thaw downe,  
As if their drops meant the vast Seas to drowne.

49

The waters both of Heauen and Earth are mixt,  
Flagging their sayles to make them brooke no blast,  
No Lampe of heauen appeares (wandring or fixt)  
Darkenesse hath o're the face of both heauens past,  
And left his vgly blindnesse them betwixt,  
Whose horride presence makes the *Greekes* agast:  
The Heauens bright fire, the troubled Water braues,  
findging with lightninges force the Gulfy waues.

50

Vnto these *Argonauts* I may compare  
Our Island-voyages, alike distrest,  
With whelming seas, thicke Mists, and troubled ayre,  
Loud claps of Thunder: Lightning from the West,  
so dreadfull, that their Pilots loose their care,  
Through feare, forgetting what should stead them best:  
The sea, to quench Heauens glorious Lamps aspyres,  
Heauen burns the Ocean with her lightning fires.

The Islands  
voyage.

51

As braue a Generall Martiald our great Fleete,  
as that bold *Greeke* that sought the fleece of Gold,  
hoping by sea an enemy to meete,  
Fiercer then *Iasons*, and more warlike bold,  
Renowned *Essex*, at whose warlike feete  
*Spaines* countlesse spoyles and Trophyes haue been told,  
Who from *Hesperia* brought to Englands *Greece*,  
More Gold then would haue weigh'd downe *Iasons*

Q 3

(fleece.)

52

Grim Terror with the *Greekes* a ship-board lyes  
 All night: some weape, some rage, the boldest feare,  
 Soliciting the Gods with Prayers and cryes,  
 Seeing their Fates and hopelesse ruins neere,  
 They thinke on Fathers, Children, Wives, Allyes,  
 But whom they faine would see, they wish not there:

Grim terror in the Morning forward sped,  
 The Sunne begins to wake, the tempest fled.

53

Who as from forth the *Spaniſh* Seas he raisde  
 His burnisht lockes, and bout his shoulders shooke them,  
 and (as his custome is) about him gazd  
 To view fayre *Thetis* bounds, and ouer-looke them,  
 He spyes th'Imbarqued *Greekes*, with feare amazd,  
 So sore the rough tumultuous Sea had tooke them:  
 He sees their Pendants torne, their Sheetes all rent,  
 Their Hatches broken, and theyr mayne-mast spent.

54

Therefore he angry, *Neptune* doth intreat,  
 as he would haue him guild his siluer stremes,  
 Or thaw his frozen Waters with his heate,  
 Or cheare his coole Waues with his gorgeous beames,  
 Th'aduenturous *Greekes* (his charge) not to defear,  
 But they may safe re-view their Natiue Realmes:  
*Neptune* is pleas'd, his *Trident* calmes the Seas,  
 And grants them waftage to what coast they please.

55

Whō entring th'*Helleſpont* acquire some shore  
 VVhere they may land, their Fortunes to repaire,  
 at *Tenedos* they tutch (knowne long before  
 By great *Alcides*, since he battayld there)  
 Where great *Laomedon* the Scepter bore,  
 and to preuent like dangers threatening care,  
 Re-builds his battred holds, and with supplyes,  
 Mans euery Sea-skout, that adiacent lyes.

56

These Garrisons, the *Grecian* Peeres deny  
 Relief or Anchorage, till the Kings mind  
 Be fully knowne: Who heares his foes so nyc  
 That had so late his forces ouerthrowne,

I herefore intaged, he sends them to defie,  
And from his Coasts to get them quickly gone,  
Or mongst them all hee'l leauue no liuing Greeke  
For golden Pillage on the seas to seeke.

57

Vndanted *Hercules* at this offended,  
Sweares (by his Father *Ihone*) *Troyes* second wracke,  
And with his *Argonauts* had then discended  
Mauger the King, but *Iason* kept him backe,  
Who being chiefe Commander, hath intended  
A golden coarse, the *Colchos* first must sacke,  
Therefore (though much against *Alcides* will)  
Put from that shore, the Conqueror threatens still.

58

Vowing if Fate affoord him safe retурne,  
In whose aduenture al the Peeres vnite,  
*Troyes* wals to batter, and their City burne,  
And be the Kings eternall opposite,  
To whose disgrace *Troy* shall in ashes mourne,  
Th'vngratefull King be forc't to death or flight,  
And all these lofty Towers, at his next Landing,  
Not haue one stone vpon another standing.

59

Resolued thus, they make to hoyse vp saile,  
Weigh Anchor, and their tackles hale and pull,  
Their lofty spleenes gainst *Troy* they now auaille,  
And onely ayme at the *Fhrixean* wooll,  
The God of winds affoords them a calme gale,  
Making their waue-wash't sheetes shew swelling full,  
Whose gentle Gusts the *Gracian* Heroës bring  
To *Colchos*, welcom'd by the *Phasian* King.

60

At whose arriuue, *Medea Iason* viewing,  
Oh heauen (quoth she,) what passion's this I feele?  
Shall yon faire *Gracian* youth his fame pursuing,  
Die by enchanted fire, or tempered steele?  
Oh sauie thy fame (by this attempt eschevving)  
Thy arme vvants povver to make the Dragon reele:  
Thy amorous hand (alasse) too soft and white,  
with Brasie-hou'd Buls (that breath out fire) to fight.

*Phasis* a town  
in *Colchos* and  
a Riuere.  
*Medea*.

More

61

More fitter t'were a Lady to embrace,  
T'imprison beauty in a cristall fold,  
Oh why should one that hath so sweet a face,  
(Made to be lou'd and loue) seeke a&ts so bold?  
Too ventrous *Greeke*, for loues sake leauie this place,  
Thou knowst not what thou seekst, the fleece of Gold  
A royall prize it is, yet amorous stranger,  
It hath not worth to countervale the danger.

62

For the least blood shall drop downe by thy skin,  
Or in the combat staine the *Colchian* grasse,  
Is of more worth then all that thou canst win,  
Yet doth the riches of this Fleece surpass:  
But stay: What blind maze am I entred in?  
What louing labyrinth? Forgetfull Lasse:  
Oh canst thou to a strangers grace appeale,  
Who comes from farre, thy Fathers fleece to steale?

63

This *Iason* is our foe: dwels in a Land  
Remote, and of another Clyme indeed,  
If thou wilt loue, about thee Princes stand  
Of thine owne Nation, let this stranger bleed,  
Despise him then, and all his forraine band,  
That in thy Fathers pillage haue agreed:

Instead of loue, the amorous *Greeke* desie,  
And by th'enchanted Monsters let him die.

64

But shall *Medea* view that Tragick sight?  
And see his faire limbes by her Monsters rent?  
Shall his white fingers with grim Hell-hounds fight,  
That might *Medea* in her loue content?  
*Apollo* may I neuer tast thy light,  
Pertake thy earthly rise, or low discent,  
But by my Art I shall so well prouide,  
To be the Gold-Fleece-conquering *Iasons* Bride.

65 —

But how *Medea*? Wilt thou then forsake  
Thy Country, Father, Friends: All which are great,  
and (to thy Lord) a rousing Pyrate take,  
One that perchance hath no abiding seat?

Fond Girel thou wrongst him these faint doubts to make  
A Royall Prince and in all acts compleat,  
Thy Country, Father, Friends, trifles but small,  
And this one warlike *Iason* worth them all.

66

That he is louely ; witnesseth mine eye,  
And valiant : what can better record beare  
Then this attempt, whose fame to heauen will flye,  
T'amaze the Gods that shall this Nouell heare,  
I leauie a barraigne kingdome, to discry  
A populous Nation, what then should I feare ?  
In seeking with this amorous *Greeke* to dwell,  
I aske *Elisum*, in exchange for Hell.

67

A Land, where if his people him resemble  
Humanity, and all good Thewes are rife,  
Who if they loue their Lord, cannot dissemble  
Their harts to her that shall safegard his life,  
Th'enchanted Bulls whose bellowing made heauen treble,  
Shall by their ruines make me *Iasons* wife,  
Whom all the faire and potent Queenes of *Greece*,  
Shall better welcome then the conquer'd Fleece.

68

Opinion'd thus ; at their next enter-view,  
(After their diuers oaths betweene them past)  
That he the fam'd aduenture shall pursue,  
Whose conquests with enchantments she binds fast,  
And when his hands these monsters shall imbrew,  
He to receiue her as his Bride at last :  
Night passeth on, at the next birth of day,  
*Aurora* frights the fearesfull Stars away.

66

Much confluence of people throng together,  
In the large field of *Mars* they take their places,  
The Princes of the Land in Scarffe and Feather  
And Triumph-robes, expect the *Greekes* disgraces,  
The burdend earth grones with spectators : whether  
The King himselfe martiald with golden Maces  
In person comes, his Barons him inuest  
In a high Throne, degraced aboue the rest.

Dionys. Miles.  
fus.

To

Charles Brandon  
Duke of Suffolke.

Iason sonne to Eson and Poimela.

Antenor  
ub. 3. Argonaut.

To such prepared ioyes the Frenchmen came,  
To see the valiaunt Mount-morensi roon,  
against Charles Brandon, who for Englands fame,  
Vanquisht their Knight, at which their ioy was doen,  
The French, who to disgrace the English came,  
Saw how bold Charles at one encounter woon

Their Champions armes, the French Qu. to his pheer,  
Which chang'd their promist mirth to sadder cheere.

Behold where Polymelaes sonne vndanted,  
against the brazen-hoofed Beasts appeares,  
How (richly armd) his sword aloft he vanted,  
T'counter with the two infernall steates,  
Who as he strikes, still breaths out words enchanted,  
The Gracians stand amaz'd, Medea feares  
To see young Iason Lord of her desire,  
Betwixt two Buls, their Nostrils breathing fire.

And least her Incantatiōn force might fail,  
She mumbles to her selfe more powerfull charmes,  
Still doth the dreadlesse Greeke those Buls assaile,  
Reddy to scorch him in his twice-guilt armes,  
His sharpe edg'd sword their horned crests makes vaile,  
That fire that scaldeth others, him scarce warmes,  
(Such power hath Magicke) the fell Buls grovv tame,  
And Iason tugs with them amidst the flame.

And first he by the dangling dew-laps takes them,  
Who force perforce his valour must obey,  
He twixt his sinnowy armes together shakes them,  
They bellowing yeeld themselues his glorious prey,  
To bow their stubborne necke, bold Iason makes them,  
On which th'obedient yoake he gently lay,  
The Greekes applaud his conquest with shrill cries,  
The Colchians shew their sorrowes in their eyes.

But alls not furnisht yet, he makes them draw  
The teemed plow, to furrow vp his field,  
The rusty yron doth the greene verdure flaw,  
Quite vanquisht now, the conquer'd Oxen yeild,

Yet more then this the *Colchian* Princes saw,  
The Vipers teeth he cast vpon his shield,  
And sow'd them in the furrowes : they straight grew,  
To arm'd men, and all on *Iason* flew.

75

The *Greekes* dismay, th'incourag'd *Colchians* shewt,  
Onely *Medea* doth their ioy detest,  
With magickē she assists her Champion stout,  
Her Exorcismes haue power to arme his brest,  
Those that but late incompaſt him about,  
And with their Steele strooke Stars out of his Crest,  
Secke mutuall armes, amongst themſclues they brall,  
So by ſeditious weapons perish all.

76

It now remaines the three-tongu'd venomous Snake,  
The Riuier-waking-Serpent to make ſleepe,  
Whose horrid crest, blew ſkales, and vnces blacke,  
Threat euery one a death (vnto his keepe  
The Fleece is put) *Medea* bids him take  
Graſſe in blacke *Lethe*, laid three nights to ſteepe,  
Uttering ſuch powerfull charmes as calme the winds,  
And the mou'd Billowes in their Channell binds.

*Apolon. lib. 3.*

77

Those drops being ſpinkled on the Dragons head,  
The words thrice ſpoke (the wakefull Serpent lies)  
Drownd in forgetfull ſlumbers, ſeeming dead,  
and ſleepe (till now not knowne) ſcales vp his eyes,  
*Iason* in ſafety may the Mansion tread  
Where *Colchos* long preſeru'd the golden prize,  
and now at length faire *Polimelaes* ſonne,  
Inioyes the Fleece that he with danger wonne.

78

Proud of this purchase, but of her more glad,  
That by the Vertue of a powerfull word,  
More hy command vpon these Monsters had,  
Then he in vſe of his temorsleſſe ſword,  
Vnto his *Argoe* he *Medea* Lad  
Commanding all his merry mates aboord  
But ſecretly, leaſt when King *Æta* knew,  
his daughters rape, he might her flight pursue.

Which

*Absyrtus* Brother to *Medea*  
Strabo lib. 7.

*Atusilas.*  
Pherecides lib 7

*Timaeus* 2. re-  
rum Italicarum.

79

Which to preuent the *Negerous* Lady takes  
The young *Absyrtes*, a faire hopefull youth,  
And when her father after *Iason* makes,  
And with rough fury her escape pursuth,  
She chops the Lads limbes into bits and flakes,  
and in the Kings way strowes him without ruth,  
And whilst he gathers vp with watry eyes  
His peece-meale body, she in safety flies.

80

With triumphs they in *Greece* are welcomd all,  
And *Iason* famous for his royal Quest,  
The Bed-red Father will his sonne install  
In his owne kingdome, and with him his guest  
*Deepe-speld-Medea*, at whose Magicke call  
The Seas and winds, or trauell, or find rest:  
Oh Magicke, by thy power what cannot they,  
To whom the Seas submit, the winds obey?

81

Amongst those Princes that with *Iason* vvent,  
and vvere at home receiu'd, the great *Alcide*  
amidst this generall Ioy seemes discontent,  
His spleene to *Troy* he can no longer hide,  
To be reueng'd he holds his firme intent,  
He that to their distresse relieve denide,  
Must knowy whatt is to scorne his firme alliance,  
So through all *Greece* he breaths against *Troy* defiance.

82

And vvith a gallant army taking Land,  
attaines the shore perforce, and in his way,  
No Village, Fortress, Tovvne, or Tower can stand,  
But to his ruthlesse fury must give way:  
This hearing, King *Laomedon* hath mand  
a Noble army, to make good the day:  
Whiche ere the Sun into the West-sea fall,  
Must see ten thousand *Troians* kild and thrall.

83

*Laomedon* remembryng what great vvracke  
Twelue-labord *Hercules* before time made,  
Recounts to them his vvrongs, his Citties sack,  
Their tyranies to al vvhom they inuade,

Therefore incites them to repulse those backe,  
That haue too long vpon his confines staid :

Behold (quoth he) these would your freedomes barre,  
Then with a generall shewt prepare for warre.

84

The hoast of *Greekes* that heare their exclamatian,  
Wait but to heare *Alcides* watch-word giuen,  
Who cheares them thus : You are that warlike Nation  
Whose fame fils all the Clymates vnder heauen,  
Since you are strangers, let your salutations  
Be with your swords, not words ; for yet ere Euen  
Yon standing hoast in their owne bloods wee'l drown,  
And part the rich spoyle of yon rampierd Towne.

85

Lowd chearing Instruments on both sides sound,  
The battailes ioyne, both *Greekes* and *Troians* sinke :  
They that but late the firme Earth proudly bound,  
Now must below the waues of *Lethe* drinke,  
The great *Alcides* borne to sway the ground,  
Against his strength oppoſd, al mortals shrinke :  
Who being more then man, must needs haue ods,  
To fight with any that are leſſe then Gods.

86

Him whome th' all-doming Fates will haue to sway,  
How can *Laomedon* in armes subdue,  
Though *Troy* be strong, yet must it *Greece* obey,  
*Alcides* with his Club whole thousands flew,  
By his sole-strength the *Greekes* obtaine the day,  
And to the Citty gates the foe pursue,  
Who mingled with their troopes, in this aduenture,  
Slaughter the bold, and with the Cowards enter.

87

So by the English was great *Cales* surprisid  
And entred, with the *Spaniards* that retire,  
they that at first the generals name despisd,  
Now at the last are forc'd his fame t'admire,  
English and Dutch in Spanish wealth disguisid,  
Laden their fleet with pillage, whilst bright fire  
Consumes the Towne, which twice the English take,  
As *Greece* did *Troy*, great *Essex* and bold *Drake*.

*Cales.*

*Cales* twice  
taken once by  
Sir Francis  
*Drake*, since  
by the Earle  
of *Essex*.

88

Stout *Ajax Telamon* amongst the rest,  
Set his first foot in *Troy*, but him succeed  
Ten thousand Greeks, and many a warlike brest,  
Pierst with the *Argive* weapons, freshly bleed :  
They sacke the populous Towne from East to West,  
*Troyes* second sacke is by the Fates decreed :  
They sacke and ranlacke, spoile, and freely kill,  
And all the Towne with shreckes and clamors fill.

89

Amongst the rest that perisht in this broile,  
*Laomedon* falleth by *Alcides* hand,  
Whilst cuery where the conquering *Gracians* spoile,  
No man so bold that dares against them stand,  
Great is the booty in so rich a soile,  
They pillage all the substance of the land,  
Beat downe the wals, the Temples ruine quite,  
And kill poore infants in their mothers sight.

90

The Matrons in their husbands armes deflower,  
The reuerent Virgins in their parents eyc,  
And such as interdi&t their awfull power,  
By their remorselesse bloody weapons dic,  
Hie looking *Troy* is ruin'd in an houre, (sky  
Those Towres quite racst, whose sharpe spyres mockt the  
and that proud towne the *Asian* glory ones,  
Is now a confus'd heape of men and stones.

91

Al-conquering *Hercules* reueng'd at last  
Of *Troyes* ingratefull Soueraigne, takes full ceasure  
Of *Asiae* Monarchy : his fury past,  
amongst his host he parts the Citties treasure,  
But *Telamonius Ajax* most he gracst,  
and gaue him her that pleas'd him aboue measure,  
The bright *Hesione* his valours meed,  
The beautious Virgin from the sea-Whale freed.

92

*Hercules Lybi-*  
*cus*

Well was it for young *Priam* the Kings sonne,  
That he was else-where in the East imployd,  
The *Lybian* else that *Asia* ouer-ronne  
and conquered *Troy*, had likewise him destroid,

The laden *Greekes* after the conquest woon,  
Are fraught with wealth, with pleasure ouer-joyd:  
Poore *Troy*, whilst they in their full mirth abound,  
Liues desolate, and leueld with the ground.

93

The Monster-maister hauing fild the sky  
With martiall clangor in the lowdest straine,  
After reuenge on *Cacus* Tyranny,  
and the great Gyants of *Cremona* slaine,  
King *Pricus* death, King *Affer* raised hie,  
And the two *Collumnes* that he reard in *Spaine*,  
To include in few his many deeds ; we thus  
In narrow roome, his labors twelue discusse.

94

1. The *Eremanthion* Bore, 2. and the fire-breathing Bul,
3. The *Lernan* *Hydra*. 4, and the winged Hind,
5. *Stymphalidus*. 6. The *Amazonian* trull :
7. Th' *Aegean* stables, the seauenth taske assind,
8. The *Cleonean* Lyon. 9. with the scull  
Of *Diomed*, who fed his Steeds gainst kind :
10. The golden fruit made ripe by bright *Heperion*,
11. Grim *Cerbarus*, 12. and triple-headed *Gerion*.

The 12 labors  
of Hercules.

95

These taskes by *Junoes* imposition ended,  
Whilst he on *Ietes* attractive face  
Doted, and her deserts alone commended,  
Faire *Deianeyre* imputes it her disgrace,  
With such great wrongs vnto her bed offended,  
Because his vaflaile had supplied her place.

She seuds a shirt, (and meanes her husband good)  
Dipt in the poyson of the *Centaures* blood.

96

The traitor *Nessus* passing a deepe foord  
With *Deianeyre*, away with her he flyes,  
*Alcides* cannot reach him with his sword,  
But after him his wounding arrow hies,  
The dying *Centaure* speakes this latest word,  
Faire *Deianeyre*, before death close mine eyes,  
Receiue a guift, in signe I lou'd thee deereley,  
Which though I die, in time may stead thee neereley.

97

I know thy Lord a Conqueror, yet subdude  
 By wemens beauty: therefore when you find,  
 The lustfull Prince mongst Forraine Queenes intrude,  
 and that their amorous Court-ships change his mind,  
 Send him a Shirt, with this my bloud Imbrude,  
 The vertue is, to make *Alcides* kind:

This said, his life he ended in a trice,  
 She (for it was his last) trusts his advise.

98

Hearing faire Isle the hart had ceasd  
 Of her deare Lord, and that she kept away,  
 She feeleth her thoughts within themselues diseas'd,  
 and hopes to call him backe that went astray,  
 The Centaures dying guift the Lady pleasd,  
 Her seruant *Lychas* posts it without stay:

Oh! Thou weake woman, thou his death maist vant,  
 Whom Hell-hounds, Gyants, Monsters, could not  
 daunt.

99

Hoping (alasse) his fauour to regaine,  
 The Innocent Lady her deare Lord destroyd,  
 He d'ons her present, whose inuenomed Bane  
 Cleaves to his bones (Oh! Who can Fate auoyde?)  
 More then a man before he would complaine  
*Alcides* beares, and no whit seemes annoyd:

Such tortures as the strongest might strike dead  
 he brookes: yet no part of his coulour fled.

100

But when he felt such Tortures, anguish, smart,  
 That Gods aboue, nor Deuils damd could beare,  
 That stung his breast, and pierst his Noble hart,  
 he growes Impatient, that could never feare  
 Infernall panges, Infusde in euery part,  
 he striues the poysous Shirt away to teare:  
 But with the cleauing Linnens forsto draw  
 The Brawnes from off his armes, and leaue them raw.

101

The poysond boyles, and he that could confound  
 Gyants, so late to his immortall fame,  
 Now from the head to heele, is all one wound,  
 The raging venom-drops his flesh inflame,

Sometimes he grouels on the sencelesse ground,  
Sometimes those powerfull hands that Monsters tame,  
    pluckes down huge rocks, & cleaves the with his stroaks  
And sometimes by the roots rends vp huge Oakes.

102

Mad with these Torments *Oeta* Mount he traces,  
Where creeping in a hole he *Lychas* spies,  
When stalking to his Cauе with lealurd paces,  
About his head he wheeles him in the skies,  
And that being done the whole Mount he defaces,  
A groue of Trees dispoyl'd about him lies,  
    A thousand Oakes he heapes vp on a pile,  
    And kindling them, sayes with a scornfull smile,

103

Whom neither *Junoes* wrath, nor *Plutoes* hell,  
Whom neither Lyons, Buls, Dogs, Dragons, Whales,  
Whom neither Tyrants grim, nor Gyants fell,  
against that spirit a womans gift preuailes,  
Her iealousie hath power that hart to quell,  
Whom Serpents feare with their inuenomed skales,  
Since none on earth deserues our blood to spill,  
The great *Alcides* shall *Alcides* kill.

104

The fire burnes bright, he *Philocletes* cals,  
And vnto him bequeathes his shafts and bow,  
Who at his warlike feet confounded fals,  
The Club and Lyons case his bold hands throw  
Into the flame, then he whom nougts appals,  
Cries *Ihoun* I come, and boldly leaps in so:  
    That life that mortall did the heauens aspire,  
    Now with Immortall wings climes heauen by fire.

The death of  
*Hercules*.

105

*Alcides* dead, and *Priam* backe returnd  
From his successefull Battailles in the East,  
He sees his Country spoyl'd, his Citty burnd,  
His Father slaine, which most his griefe increast,  
These losses with his Sisters rape he mournd,  
Nor are such weighty sorrowes soone surceast:  
    We for a while will leauue him to his care,  
    His Syre t'intoombc, his Citty to repaire.

**M**edea some think to be the daughter of Eta, some the daughter of the Sun, some the Daughter of Hecate. Apollod. lib. 3. calls her Aea. Heraclides writes her to be the daughter of Naxa of the Nereides : Dionisius Milesius, calls her the daughter of Euclytes, others of Iphæa, & that Chaliope was her sister. She had a sonne cald Medus by Ægeas. Demodocus a Harpers name in Homer, of whom the Country Medea tooke name.

Eripid. in Med  
Euphorio.  
Andron Teius.  
Ouid. Epist.

Cithara canitus  
Iopas. personat  
Aurata docuit  
que maximus  
Atlas.  
Hic canit erra-  
tem Lunam so-  
lisque labores.  
Vnde hominum  
genus et pecu-  
des vnde imber  
et Ignes.  
S. Sibius.  
Timonae in re-  
bus Scithicis.

Iopas a King of Africa, one of Didoes wooers, a skilfull Musition, Iason committed to the charge of his Uncle Pelius, in his minority, because Pelus was loath to resigne to him his kingdome, devised for his Nephew the dangerous enterprize of the golden Fleece, which Iason contrary to his Uncles supposition, with his Argonauts valiantly atchieued.

In memory of Absyrtus, there are still certaine Ilandes in the Venetian Sea, cald Absyrtides of Absyrtus, there slaine by his sister Medea.

Phrixus was sonne to Athamas, and Brother to Helle, of whom the Ram that bore the golden fleece, was named Phrixus : Helle with her Brother Phrixus was drowned. Of whom that Sea is still called Helleponus.

Because we onely remember Theseus and the Mynotaur, and haue no further Traffike in our History with his life, I holde it not much amisse in these Annotations, to remember, that History, and how the Mynotaure was begot : Ouid arte Amandi.

Pasiphae.

Ida of Cedars and tall Trees standfull,  
Where fed the glory of the Heard (a Bull  
Snow-white) saue twixt his hornes one spot there grew,  
Saue that one staine, he was of milky hew.  
This faire Steare did the Heyfers of the Groues  
Desire to beare as Prince of al the Droues,  
But most Pasiphae with adulterous breath,  
Enuies the wanton Heyfers to the death,  
Tis saide that for this Bull the doting lasse  
Did use to crop young boughes, and mow fresh grasse,  
Nor was the Amorous Cretan Queene affeard  
To grow a kind Companion to the Heard:  
Thus through the Champion she is madly borne

And

And a wilde Bull, to Minos giues the horne,  
 Tis not for brauery he can loue or loath thee,  
 Then why Pasiphae doest thou richly cloath thee?  
 Why shouldest thou thus thy face a-nd lookes prepare?  
 What makest thou with thy glasse ordering thy haire?  
 Unless thy glasse could make thee seeme a Cow,  
 But how can hornes grow on that tender brow?  
 If Mynos please thee, no Adulterer seeke thee,  
 Or if thy husband Mynos do not lecke thee,  
 but thy lasciuious thoughts are still increast,  
 Deceiue him with a man, not with a beast:  
 Thus by the Queene the wilde Woods are frequented,  
 And leauing the Kings bed, she is contented  
 To vse the groves, borne by the rage of mind,  
 Euen as a ship with a full Easterne wind:  
 Some of these strumpet-Heyfes the Queene slew,  
 Their smoaking Alters their warme bloods inbrew,  
 Whilſt by the sacrificing Priest she stands,  
 And gripes their trembling entrailes in her hands.  
 At length, the Captaine of the Heard beguild  
 With a Cowes skin, by curious Art compild,  
 The longing Queene obtaines her full desire,  
 And in her infants byrth bewrayes the Sire.

Zeze bifor 19

This Myntaure, when he came to groath, was inclosed in  
 the Laborinth, which was made by the curious Arts-maister  
 Dedalus, whose Tale likewise we thus pursue:  
 When Dedalus the laborinth had built,  
 In which t' include the Queene Pasiphaes guilt,  
 And that the time was now expired full,  
 To inclose the Myntaure, halfe man, halfe Bull:  
 Kneeling he sayes, Iust Mynos end my mones,  
 And let my Natine soile intocombe my bones:  
 Or if dread soueraigne I deserue no grace,  
 Looke with a pititious eye on my sonnes face,  
 And graunt me leauue from whence we are exild,  
 Or pittie me, if you deny my Child:  
 This and much more he speakes, but all in vaine,  
 The King both Sonne and Father wil detaine,  
 Which he perceiving saies: Now, now, tisfit,  
 To giue the world cause to admire thy wit,

Dedalus and  
Icarus.Ouid 2. de arte  
Amandi.

Both

Both Land and Sea, are watcht by day and night,  
 Nor Land nor Sealie open to our flight :  
 Only the Ayre remaines, then let vs try  
 To cut a passage through the ayre and fly,  
 Ihoue be auspicious to my enterprise,  
 I couet not to mount aboue the skies :  
 But make this refuge, since I can prepare  
 No meanes to fly my Lord, but through the ayre,  
 Make me immortall, bring me to the brim  
 Of the blacke Stigian Water, Styx Ile swim :  
 Oh human, wit thou, canst inuent much ill ?  
 Thou searchest strange Artes, who would thinke by skill.  
 A heauy man, like a light Bird should stray,  
 And through the empty Heauen's find a fit way.  
 He placeth in iust order all his Quils,  
 Whose bottoms with resolued waxe he fils,  
 Then binds them with a line, and being fast tyde,  
 He placeth them like Oares on eyther side,  
 The tender Lad the downy Feathers blew,  
 And what his Father meant, he nothing knew :  
 The wax he fastned with the strings he playde ;  
 Not thinking for his shoulders they were made,  
 To whom his Father spake (and then lookt pale)  
 With these swift Ships, we to our Land must saile :  
 All passages doth crewell Mynos stop,  
 Only the empty ayre he stils leaues ope.  
 That way must we, the Land, and the rough deepe  
 Doth Mynos barre : the ayre he cannot keepe,  
 But in thy way beware thou set no eye  
 On the signe Virgo, nor Boetes bye :  
 Looke not the blacke Orion in the face  
 That shakes his sword, but iust with me keepe pace.  
 Thy wings are now in fastning, follow me,  
 I will before thee fly, as thou shalt see  
 Thy Father mount, or stoope, so I aread thee,  
 Take me thy Guarde, and safely I will lead thee :  
 If we should soare to neere great Phœbus seate,  
 The melting Waxe will not endure the heate,  
 Or if we fly to neere the Humid Seas,  
 Our moyst ned wings we cannot shake with ease.

Fly

Fly betweene both, and with the gusts that rise,  
Let thy light body saile amidst the skies,  
And euer as his little sonne he charmes,  
He fits the feathers to his tender Armes :  
And shewes him how to moue his body light,  
As Birds first teach their little young ones flight :  
By this he calst to Counsell all his wits,  
And his owne wings unto his shoulders fits,  
Being about to rise, he fearefull quakes,  
and in this new way his faint body shakes :  
First ere he tooke his flight, he kist his sonne,  
Whilst by his cheeke the brinsh waters ronne :  
There was a Hillocke not so towring tall  
As lofty Mountaines bee, nor yet so small  
To be with Valleyes euен, and yet a hill,  
From this thus both attempt their uncoath skill :  
The Father moues his wings, and with respect  
His eyes upon his wandering sonne reflect :  
They beare a spacious course, and the apt boy  
Fearlesse of harme, in his new tract doth joy,  
and flyes more boldly : Now upon them lookes  
The Fishermen, that angle in the brookes,  
and with their eyes cast upward, frighted stand,  
By this is Samos Isle on their left hand,  
Upon the right Lebinthos they forsake,  
A stipalen and the Fishy Lake,  
Shady Pachime ful of Woods and Groues,  
When the rash youth too bold in ventring, roues ;  
Looseth his guide, and takes his flight so hie,  
That the soft wax against the Sun doth frie,  
and the Cords slip that kept the Feathers fast  
So that his armes haue power upon no blast :  
He fearefully from the hye clouds lookes downe  
Upon the lower heauens, whose curld waues frowne  
at his ambitious height, and from the skies  
He sees blacke night and death before his eyes,  
Stil melteth the wax, his naked armes he shakes,  
and thinking to catch hold, no hold he takes :  
But now the naked Lad downe headlong fals,  
And by the way, he Father, Father, calst :

Help

*Helpe, Father helpe, I die, and as he speakes,  
A violent surge his course of language breakes.  
Th' unhappy Father, but no Father now,  
Cryes out aloud, Sonne Icarus where art thou?  
Where art thou Icarus, where dost thou flie?  
Icarus where art? When loe he may espy  
The feathers swim, aloud he doth exclaime,  
The earth his bones, the Sea stil beares his name.*

*But least we insist too much on these impertinent tales, we  
wil proceed in our proposed History.*

The end of the seauenth  
*CANTO.*



*Argumentum.*

THE twice sackt Troy with all abundāce flowes,  
 Her wals inlarg'd, hir spacious bounds augmēted,  
 Fortune on Priam all her fauour strowes,  
 Her populous streets from all parts are frequented,  
 Proud of his sonnes, the King impatient growes,  
 And with all Greecc for wrongs past, discontented:  
 Warlike Anthenor by Embassage seekes,  
 To hanc the Kings faire Sister from the Greeks

## A R G . 2.

T He worth of Poets. Who first weapons found,  
 Troy & the Troians, Theta makes hir ground

## CANTO.8.

## I



Ayre Poesie, both ancient  
 and Deuine,  
 Tell me thy true Diuinity  
 and age,  
 Emmius oft cals thee Sacred,  
 thou didst shine  
 In Moses dayes, a Prophet  
 wise and Sage,  
 Who sang sweet Hymnes compo'd in measured line,

To great Ieboua. Oft David did asswage  
 His melancholy cares in many an Oade,  
 Tun'd to the praises of th'almighty God.

A

2

A sweeter verse then good *Isaias* wrote,  
Or *Salomon* in his deuinest song,  
For Number, Accent, *Euphony* or note  
Were neuer set with pen, or ayrd with toong,  
*Greeke Pindarus*, whose meeters made men dote,  
Nor *Saphos* vaine so Musically strong,  
Could in their fluent Verse, or sweet inuention,  
Better delight the rauisht eares attention.

3

The rising and soft *Cadens* of a verse,  
In *Deutronomium* liuely is expressed,  
Hethat shall *Danids Hebrew Psalmes* reherse,  
Shall find true number in his words professed,  
Nor *Orpheus*, *Horrace line* could sooner pierce  
Th'enchanted braine : not *Homer* whom some gessed  
To be chiefe Poet, this approues it holy,  
Not as some hold deriu'd from Apish folly.

S. Hierome:

4

In verse *Hexamiter* did *Moyses* praise  
The heauen's Creator (through the red sea flying,)  
*Archilochus Lambickes* first gan raise,  
*Apollo* meetred Verse, all Prose denying,  
*Daphne* the sonne of *Mercury* assaies  
The *Elegeick* verse (soone after dying,)  
*Thespis* : *Quintilian* Tragedies deuyl'd,  
Which *Sophocles* soone after enterpryl'd.

5

A Poëm is the richest Monument,  
And onely liues when Marble toombes decay,  
Shewing Kings deeds, their merit, and discent,  
Not stab'd by time, whom Sepulchers obey,  
Thou proud *Achilles* with thy great ostent,  
Where stands thy Monumentall graue this day :  
Toome-makers die disgrac't, then *Homer* trust,  
By whom thy fame liues, now thy graue is dust.

6

By Poëm *Troyes* name is preseru'd from fire,  
Which else long since had perisht with the towne,  
Who in these dayes would for her fame inquire?  
Had not deuine wits Chronicled her downe,

Those flames that eat her buildings with like Ire,  
Had burnt her Name, and swallowed her renouyne :  
But Poësy apt all such things to saue,  
Redeems her glory from Obliuions graue.

7

Poets are Makers, had great Homer pleasd  
*Penelop* had beene wanton, *Hellen* chaste,  
The *Spartan* King the mutinons hoast appeasde,  
And smooth *Vlisses* with the horne disgraſt,  
*Thersites* had the Imperiall Scepter ceaſd,  
And *Agamemnon* in his rancke beene plastr :  
Oh ! *Homer*, t'was in thee *Troy* to subdue,  
Thy pen, not *Greece*; the *Troyans* ouerthrew.

8

*Achilles*, durſt not looke on *Hector* when  
He guld his Siluer armes in Greekish bloud,  
*Homer* that lou'd him more then other men,  
Gauē him ſuch hart, that he againſt *Hector* stood,  
Twas not *Achilles* ſword, but *Homers* pen  
That drew from *Hectors* breast a Crimson-flood :  
*Hector* his *Myrindons*, and him ſubduē,  
In ſuch hye-blood faint hands were not imbrude.

9

Twas Poesy that made *Achilles* bold,  
Stout *Ajax*, valiant, and *Vlisses* wise,  
By *Homers* guift the great *Alcide* contrould  
The hoaſt of *Greekes* : all ſuch as highly priſe  
The ſacred *Muse*, their Names are writ in gold,  
*Thersites* was well featur'd, but denies  
The *Muse* her honor, therefore to his shame,  
The *Muse* hath made him *Stigmaticke* and lame.

10

This made great *Scipio Africanus* bring  
Dead *Ennius* from the rude *Calabrian Coast*,  
placing his ſtatue, that his prayſe did ſing,  
In *Romes* hye Capitoll, who now can boast  
Of ſuch rich meede, worthy the greatest King ?  
So *Pompey* guerdon'd learning to his cost :  
And gaue a large Towne rounded with a Wall,  
And thought it for the *Muse* a guift to ſmall.

*Pompey* gaue  
*Theoptanes* a  
City.

S

Art

11

Art thou a Tyrant? to thy seruice take,  
 Some *Helliconian Scholler*, whose fine quill  
 To after times thy raigne, may gentle make,  
 And giue them life, whom thou in rage didst kill?  
 Art thou a Vsurer? Wilt thou not forsake  
 A hundred for a hundred? Learne this skill:  
 To some one fluent *Poet* pension giue,  
 And he shall make thy famous bounty liue.

12

*Thais* a Cur-  
tezan of Athens.  
  
*Lais* a Curte-  
zan of Corinth

Had *Thais* fauour'd Arts, the Arts had raisd her,  
 and made her Chast as Faire: This *Lucresse* knew,  
 Because she lou'd the Muse, the Muse hath praisd her,  
 Lending the knife, with which her selfe she slew:  
 Who *Lais* can accuse? Though fame hath blaz'd her  
 For wanton? who can say report is true?  
 Happily though Chast, al Poets she eschewes,  
 And now liues onely famous mongst the Stewes.

13

Art thou a Coward? Exhibitions lend  
 To Schollers that shal make thee ventrous bold;  
 Art thou a Glutton? Make the Muse thy friend?  
 Or a loose Leacher? Giue thy Poet Gold,  
 Heel cleare thy Fame, and giue thy scandall end,  
 He can redeeme renowne, to ruine sold,  
 Make Ryoters frugall, the dull blind to see,  
 The Drunkard temperate, and the Couetous free.

14

Th'ambitious meeke, the Lofty minded low,  
 Th'inconstant stable, and the Rough, remisse;  
 Women that your defective humors know,  
 Are likewise by your bounty helpt in this,  
 Some speciall grace vnto the Muses show,  
 That haue the power t'inthrone your names in blisse:  
 Had faire fac't *Hellen* this opinion cherisht,  
 O're-whelmed *Troy*, had not for her sake perisht.

15

They can make wantons Ciuell, the Foole wise,  
 The stooping Straight, the Tawny coloured faire,  
 The merry, Modest, and the Loose, precise,  
 and change the colour both offace and haire,

All your Mercuriall mixtures then dispysc,  
For your Vermillion tinctures take no care :  
What neede you far for couloured yntions seeke,  
When our blacke Inke can better paint thy cheeke.

16

Some of this Artfull coulour now I want,  
Whiche from the Muses I desire to borrow,  
In Melancholly *Priam* to dispaint  
The perfect Image and true face of Sorrow,  
At sight of ruind *Troy* his spirits faint,  
Yet after gathers strength, and on the morrow  
Resolues himselfe with bootesse cares to striue,  
To interre the dead, and cheere those that suruiue.

17

In processe, taking truce with all Vexation,  
*Priam* intends a fayrer *Troy* to reate  
Of larger bounds, so layes a firme foundation  
So strong, that being mounted they need feare  
Nor *Phæbus* wrath, nor *Neptunes* Invndation,  
Nor any other bordering Neighbour neare:  
His Towne repayrd, King *Priam* in small space,  
Takes to his Wife a Princesse, borne in *Thrace*.

18

Great *Ægipseus* Daughter, *Hecuba*  
Prooues Mother of five Sonnes, the first in Row  
*Hector*, the boldest Knight in *Asia*,  
*Paris* the fayrest, expert in the bow,  
Then *Deiphobus*, named by *Phæbus* ray,  
*Helemus* taught all hidden Arts to know:  
Bold *Troylus* youngest of his Mothers store,  
Hath Bastard-Brothers five and forty more.

*Ægipseus* King  
of *Thrace*.  
*Hecubæs* Issue.

19

Some thinke young *Polidore* from her descended,  
And *Ganimed* that standes in *Aebes* place,  
Her Eldest Gitle *Creusa*, much commended  
Matcht with *Eneas*, of a Noble race,  
Vvhose puissance next: *Priam* most extended  
Then sweet *Cassandra*, one of regall grace,  
A Prophetesse: but *Polixene* surpast,  
Fayrest of all the world, and *Hecubæs* last.

S 2

But

20

But now since Armes, and Battailles, Swords, & Speares,  
 With other w<sup>r</sup>like Engines we must vse,  
 Before *Troyes* rich abundance touch our eares,  
 With some delay we must restraine our Musc,  
 To shew what people the first Armaour beares  
 And who they were first broake the generall Truce :  
 In the first age, erae men keene weapons knew,  
 They fought with naked fists, but no man slew.

*Diodorus.**Tully.**Iosephus.**Homer.**Aetolus Sonne  
to Mars.**Herodotus.**Polidor.**Plutarch.**Dares.*

The first that  
was seene to  
vse the shield.

Some say, the *Thratian Mars* first Armour brought,  
 Others, that *Pallas* was of wars the ground,  
 Others, that *Tubal-Cayne* for weapons sought,  
 And taught the way how to defend and wound,  
 Most thinke *Lame Vulcan* on the *Styth* first wrought  
 Helmets, Swords, Speares, the *Lacedemons* found :  
 The *Haberion Midias*, *Messenius* filed,  
 Iauelins and Darts *Aetolus* first compiled,

21

Yet were not Souldiers arm'd at euery Peece,  
 Some thinke th' *Egyptians* flourisht in this trade,  
 And Helmets and bright Salets brought to *Greece*,  
 Leg-harnesse by the *Carians* was first made,  
 These *Iason* vsde in Conquest of the fleece,  
 Great *Fulnius Flachus Iustings* Speares assayde :  
 At *Capua* first, by old *Tyrhenus* framed,  
 For the browne Bill, the *Thracian* was first named.

22

*Pyses* the hunting Staffe, the warlike Queene  
*Penthiselea*, taught the Pollax-fight,  
 Crosse-bowes were first among the *Cretans* seene,  
 Quarryes and Bolts the *Syrians* bring to sight,  
 The euer-bold *Phenetians* furnisht beene  
 With Brakes and Slings to Chronicle their might :  
 In lists appointed, in the *Argive* fields,  
*Acrisius* and bold *Pretus* fought with shields.

23

*Epeus* at *Troyes* seidge the *Ramme* deuisde,  
 The *Tortoyes* City wals to undermine,  
*Artemon Clazemonius* enterprisde  
*Bellerephon*, to imitate the signe

Cald *Sagittarius*, Footmanship dispisde,  
And backt the *Tennet*: after some Deuine:  
Bridles, Bits, Trappings, to adorne a Steede,  
Seru'd first the *Peletronians* warlike speede.

*Peletronians*: a  
nation of *Thebes*-  
*saly*.

25

But of all Hellish Engines, he whose brayne  
By Deuilesh practise first deuised the Gun,  
The world shall Vniuersally complaine  
A generall murder, by that, *Almain* done,  
By which the strong men are by Weakelings slaine,  
By him hath many a Mother lost her Sonne:  
This Hell-borne Art, sinceby the Deuill must  
*Venice* against the *Genoese* practise first.

*Macheuil bisso-*  
*rre Florentina*.

26

Of *Priam* now, and of his royll seede,  
Their fashions, and their features *Dares* writes,  
The aged King of puissance in his deed,  
And in his prime-age expert in all fights:  
Tall, but well shaped, Mounted on his Steede,  
In Horseman-ship excelling all his Knights:  
Grisled his heyre, grey-eyde, Beard full and long,  
Soft voy'st, his limbs, though slender, rare and strong.

*Priam*:

27

In enterprises dreadlesse: early rysing,  
Eating betimes, with Musick highly pleaseid,  
Not rash to execute, but with aduising,  
Sound in his body, and no way diseased,  
Vpright in sentence, flattery despising,  
Apt to be angry, and as soone appeald:  
Euen to the last, in armes his body prouing,  
Amorous of Ladies, and Souldiers dearely louing.

28

*Heitor* the eldest of King *Priams* race,  
Past in his puissance all Knights of that age,  
An able body, and a pleasant face,  
Affable, and not much inclinde to rage,  
Big-limb'd, but featur'd well, which added grace  
To his proportion, young, but grauely sage:  
His flesh tough-hard, but white, his bleu veines ayery,  
His quicke eye fiery bright: his skin much heyr.

*Heitor*.

29

His head short curld : his beard an aburne browne,  
 His pleasant Language lisping, but not lowd,  
 (Saue in the wars) he was not seene to frowne,  
 Saue to his Gods and King, he neuer bowd,  
 In field a Lyon, but a Lambe in towne,  
 Strong without equall, but in Armes not proud,  
 Was neuer knowne to speake felonious word,  
 Or but against *Troyes* foes to vse a sword.

30

Aduentrous bold, but with discreet aduice,  
 Patient of trauell, with no labour tyr'd,  
 In the *Pannonian* wars he triumphht thrice,  
 And more the Tent, then walled towne desird,  
 Oft hath his pillow bin a Caeue of Ice,  
 Oft hath his sword his foes Caske proudly fird  
 To warme him by, when he before appard  
 With *Iſicles* low hanging at his beard.

31

Forth of *Troyes* gates neare yſſued man so strong,  
 So double vertued, Chiualrous and mild,  
 Or better Vſher through a Martiall throng,  
 Mongſt foes a Gyant, to his friends a Child,  
 Dreaded and lou'd, and sooner bearing wrong,  
 Then knowne t'opprefſe : he neuer grace exild  
 From Captiuſ, whom in armes he ouerthrew,  
 He neuer fled the strong, or yeilding flew.

32

A *Homers* fluence, or a *Virgils* pen,  
 Behooues him that ſhould giue great *Hector* due,  
 Whom with this Title, *Valianſt of Men*,  
 I now forbear his Brothers to pursue :  
 Next *Alexander* ſirnam'd *Paris*, when  
 His Mothers ominous dreame mongſt Shepherds threw  
 The infant Prince. In him you may diſcouer  
 The true proportion of a perfect Louer.

33

Straight bodied, mid-statu'd, wondrous faire,  
 A pleasant looke, his eye both great and gray,  
 Round visag'd, ſoft, and Crispe at end his haire,  
 Smooth ſkind, well ſpoke, effeminate euery way,

No Coward, eloquent, an Archer rare,  
Swift, a good Hunts-man, and much giuen to play,  
Cunning at *Cheſſe*, which as most voyces run,  
Was by King *Priam* firſt in *Troy* begun.

34

Louing gay cloaths, and go richly clad,  
Costly in Iewels, and stones highly rated,  
Quicke-witted, iesting, dallying, ſeldome glad,  
Who aboue all things Melancholy hated:  
At loose laſcivious ſpeeches ſeeming ſad,  
And by all Starre-conieſture fairely ſated,  
A Courtly carriage, and a promising face,  
A manly looke mixt with a womaniſh grace.

*Baris.*  
Cheſſe-play  
firſt deuifed  
in *Troy*.

35

Bold *Deiphebus*, and wiſe *Helenus*,  
Were ſcarfe to be diſtinguiſht, both ſo like :  
The laſt a Clarke, ſawes hidden to diſcuſſe,  
The firſt not taught to pray ſo well as ſtrike,  
The one deuout, the other Chiualrous,  
One grub'd his pen, while th'other toſt his Pike :  
Though ſeuerall byrths, yet twins they ſeemed rather  
And both the true proportions of their Father.

*Deiphebus.*  
*Helenus.*

36

The moſt redoubted *Troylus* youngſt of fiue,  
Next after *Hector* was eſteemd in field,  
(Saue this bold brother) the beſt Knight aliue,  
Moſt expert in the uſe of ſword and ſhield :  
Amorous of *Calchas* daughter : Ladies ſtrive  
Which to his ſweet embracemēnts ſoon'ſt may yeild :  
Neuer was Knight in valor better proued,  
Or Courtier amonſt Ladies deerlyer loued.

*Troylus.*  
*Cressida.*

37

Then in one word, his apriles to comprise,  
He was another *Hector*, ſhape, looke, gate,  
Stature, proportion, fashion, haire, and eyes ;  
Martiall encounter, or for Courtly ſtate,  
*Aeneas* a bold Knight, a States-man wiſe,  
Louer of peace, and foe to sterne debate :  
A Counſellor and Souldier, who imparts,  
Inequaliz'd proportion, Armes and Arts.

*Aeneas.*

Large

38

Large stature, and broad set, deuinely skild,  
 His haire by Nature browne, but grayed with yeares,  
 Cleare ey'd, sharpe visag'd, but with colour fild,  
 One of King Priams best esteemed Peeres,  
 Sober in speech, and seene to laugh but seild,  
 Whom Paphian Venus by Anchises beates,  
 Preferring much the Counsels of the old,  
 And Beards of Siluer, before Haires of Gold.

39

*Aubenor.*

*Anthenor*, second to Aeneas, blacke,  
 Long, and leane visag'd, whom the King affected  
 And much esteem'd his Counsell, in the sacke  
 And fall of Troy, by Priam much suspected,  
*Polydanus* his sonne, in whom no lacke  
 Of vertue was, or valor well directed:  
 Of Counsell with his Father in Troyes fall,  
 Resembling him, leane visag'd, swart, and tall.

*Menon.*

40  
*Menon* of all the Kings that Priam ayded  
 With best assistance, and most valiant Knights,  
 Broad-brested, and big-limb'd, not soone disswaded  
 From hostile oppositions, and sterne fights,  
 By him was many a Grecian Knight disftaded,  
 Whom hope of Honour, more then gaine incites :  
 Queene *Hecuba*, Religious, Graue, well staide,  
 A Manly Woman, somewhat rudely made.

*Hecuba.**Andromache.*

41  
*Andromache*, well shapt, looking aloft,  
 Exceeding faire, her eye-ball broad and cleare,  
 Her Alabaster skin, white, smooth, and soft,  
 A worthy Wife to such a worthy Peere,  
 As full of Grace as Beauty, praying oft,  
 A visage Louely, but withall seure :  
 Promising loue, but with so Chast an eye,  
 That what her beauty grants, her looks deny.

*Creusa.*

42  
*Creusa* like her Mother bodied well,  
 But nothing faire, her grace is manly rude ;  
 Onely the wise Aeneas happy fell  
 Into her fauour, with good Thewes indude,

Her inward, more then outward gifts excell,  
Vnapt young amorous Courtiers to delude,  
A gracious, affable, kind, modest Creature,  
Loued for her Vertues, more then for her feature.

43

*Cassandra, Hecubs second, chaste and wise,*  
A profest Virgin, and Deuinely red,  
In Deuininations, Sawes, and Prophesies,  
She for her life abandons *Hymens* bed ;  
Faire-hair'd, Meane-statur'd, Round-mouth'd, stedfast eies  
Sometime her yellow Lockes about her spread :  
(Rapt with Deuinest fury) oft she weares,  
Like a rich cloake, wounen of her golden haires.

*Cassandra*

44

But young *Polixena* among the rest,  
Most Beautifully perfect, Rauishing sweet,  
Of all Terrestriall graces, loc the best,  
In one exact and Compleat creature meet,  
Celestiall coloured veines, Swan-downy brest,  
And from her Natiue golden crowne to feet  
Spotlesse, her brow the whitest, eye the clearest,  
And her Rose coloured Cheeke of al Dyes dearest.

*Polixena*

45

One Ladies beauty lies most in her haire,  
Anothers in her Cheeke, this in her brow,  
Her eye is quicke, another colour's rare,  
To which the Knights their deeds of Honour vow,  
Foot, skin, or hand : and all esteemed faire,  
The least of these best Judging wits allow :  
And where but one of all these are extiended,  
For that one guift bright Ladies are commended.

29

On such quicke feet as makes yon Lady praisd,  
*Polixena* doth lightly touch the ground,  
Such hands as make anothers name imblazid,  
White, azure-vain'd within her Gloues are found ;  
A body on two Iuory collumnes raisd,  
A brest so white, a Globe-like head so round :  
a haire, so bright-hewed Brests so softly sweld,  
Saue in this maidē no Mortall hath beheld.

*She*

47

She is all beauty, Nature shew'd her skill  
To haue this Maide made in all parts compleate,  
her Store-house, the Creator first did fill,  
The Prodigall Queene, doth for the Lady cheate  
her Surplusse, then the world lamenteth still  
*The Trojan Ladyes Larges* was so great :

That hyc-borne women yet in many places,  
Are forst since her, to haue hard-fauoured faces.

48

But least we dwell vpon her shape too long,  
From her vnto the buildings we looke downe,  
Leauing the Ladys sayre, the Princes strong,  
It followes, that we next suruiue the Towne,  
How *Priam* sought to quit *Hesiones* wrong,  
His Scepter, State, and his Imperiall Crowne :  
These by th'assistance of th'all-guiding Fate,  
And by the Muses helpe, we next relate.

49

The sixe gates  
of Troy. The glorious Towers and Spyres of *Troy* looke hyc,  
Sixe principall Percullist Gates admit  
The people in and out : first *Dardany*,  
*Fimbria* the second (but scarce finisht yet)  
*Hely* the third : we *Chetas* next descry,  
*Troyen* the fift, with Marble Turrets fit :  
The sixt and last, but of like state with these,  
Cald by *Antenor*, *Antenorides*.

50

Vn-numbered Pallaces, houses of State,  
With their guilt couers seeme to mocke the Sunne,  
Which towards heauen their hye tops eleuate,  
Staples of Forraine Marchants now begun,  
Free Traffickt-Marts, and Wares of euery rate,  
By which, much wealth may be acquird and wun .  
Nothing is wanting in this New-built-Towne,  
That may acquire *Troy* Riches or Renowne.

51

The Riuers  
Symois. Midst this young Citties hart, a Riuers glydes,  
Bleeding her Azure veines through euery streete ;  
Whose meeting streames a spacious Channell guid  
To the maine Ocean, where the *Troyan* fleete

In all tempestuous sea-stormes safely rides,  
The Merchant ferried for his pleasure, meets  
His laden Lyters, Barkes, and ships of trade,  
Whom at their rich keyes they with Cranes vnlaide.

52

Vpon the highest hill the rest o're-peering  
The Pallace royall doth the King erect,  
On her wind-mouing vanes *Troyes* Scutchion wearing,  
Whose shyning guilt vpon the Towne reflect,  
The Marble posts, and *Porphyry*-Collumnes bearing,  
Roofes of pure-gold from the best Mines sele~~c~~t;  
By good aduise they *Illum* Towers inuest,  
A Citadell to ouer-looke the rest.

53

The glorious Sunne, from whose all-seeing eye,  
Nothing on earth can be conceiled long,  
In his Diurnall trauels through the sky,  
Saw never Pallace built so faire and strong,  
The square *Pyramides* appeared hyc,  
As if they had bin rear'd the Clouds among,  
The Porches, Tarras, windowes, Arches, Towers,  
Resembling one of *Ihoues* Celestiall Bowers.

54

More then the rest his great Hall men admire,  
Built like th'*Olimpicke* pallace, where *Ihoue* feasts,  
Paved with bright Starres, like those of Heauenly fire,  
On which he treads, when he invites his guests,  
The roofe hung round with Angels (a rich Quire)  
With Diamond eyes, red Rubies in their breasts,  
Holding like Grapes long branches in their fists,  
Of *Emeralds* greene, and purple *Amethysts*.

55

At one end of the Hall stands *Priams* Throne,  
To which by twelve degrees the King ascended,  
His chaire all Gold, and set with many a Stone,  
By curled Lyons, and grim Beares defended,  
Who seem'd to fawne on him that sat thereon,  
The curious Grauer all his Art extended:  
The sauage Monsters that support his chaire,  
Euen to the life, cut and proportiond are.

Next

56

Next this, from twenty hie steps looking downe  
 Towards the Skreene aloft inthroned stands  
*Ihones Statuē*, on's head a glorious Crowne,  
 An vniuerse and Scepter grac'ſt both hands :  
 His length full fifteene foot, his colour browne,  
 His front Maiesticke, like him that commands ;  
 His state, as when with Gods he was couersing,  
 His face so dreadfull, and his eye so piersing.

57

By his Stone-shining Alter, rooted growes  
 The rich *Palladium*, the two Thrones betwixt,  
 Whose golden roote enameld Branches strowes  
 Through the vast Hall, the leaues with blossomes mixt :  
 Mongſt which ripe Fruits their coloured sides dispose,  
 As mellowed with the Sun, Deuinely fixt ;  
 A wonder twas, this Arbor to behold,  
 The Fruit and blossomes Stones, the branches Gold.

58

Of ſelfe-fame Metall was his dining boord,  
 Where with his Sonnes and Peeres oft times inuested  
 He eat in ſtate, and ſometimes would affoord  
 That ſtranger Peeres were at his Table feasted ;  
 In ſtead of plate they precious Lycours pou'rd  
 Into bright hollowed Pearle, rarely digested,  
 Gold was thought base, and therefore for the nones,  
 They diu'd for Pearle, and pierſt the rockes for ſtones.

59

With as great ſtate as *Troian Priam* could,  
 I haue beheld our Soueraign, Strangers eaſt,  
 In Boules as precious, Cups, as deerely ſould,  
 and hy-priz'd Lyquors equall with the reſt,  
 When from the *Lands-graue* and the *Brownſ-wicke* bold,  
 The *Arch-duke* and the *Spaniard* Legats preſt :  
 But chiefly when the royll Brittish *James*,  
 at *Greenwitch* feasted the great King of *Danes*.

60

No King for wealth was to this King compared,  
 Fortune ſhowrd all her bounties on his head,  
 No King had bold Sonnes that like *Priams* dared,  
 Or *Danes* with greater beauties garnished,

Kings and Kings sonnes were in their eyes insnared,  
Whom their imperious beauties captiue led :

Prince *Hector* more his Fathers Crowne to grace,  
Addes by his sword, *Pannonia, Phrigia, Thrace.*

Three king-  
domes con-  
quered by  
*Hector.*

61

Full with all plenty, with abundance stored,  
Seeing his wals so strong, his Towne so faire,  
Himselfe by forraigne Potentates ador'd,  
And his Exchequer rich without compare,  
Fifty tall sonnes, the least to vse a sword,  
And most of them in Martiall Turneyes rare :

His Counsell graue, his Lords of hie degree,  
As prouident, as full of Chivalry.

62

He therefore now bethinkes him of his shame,  
Done by the *Argives* in *Alcides* dayes,  
Therefore against all *Greece* will warre proclaime,  
And to their opposition, forces rayse,  
He summons all his Lords, who forthwith canie,  
To whom assembled thus *King Priam* layes :

Oh ! which of all this faire and princely traine,  
Hath not (by *Greece*) a friend or Kinsman slaine.

63

Shew me the man hath not inricht their Treasure  
With his owne substance by his Father lost,  
Whose wiues & daughters haue not serud their pleasure,  
If they be rich, they Reuell at our cost,  
Their Barbarous Tyranies exceed all measure,  
They spoild our Navy on the salt Sea Coast ;  
Beate downe our Wals, they pillag'd all our goods,  
And waded knee-deepe in our Fathers bloods.

64

Amongst vn-numbered of your neare allies,  
My royll Father treacherously they slew,  
Were not your Fathers in the selfe-same wyse  
Butcher'd and mangled by that murdrous crew ?  
I see my words confirm'd in your wet eyes,  
(Remembrance of these wrongs their moist teares drew)  
Besides they slew my Sister in their spleene,  
A free borne princess, Daughter to a Queene,

T

Behold

65

Behold my state, surueigh your priuate powers,  
Is it for *Priams* honor this to beare?  
Being your Soueraigne, may disgrace is yours,  
And that which troubles me, should touch you neare;  
We haue defer'd reuenge to these last howeres,  
Till we had gathered Armes, strength, wealth, and feare:  
And now since heauen supplies our generall need,  
I aske your Counsel: Is reuenge decreed?

66

So deeply did the Kings words pierce their brests,  
That with a generall voyce, *Reuenge they cry,*  
Now euery man the iuuasive *Greeke* detests,  
And thinkes it long, tili they can *Greece* defie,  
Soone after this, the King his Nobles feasts,  
Longing till some aduantage they can spy  
To make their warre seeme iust, at length devise  
This colour to their Hostile enterptise.

67

That *Pryam* shall in courteous manner, send  
To al the Gracian Kings, to aske againe  
His captiue Sister, like a royll frend:  
(Vvhich if they grant,) in friend-ship to remaine:  
But if this Embassie their eares offend,  
And they the faire *Hesione* detaine;  
To Menace warre: *Anthenor* Nobly mand,  
At *Priams* vrgence, takes this taske in hand.

68

In *Theffaly* where *Peleus* that time raign'd,  
*Anthenor* after some few moneths attiues,  
And of *Hesones* estate complain'd,  
That her returne might saue ten thousand liues,  
But if to bondage shée were still constrain'd,  
Her Brother that as yet by faire meanes striues,  
Must in his Honour seeke by armes to gaine her,  
Vnto their costs, that proudly dare detaine her.

69

*Peleus* intrag'd, commands *Anthenor* thence,  
Nor will he grace the *Troian* with reply,  
That dare to him so proud a sute commence,  
He therefore makes with speed from *Theffaly*,

Great Telamonis *Ajax* to incense,  
Who keepes the Princesse in base Slauery :  
In *Salaminaes* Port he Anchor casts,  
And thence vnto Duke *Ajax* Pallace hasts.

70

Mildly of him the Embassador demands  
*Hesione*, or if he keepe her still,  
With her to enter *Hymens* Nuptiall bands,  
Not as a Slaue to serue his lustfull will :  
When *Tellamon* this Message vnderstands,  
He was in thought, the *Troian* Lord to kil:  
So scornefully the Duke his Message tooke,  
His face lookt pale, his head with anger shooke.

71

He tels him he is not allyde at all  
With twice-won *Troy*, nor any league desires ;  
The beautious Princesse to his lot did fall,  
Whom he wil keepe (and mauger all their yres,)  
For scaling first *Troyes* well defended Wall,  
She was his Trophies prize : He that aspires  
To take her thence, or once demand her backe,  
Is but the meanes their *Troy* againe to Sacke.

72

And so commands him thence, who still proceeds  
Vnto *Achaia*, where the famous Twins  
*Castor* and *Pollux* haue aduanc'd their deeds,  
And by their Valours were both crowned Kings ;  
Vnto their Court in hast *Anthenor* speeds,  
And to their eares his Embassie begins :  
But they with *Telamons* rude scornes reply,  
And charge him straight out of their Confines hie.

73

With like contempt Duke *Nestor* sends him backe,  
So did the two *Atrides*; So the rest  
Of all the *Argine* Kings, command him packe  
Out of their bounds, as an vnwelcome guest,  
Since *Troy* deseruedly indur'd such wracke :  
*Anthenor* answered thus, esteemes it best,  
Backe to resaile, and to King *Priam* tell,  
What in his boottlesse voyage him befell.

74

The King at this reproach inflam'd with rage,  
 Assembles all his people, Sonnes, and Peeres,  
 Intending by their aydes new warre to wage,  
 To which the youthfull Gallants wanting yeares,  
 Freely assent, but those of riper age,  
 Out of their grauer wisedome, not pale feares,  
 Seeke by their Counsels *Priam* to perswade,  
 To raigne in peace, and not proud *Greece* inuade.

75

Among the rest, great *Hector*, from whose tong  
 Did never yssue proud discourteous word,  
 Whom *Greeke* nor *Troian* can accuse of yrong,  
 Nor they within whose blouds he glaz'd his sword,  
 Rayseth himselfe aboue the populous throng,  
 And thus he sayes : Who rather should afford  
 Vengeance on *Greece*, then I your eldest sonne,  
 To whom these rough iniurious wrongs are done.

Hectors Oration.

76

But if we well consider what a foe,  
 And what great wrath vpon our heads we pull,  
 Not *Greece* alone, but all that homage owe,  
*Asia* and *Africke* make their numbers full,  
 The oddes is too vnequall, therefore knowe,  
 I am of thought all warres to disanull.  
*Troy*'s but a Citty, and though rich and strong,  
 Yet against the world oppof'd, must needs take wrong.

77

Why will Rich *Priam* hazard his estate,  
 Being in peace? what need we couer warre?  
 What can we more desire, then fortunate?  
 So *Priam*, *Troy*, and all our people are:  
 Why should we seeke t'incurre the *Argive* hate,  
 Of which remains so incurable a scarre?  
 Wisemen in their reuenges should forsee  
 What ends may fall, not what beginnings be.

78

My Grand-sire's dead, perhaps he did offend,  
 But howsoever he cannot now suruiue?  
 To seeke his life we vainly should contend:  
 Methinkes in this against the Gods we striue,

What the *Greekes* mar'd, the Gods themselues amend,  
Whence should we then out detrimentes deriu?

Out *Troy* is since her second fall, much fairer,  
Her people richer, and her buildings rarer.

79

*Troy* lost a King, that losse your Grace supply,  
And though (your sonne) of this I proudly vant,  
He is in you receiu'd with vsury,  
They pillag'd vs, and yet we nothing want,  
Of all their wounds, we not one scarre can spy,  
Vnlesse *Hesione* our Princely Ant:

Whose bondage long since hapning, we may gesse,  
The custome and continuance makes seeme lesse.

80

But howsoever neare to mee allyde,  
I do not hold her freedome of that meed,  
That for her sake *Troy* should in blood be dyde,  
*Priam* or any of his yslue bleed:  
And for this cause do I my selfe deuide  
From their rash Counsel, that Reuenge decreed:

Knowing all warre is doubtfull, and fore-seeing  
Of *Troy*, what it may be, not of *Troyes* being.

81

If any hot blood prouder then the rest,  
Accuse my words, and thinke I speake through feare,  
I wish that man the boldest *Gracian* guest  
That euer with *Alcides* Anchor'd heare,  
That I might print my valour on his Crest,  
And on his armed Vaunt-brace proue my Speare:  
This said, great *Hector* Congied to the King,  
Then takes his place, when vp doth *Paris* spring.

82

And to the King his *Idaes* dreame relates,  
And how he iudg'd three beauties for the ball;  
How farre he *Venus* 'boue the rest instates,  
The fairest *Greeke* vnto his lot must fall,  
A fit reuenge for those whom *Priam* hates:  
For if the King will make him Generall,  
He makes no doubt, from *Greece* a Queene to bring,  
Shall equalize the Sister of the King.

T 3

Now

83

Now all the peoples voyce on his side flowes,  
 In euery eare his famous dreame is rife,  
 When ranckt next *Paris*, *Deiphobus* growes,  
 Perswading still to giue these discords life,  
 As one that by presumptions thus much knowes,  
 His voyage can procure no further strife:

Then if the promising Fates assist his Brother,  
 To proue th'exchange of one Queene for another.

84

The prophetic  
of *Helenus*.

But *Helenus* with sacred spels indude,  
 Seekes this prepared voyage to restrayne,  
 He saith, the *Greekes* shall with their hands imbrude  
 In *Troyes* bloud royall, conquer once againe,  
 Intreating *Paris*, he will not delude  
 Theyr reuerent eares, with dreames and visions vaine:  
 Assuring him, that of this Quest shall grow  
 The Citties vniuersall ouerthow.

85

When youthfull *Troylus* thus : Who euer heard  
 A bookish Priest perswade to hostyle Armes,  
 Let such as are to Fates and Sawes indeard,  
 Crouch by the fires that smoking Alters warmes,  
 And cherish their faint sinnewes (much affeard)  
 Dreading their owne, not Souldiers threatned harmes :  
 He that's a Priest, amongst priests let him pray,  
 We Souldiers cry *Arme* : and a glorious day.

86

What lets the King my Father, but to grant  
 My Brother *Paris* a right royall fleete ?  
 That in reuenge of our surprised Aunt,  
 He W arlike prayes among the *Gracians* meete ?  
 Shall tymorous Clarkes our Martiall Spirits dant ?  
 No royall Father : know reuenge is sweet :  
 Which since the Fates by visions promise beare :  
 Not to obey their Hests, we Cowards were.

87

*Troylus* preuailes, and *Hector* is perswaded  
 To shun the imputation of base feare,  
 With which his courage should be wrong vpbrayded,  
 A tymorous thought came neuer *Hector* neare,

Sit ce tis agreed that *Greece* must be inuaded,  
Hce'l guard his honor with his sword and Speare:  
Or if the *Gerekes* will on the *Troians* pray,  
Through his bold body they shall first make way.

88

Without his faire applause it had not past,  
So reuerent was th'opinion of his braine;  
His words were Oracles, so sweetly gracst,  
They generall murmur in all Counsels gaine,  
His free consent they hauing wcon at last,  
The King appoints them a well furnish't traine,  
With two and twenty Ships well rig'd and man'd,  
In any part of *Greece* freely to Land.

89

Which when the Prophetesse *Cassandra* heares,  
Indu'de with deuine wisedome, she exclai'mes,  
Her yellow Tramels she in fury teares,  
And cries alowd: poore *Troy* shall burne in flames.  
Oh had not changelesse Fate made deafe their eares  
They had bin mou'd: Th'vnhappy King she blames:  
The credulous Queene, rash *Paris*, and all *Troy*,  
That giue consent their Citty to destroy.

90

But as her Deuinations neuer fayled,  
So were they neuer credited for true,  
Till *Troy* vnwares with mischiefe was assayled,  
And then too late their misbelieve they tue,  
They that now held her mad, ere long bewailed  
Their slacke distrust, when threatned Ils ensue:  
But twas a Fate their Sawes were still neglected,  
and till prooud true by processe: false, suspected.

91

*Apollo*, in whose sacred gift remaines  
The true presage and ken of future things,  
Dotes on *Cassandra*'s beauty, and complaines,  
To her chast eares he tunes his golden strings;  
The crafty Girle that in her heart disdaines  
The gold, as she had earst despised Kings,  
Demands a boone, which *Phabus* hath decreeed  
To grant *Cassandra*, in sure hope to speed.

*Phabus and  
Cassandra.*

92

He sweares by *Styx*, an oath that cannot change,  
 That he will graunt what she shall next impose him,  
 She askes to know the skill of secrets strange,  
 And future Prophesies ; withall she shewes him  
 Her beauty where his eyes may freely range :  
 The amorous God of Fire securely throwes him

In her faire lap, and on her Iuory brest,  
 Laies his bright head, so grants her her request.

93

But when she feeles a deuine spirit infus'd  
 Through all her parts, (this *Phæbus* did inspire,)  
 She fled his loose imbraces, and refus'd  
 By any meanes to accomplish his desire :  
 He mad with anger to be thus abus'd,  
 Thus sayes : Thou think'st to mock the God of Fire :  
 Thy Sawes, though sooth, yet shall do no man good,  
 Not be beleeu'd, or else not vnderstood.

94

This was the cause the King remain'd vnmou'd,  
 The Queene vntoucht with her lamenting cries,  
 And all those Princes that their safeties lou'd,  
 Though long for-warn'd, her Counsell yet despise,  
 Her Spels haue credit, when th' events are prou'd,  
 Till then, though true, they are esteemed lies :  
 But leau'e *Cassandra* to her ecatelesse care,  
 And *Paris* to his *Troian* Fleet prepare.

95

Who with his Brother *Desphebus* sends,  
 To hast *Eneas* to the Seas with speed,  
*Polydamus*, *Anthenor*, and such frends,  
 As in this generall voyage were agreed,  
 His Souldiers most *Pannonians*, he contends  
 Shall rather see his Aunt from *Ajax* freed,  
 Or some bright *Gracian* Queene, for her disgrace  
 Shall Captiue liue in faire *Hesiones* place.

96

Imbarckt, and passing diuers Seas, at last,  
 In *Lacedemons* Port they safely Land,  
 But what twixt *Paris* and bright *Hellen* past,  
 What fauours he receiu'd from her faire hand,

How the Greeke Spartan Queene the Troian grac'ſt,  
You in the ſequell Booke muſt vnderſtand,

Some ſmall retyrement at this time we craue,  
What you want heere, another place ſhall haue,

**T**ouching the Dignity of Poets, I referre you to Ouids 3.  
Booke, De arte Amandi, omitting others, tranſlating  
him thus:

**S**ee, ſee, what alteraſtions rude time brings,  
Poets of old, were the right hands of Kings,  
Large were their gifts, ſupreme was their reward,  
Their meeterd Lines with feare and reuerence hard,  
Honour, and ſtate, and ſacred Maieſty,  
Belong'd to ſuch as studied Poetry:  
Ennius (by Scipio the great) was ſought,  
And from the Mountaines in Calabria brought:  
Dishonoured now, the Iuy Garland lies,  
The Ancient worship unto Poets dies,  
Yet ſhould we ſtrive our owne fames to awake,  
Homer an everlaſting worke did make,  
His Illiades cald, else who had Homer knowne,  
Had Danac in her Tower an old wife growne,  
And neuer unto publick view reſorted,  
How had her beauty bin ſo farre reported?

And in another place proceſſeth thus:

We in our flowing numbers beauty praife,  
And in our Poems your deſerts can praife:  
We firſt beſtow'd on Nemefis a name,  
Cinthia by our admittance keeps hir fame,  
Lycoris neuer hath bin knowne before,  
By vs ſhe ſounds in every forraine ſhore,  
And many proffer me large gifts, to know  
Who my Corinna is, whom I praife ſo:  
In vs there is a power ſhall neuer perrifh,  
Vs the Pierides and Muses cherriſh:  
A Godhead raignes in vs, & with the ſtarres,  
We haue Trafficke and acquaintance, holding wars  
Which none ſave Barbarisme, our Sacred ſpirits,  
We from the hye Deuineſt powers inherit.

Poly-

Olydor was sonne to Priam and Hecuba, who was committed to Polynestor, to be kept in the time of the Trojan warres, with a great sum of money.

The description of the Troians be according to Dares the Trojan, who liued in the warres of Troy, and writ their utter subuersion.

The Peletronij were the Lapithes, who first found the use of Bridles, Bits, and Snaffles, so calld of Peletronium a Towne in Thessaly.

Castor and Pollux were two twins, whom Jupiter begot of Læda, Kings in Achaya, Brothers to Helena.

The Fortunes of Paris, his casting out to bee a Sheapherd after the ominous dreame of his Mother, with the vision of the three Goddesses in the mount of Ida, are more at large expressed in his Epistle to Helena.

Cassandraes Prophesies true, and neuer credited, alude to the Prophet Tyresias a Southsayer of Thebes. Who vwith striking two Adders ingendring, became forthwith a Woman. Seauen yeares after, he likewise finding two Serpents, stroke them, and was immediately turned againe into a man, and participated both the affection of man and vwoman.

It so fell out, that Jupiter and Juno arguing, fel into great difference : Shee holding obstinately Women leſſe wanton then men : Hee affirming men leſſe lasciuious then Women : and who can better moderate this disencion then Tyresius, that had felt the desires of both, to him they appeale ; He tooke Jupiters part, and averd Women to be most Luxurios : At vwhich Juno enraged, strooke him vwith blindnesse, vwhich becaſe Jupiter could not helpe (for one Godde cannot vndoe what another hath done) ſhe gaue him the gift of Prophesie : to vwhich, the ſpightfull Goddess added also this, that his Prophesies (though true) yet they ſhoulde neuer bee beleued.

Clazemonij vvere people of Ionia. Of that Country, Artemo, was calld Clazemonius : It was the name of a Phyſitian in Pliny, alſo a beaſtiful young man much loued of ali Women.

Mideus was calld Messenius of Messe, a Towne in Peloponeſus.

Of Acrisius vvee haue ſpoake before, the Father of Danae his Brother Praetor, ſought to diſpoſeſſe him

him of his kingdom, and they are said to be the first that used a shield in battaille.

Of the Palladium, what it was, many writers differ : Palladia, are all such Images as are made without hands, or such as fell from heauento Earth : such was the Palladiū of Troy, and light first in the City Pessinus, a Mart-Towne in Phrygia, where Sibell had a Temple. Others thinke it to be giuen by Iupiter to Icus the Brother of Ganimed, whose censure we most allow. Though others write this Palladium to bee made by Alcius a great Phylosopher, and a Mathematitian, of whom the thirde part of the world was called Asia, being modelld with this Vertue, that the Citty which inioyed it, shoulde for the time be invincible. The like thinges was attributed to the shafts of Hercules, giuen to Philoctetes by dying Hercules in the Mount Oeta, betweene Thessaly and Macedonia, when the Delphian Oracles had signified to the Greeks, that Troy could neuer be surprised without the shaftes of Hercules, they sought Philoctetes, and demaunding of him those spoiles (which hee vvas bound by oath to conceale) being extremely urged, hee pointed with his foote to the place where they vvere buried, vvhich the ioyfull Greeks inioying, they receaved by them victory, and the Troians the ouerthrow.

Pherecidus.

Dio.  
Diiodorus.Iohannes An-  
tochensis.

The end of the eight  
CANTO.



## Argumentum

**P**aris departs from Troy, & Greece doth enter  
 Whom Menelaus welcomes, having seene;  
 The King is cald thence by a strange aduenter  
 And to his Trojan-guest he trusts his Queene:  
 Paris fayre Hellen Loues, & doth present her  
 With a long sute, so heale his woundy yet greene:  
 First Paris writes, she answers; Then with ioy  
 Greece they forsake, & both are shipt for Troy

### A R G . 2.

**B**right Hellen courted, Paris birth and Fate,  
 With his Loue-trickes, Iota shall release.

### CANTO.9.



Ho can describe the  
 purity of those,  
 Whose beauties are by Sacred  
 Vertues guided,  
 Or who their vgly pictures  
 that oppose  
 Their beauties against  
 Chastity deuided,  
 Proud Lucifer an *Angell* was, but chose  
 Vice: Virtue to eschew: and from heauen滑ded:  
 Women like him (in shape *Angellicall*)  
 are *Angels* whilst they stand, Devils when they fall.

2

Their gifts well vsd, haue power t' enchant the wise,  
 To daunt the bold, and ruinate the strong,  
 Which well applyde, can make the ruin'd rise,  
 The Coward valiant, weake to tast no wrong,

They are all poysone, when they wantonize,  
All Soueraigne, where ther's Vertue mixt among:  
Chast, nothing better; wanton, nothing worse,  
The grate-fulst Blessing, or the greatest Curse.

3

Had *Spartan Hellen* bin as chast as faire,  
her Vertue sooner might haue raiſd a *Troy*  
Then her loose gestures: great without compare,  
Had power so rich a Citty to destroy:  
By this time all the *Troians* Landed are,  
and *Paris* of the Queene receiu'd with ioy:

To whom th' inamored Prince in priuate sends  
These lines, in which his duty he commends.

*The Epistle of Paris to Hellen.*

H ealth unto Lædaes daughter, Priams son  
Sends in these lines, whose health cannot be won  
But by your guift, in whose power it may lie,  
To make me whole or sick; to live, or die:  
Shall I then speake? Or doth my flame appeare  
Plaine without Index? Oh, tis that I feare:  
My Loue without discouering smile takes place,  
And more then I could wish shines in my face.  
When I could rather in my thoughts desire  
To hide the smoke, til time display the fire:  
Time, that can make the fire of Loue shine cleare,  
Vntroubled with the misty smoke offear:  
But I dissemble it, for who I pray  
Can fire conceale, that will it selfe betray?  
yet if you looke, I should affirme that plaine  
In words, which in my countenance I maintaine:  
I burne, I burne, my fault I haue confess,  
My words beare witnesse how my lookes transgreſſe.  
Oh pardon me that haue confess my error,  
Cast not upon my lines a looke of terror,  
But as your beautie is beyond compare,  
Suite unto that your lookes (oh you most faire)  
That you my Letter haue receiu'd, by this  
The ſuppoſition glads me, and I wiſh

By hope incourag'd, hope that makes me strong,  
 you will receive me in some sort ere long,  
 I aske no more then what the Queene of Beauty  
 Hath promist me, for you are mine by duty,  
 By her I claime you, you for me were made,  
 And she it was my iourney did perswade:  
 Nor Lady thinke your beauty vainely sought,  
 I by deuine instinct was hether brought,  
 And to this enterprize, the heauenly powers,  
 Haue giuen consent, the Gods proclaime me yours,  
 Layme at wonders, for I couet you,  
 yet pardon me, I aske but whats my due,  
 Venus her selfe my iourney hether led,  
 And giues you freely to my promist bed:  
 Under her safe conduct the seas I past,  
 Till I arriu'd upon these Coasts at last:  
 Shipping my selfe from the Sygean shore,  
 Whence vnto these Confines my course I bore:  
 She made the Surges gentle, the winds fayre,  
 Nor maruell whence these calmes proceeded are,  
 Needs must she power vpon the salt-Seas haue,  
 That was sea-borne, created from a wawe,  
 Still mayshe potent stand in her ability,  
 And as she made the seas v with much facility  
 To be through-sailed, so mayshe calme my heat,  
 And beare my thoughts to their desired seat:  
 My flames I found not Here, no, I protest,  
 I brought them with me closed in my brest,  
 My selfe transported then without Attorney,  
 Lone was the Motine to my tedious iourney;  
 Not blustering Winter when he triumphant most,  
 Nor any error droue me to this Coast,  
 Nor led by Fortune where the rough winds please,  
 Nor Merchant-like for gaine crost I the Seas:  
 Fulnesse of wealth in all my Fleet I see,  
 I am rich in all things saue in wanting thee.  
 No spoile of petty Nations my Ship seekes,  
 Nor Land I as a spie among the Greekes,  
 What need we? See of all things we haue store,  
 Compar'd with Troy (alas) your Greece is pore.

For thee I come, thy fame hath thus farre driuen me,  
 Whom golden Venus hath by promise giuen me,  
 I wist thee ere I knew thee, long ago,  
 Before these eyes dwelt on this glorious shew :  
 I saw thee in my thoughts, know beautious Dame,  
 I first beheld you with the eyes of Fame,  
 Nor maruell Lady I was stroke so farre,  
 Thus Darts or Arrowes sent from Bowes of warre  
 Wound a great distance off : so was I hit  
 With a deepe smarting wound that ranckles yet,  
 For so it pleas'd the Fates, whom least you blame,  
 Ile tell a true Tale to confirme the same.

When in my Moshers wombe full ripe I lay,  
 Ready the first houre to behold the day,  
 And she at point to be deliuered streight,  
 And to unlade her of her Royall freight,  
 My Byrth-houre was delaide, and that sad night  
 A fearefull vision did the Queene affright,  
 In a sonnes stead to please the aged Sire,  
 She dreamp't she had brought forth a Brand of fire,  
 Frighted she rises, and to Priam goes,  
 To the old King this ominous dreame she shewes :  
 He to the Priest, the Priest doth this returne,  
 That the Child borne shall stately Ilium burne :  
 Better then he was ware the Prophet guest,  
 For loe a kindled Brand flames in my brest,  
 To preuent Fate a Pesant I was held,  
 Till my faire shape all other Swaines exeld,  
 And gaue the doubtfull world assurance good,  
 your Paris was deriu'd from royall blood.

Amid the Idean Fields there is a place  
 Remote, full of hie Trees, which hide the face  
 Of the greene mappled Earth, where in thicke rowes,  
 The Oake, the Elme, the Pine, the Pitch-tree growes :  
 Heere neuer yet did browze the wanton Ewe,  
 Nor from this plot the slow Oxen lickte the dew :  
 The savage Goat that feeds among the Rockes  
 Hath not graz'd heere, nor any of their Flockes,  
 Hence the Dardanian wals I might espy,  
 The lofty Towers of Ilium reared by,

Hecubaes  
dreame.

To preuent  
the Oracle,  
Paris was cast  
out among the  
shepheards of  
Ida.

The vision of  
Paris.

Iuno, Pallas,  
and Venus.

Hence I the Seas might from the firme Land see,  
Which to behold, I leant me to a Tree :  
Believe me, for I speake but what is true,  
Downe from the skies with feathered pynions flew  
The Nephew to great Atlas, and doth stand  
With Golden Caducens in his hand,  
(This as the Gods to me thought good to shew,  
I hold it good that you the same shold know :  
Three Goddesses behind young Hermes moue  
Great Iuno, Pallas, and the Queene of Loue ;  
Who as in pompe and pride of gate they passe,  
Scarfe with their weight they bend the tops of grasse :  
Amaz'd I start, and endlong stands my haire,  
When Mayus Sonne thus sayes, abandon feare  
Thou Curteous Swaine, that to these groves repairest,  
And freely Judge which of these three is fairest :  
And least I should this curious sentence shun,  
He tels me by Ihoues sentence all is done.  
And to be Judge I no way can eschew,  
This hauing saide, vp through the Ayre he flew :  
I straight take Hart a grace, and grow more bold,  
And there their beauties one by one behold.  
Why am I made the Judge to give this dome ?  
Methinkes all three are Worthy to o're-come :  
To iniure two such Beauties what tongue dare ?  
Or preferre one where they be all so faire :  
Now this seemes fairest, now againe that other,  
Now would I speake, and now my thoughts I smother,  
And yet at length the praise of one most sounded,  
And from that one my present Loue is grounded :  
The Goddesses out of their earnest care  
And pride of Beauty to be held most faire,  
Seeke with large Ariues, and gifts of wondrous price,  
To their owne thoughts my censure to intice :  
Iuno the wife of Ihoue doth first enchant me,  
To Judge her fairest, she a Crowne will grant me :  
Pallas her Daughter, next doth undertake me,  
Give her the price, and valiant she will make me :  
I straight devise which can most pleasure bring,  
To be a valiant Souldier or a King :

Last

Last Venus smiling came with such a grace,  
As if she swayed an Empire in her face,  
Let not (said she) these gifts the Conquest beare,  
Combats and Kingdomes are both fraught with feare.  
Ile giue thee whi thou louest best, (louely Swaine,)  
The furest Saint that doth on earth remaine  
Shalbe thine owne, make thou the Conquest mine,  
Faire Ladie fairest daughter shalbe thine.  
This said, when with my se'f I had denised,  
And her rich gift and beauty ioyntly prised:  
Venus victor, ore the rest is plac'd,  
Iuno and Pallas leaue the Mount disgrac'd,  
Meane time my Fates a prosperous course had ron,  
And by knowne signes King Priam call me son:  
The day of my restoring is kept holy  
Among the Saints-dates, consecrated soyl  
To my remembrance, being a day of ioy,  
For euer in the Calenders of Troy.

As I wish you I haue bin wist by others,  
The fairest maidis by me would haue bin Mothers,  
Of all my fauours I beslow'd not any,  
you onely may inioy the Loues of many:  
Nor by the Daughters of great Dukes and Kings  
Hau'e I alone bin sought, whose marriage Rings  
I haue turn'd backe, but by a straine more hie,  
By Nymphs and Phairies, such as neuer die.  
No sooner were you promist as my due,  
But I (alhated) to remember you:  
Waking, I saw your Image, if I dreampt,  
Your beautious figure stil appeard to tempt  
And urge this voyage: Til your face excelling  
These eies beheld, my dreames were all of Hellen.  
Imagine how your face shoulde now incite me,  
Being seene, that unseene did so much delite me:  
If I was scorcht so farre off from the Fyer,  
How am I burnt to Cinders thus much nyer:  
Nor could I longer owe my selfe this treasure,  
But through the Ocean I must search my pleasure,  
The Phrygian Hatchets to the rootes are put  
Of the Idean Pines, (asunder cut):

The Wood-land Mountaine yeilded me large fees,  
 Being despoyl'd of all her tallest Trees,  
 From whence we haue squar'd out vn-numbered beames,  
 That must be washt within the Marine streames:  
 The grounded Oakes are bowed, though stiffe as Steele,  
 And to the tough Ribs is the bending Keele  
 Wouen by Ship-wrights craft, then the Maine-mast,  
 Acrosse whose middle is the Saile yard plast.  
 Tackles and sailes, and next you may discerne,  
 Our painted Gods upon the hooked stearne:  
 The God that beares me on my happy way,  
 And is my guide, is Cupid: Now the day  
 In which the last stroke of the Hammer's heard,  
 Within our Nauy, in the East appeard,  
 And I must now lanch forth, (so the Fates please)  
 To seeke aduentures in the Egean Seas.  
 My Father and my Mother moue delay,  
 And by intreaties would inforce my stay:  
 They hang about my necke, and with their teares  
 Woo me deferre my iourney: but their feares  
 Can haue no power to keepe me from thy sight:  
 And now Cassandra full of sad affright,  
 With loose dishenel'd Tramels, madly skips,  
 Just in the way betwixt me and my Ships:  
 Oh, whether wilt thou head-long run she cries?  
 Thou bearest fire with thee, whose smoake vp flies  
 Vnto the heauens (Oh Ihoue) thou little fearest  
 What quenchlesse flames thou through the water bearest:  
 Cassandra was too true a Prophetesse,  
 Her quenchlesse flames she spake of (I confesse,)  
 My hot desires burne in my breast so fast,  
 That no Red Furnace hotter flames can cast.

I passe the Citty gates, my Barke I hoord,  
 The fauourable winds calme gales affoord,  
 And fill my sail-s, unto your Land I beare,  
 For whether else (his course) should Paris beare:  
 Your Husband entertaines me as his guest,  
 And all this hapneth by the Gods behest,  
 He shewes me all his pastures, parts, and Fields,  
 And euery rare thing Lacedemon yeilds,

The enter-  
tainment of  
Paris.

He

He holds himselfe much pleased with my being,  
And nothing hides, that he esteems worth seeing.  
I am on fire, till I behold your face,  
Of all Achaya's Kingdome, the sole grace,  
All other Curious obiects I desie,  
Nothing but Hellen can content mine eie,  
Whom when I saw, I stood transformd with wonder,  
Sencelesse, as one strooke dead by Ihoues sharpe Thunder:  
As I reviue, my eyes I rrowle and turne,  
Whilſt my flam'd thoughts with hotter fancies burne,  
Euen so (as I remember,) lookt Lounes Queene,  
When ſhe was laſt in Phrygian Ida ſcene,  
Vnto which place by Fortune I was traɪned,  
Where by my censure ſhe the Conqueror gained:  
But had you made a fourth in that contention,  
Of Venus beauty, there had bin no mention:  
Hellen assuredly had borne from all  
The prize of beauty, the bright Golden Ball.  
Onely of you may this your Kingdome boast,  
by you it is renown'd in every Coast:  
Rumor hath every where your beautie blazed,  
In what remote Clyme is not Hellen praised?  
From the bright Eastern Suns vprise, Inquire  
Euen to his downfall, where he flakes his fire,  
There liues not any of your Sex that dare,  
Contend with you that are proclaimd ſo faire;  
Trust me, for truth I ſpeak. Nay vwhats moſt true,  
Too sparingly the vworld hath ſpoke of you:  
Fame that hath undertooke your name to blaze,  
Plaid but the envious Huswif in your praise:  
More then report could promise, or fame blazon,  
Are theſe Deuine perfections that I gaze on:  
Theſe were the ſame that made Duke Theseus lauifh,  
Who in thy prime and Nonage did thee ranifh;  
A vvorthe Rafe for ſuch a vvorthe Man,  
Thrice happie Rauifer, to ceize thee than  
When thou vvert ſtript ſtarke naked to the ſkin,  
( A ſight, offorce to make the Gods to ſin : )  
Such is your Countries guise at ſeasons vwhen,  
vwith naked Ladies they mixe naked Men;

Hellen at nine  
yeares of age  
rauifh by  
Theseus.

A custome in  
Peloponeſus,  
the Province  
in which La-  
cedemō ſtands.

That

That he did steale thee from thy Friends, I praise him,  
 And for that deed, I to the Heauens will raise him:  
 That he return'd thee backe, by Ihoue I wonder,  
 Had I bin Theseus, he that shoulde affonder  
 Haue parted vs, or snacht thee from my bed,  
 First from my shoulders shoulde haue par'd my head:  
 So rich a purchase, such a glorious pray,  
 Should constantly haue bin detaynd for aye.  
 Could these my strong Armes possibly vnclaspe,  
 Whilst in their amorous Foulds they Hellen grasper,  
 Neither by free constraint, nor by free-giving,  
 Could you depart that compasse, and I liuing:  
 But if by rough inforce I must restore you,  
 Some fruits of Loue, (which I so long haue bore you,) I first woulde reape, and some sweet fauour gaine,  
 That all my suite were not bestow'd in vaine;  
 Either with me you shoulde abide and stay,  
 Or for your passe your maiden-head shoulde pay.  
 Or say I spar'd you that, yet woulde I try  
 What other fauour, I could else come by,  
 All that belongs to loue, I woulde not misse,  
 You shouldest not let me both to clip and kisse.

Give me your heart faire Queenie, my hart you owe,  
 And what my resolution is, you knowe,  
 Til the last fire my breathlesse body take,  
 The fire within my breast can neuer slake,  
 Before large kingdomes I preferd your face,  
 And Iucoes lone, and potent gifts disgrace.  
 To sold you in my amorous Armes I chusd,  
 And Pallas vertues scornefully refusd.  
 When they with Venus in the Hil of Idc,  
 Made mee the Judge their beauties to decide,  
 Nor do I yet repent me, hauing tooke  
 Beauty: and strength and Scepter'd rule for sooke:  
 Methinkes I chusd the best, (nor thinke it strange)  
 I still persist, and neuer meane to change;  
 Onely that my imployment be not vain,  
 Oh you more worth then any Empires gaine,  
 Let me intreat, least you my byrth should scorne  
 Or parentage: know I am royall borne.

By marrying me, you shall not wrong your State,  
Nor be a wife to one degenerate.  
Search the Records where we did first begin,  
And you shall find the Pleyads of our Kin:  
Nay I haue himselfe, all others to forbear,  
That in our stocke renowned Princes were:  
My Father of all Asia raignes sole-King,  
Whose boundlesse Coast scarce any feathered wing  
Can giue a girdle too, a happier Land  
A neighbor to the Ocean cannot stand:  
There in a narrow compass you may see  
Citties and Towers, more then may numbered be,  
The houses guilt, rich Temples that excell,  
And you will say I neere the great Gods dwell.  
You shall beho'd hie Iliums lofty Towers,  
And Troyes braue Wals built by Immortall powers,  
But made by Phœbus the great God of Fire,  
And by the touch of his melodious Lyer:  
If we haue people to inhabit, when  
The sad earth grones to beare such troopes of men:  
Judge Hellen, Like wise when you come to Land,  
The Asian Women shall admiring stand,  
Saluting thee with welcome, more and lesse  
In preasing throngs and numbers, numberlesse:  
More then our Courts can hold of you (most faire)  
You to your selfe will say, alasse, how bare  
And poore Achaya is, when with great pleasure,  
You see each house containe a Citties Treasure.

Mistake me not I Sparta do not scorne,  
I hold the Land blest where my Loue was borne:  
Though barren else, rich Sparta Hellen bore,  
And therefore I that Prouince must adore;  
Yet is your Land methinkes but leane and empty,  
You worthy of a Clyme that flowes with plenty  
Full Troy, I prostrate it is yours by duty,  
This petty-seat becomes not your rich beauty;  
Attendance, Preparation, Curtsie, state,  
Fit such a Heauenly forme, on which should waite,  
Cost, fresh variety, Delicious diet,  
Pleasure, Contentment, and Luxurious ryet,

Ganimed.

Cephalus.

Anchises.

Myrtoan is a  
part of the  
sea betwixt  
the Iouium &  
Egeum.

What Ornaments we vse, what fashions faigne,  
You may perceiue by me and my proud traine,  
Thus we attyre our men, but with more cost  
Of Gold and Pearle, the rich Gownes are Imposst  
Of our chiefe Ladies, guesse by what you see,  
you may be soone induc't to credit me.

Be tractable faire Spartan, nor contemne  
A Trojan borne, deriu'd from Royall stemme:  
He was a Trojan and allyde to Hector,  
That waits vpon Ihoues cup, and fils him Nector:  
A Trojan did the faire Aurora wed,  
And nightly slept within her Roseat bed:  
The Goddesse that ends night and enters day,  
From our faire Trojan Coast stole him away,  
Anchises was a Trojan, whom Lones Queene,  
(Making the Trees of Ida a thicke Screeene  
Twixt Heauen and her) oft lay with, view me vwell,  
I am a Trojan too, in Troy Idwell:  
Thy Husband Menelaus hether bring,  
Compare our shapcs, our yeares, and euery thing  
I make you Judgeſſe, wrong me if you can,  
you needs must say I am the properer man:  
None of my line hath turn'd the Sun to blood,  
And rob'd his Steeds of their Ambrosiall food:  
My Father grew not from the Caucasle Rocke,  
Nor shall I graft you in a bloody Stocke:  
Priam nere wrong'd the guiltlesſe soule, or further,  
Made the Myrtoan Sea looke red with murder.  
Nor thirſteth my great Grand-fire in the Lake  
Of Leithe, Chin-deepe, yet no thirſt can flake:  
Nor after ripened App'les vainely skips,  
Who flie him still, and yet still touch his lips,  
But what of this? If you be ſo deriu'd,  
You notwithstanding are no right depriu'd:  
You grace your Stocke, and being ſo deuine,  
Ihoue is offorce compeld into your Line.

Oh mischiefe! Whilſt I vainely ſpeakē of this,  
Your Husband all unworthy of ſuch bliſſe  
Inioyes you this long night, enfoldas your waſt,  
And where he liſt may boldly touch and taſt,

So when you sat at Table, many a toy,  
Passeth betweene you my vex't soule t'annoy,  
At such hie feasts I wish my enemy sit,  
Where discontent attendes on euery bit,  
I neuer yet was plac'd at any Feast,  
But oft it irkt me that I was your Guest:  
That which offends me most, thy rude Lord knowes,  
For still his arme about thy necke he throwes,  
Which I no sooner spy but I grow mad,  
And hate the man whose courting makes me sad:  
Shall I be plaine? I am ready to sinke downe  
When I behold him wrap you in his Gowne,  
While you sit smiling on his amorous knee,  
His fingers presse, where my hands itch to bee:  
But when he hugs you I am forc'd to frown,  
The meat I am eating will by no meanes downe,  
But stickes halfe way, amidst these discontents  
I haue obseru'd you laugh at my lament,  
And with a scornewfull, yet a wanton smile  
Deride my sighes and grones, oft to beguile  
My passions, and to quench my fiery rage,  
By quaffing healths I haue thought my flame t'affwage,  
But Bacchus full cups make my flame burne hyer,  
Add wine to loue, and you add fire to fire.  
To shun the sight of many a wantonfeat,  
Betwixt your Lord and you I shift my seat,  
And turne my head, but thinking of your grace,  
Loue skrewes my head to gaze backe on your face.  
What were I best to do? To see you play  
Mads me, and I perforce must turne away,  
And to forbearre the place where you abide,  
Would kill me dead should I but start aside:  
As much as lies in me I strive to bury  
The shape of Loue, in mirths spight I seeme mery:  
But oh, the more I seeke it to suppress,  
The more my blabbing lookes my loue professe.  
You know my Loue which I in vaine should hide,  
Would God it did appeare to none beside,  
Oh I haue how often haue I turnd my cheeke,  
To hideth apparant teares that passage seeke,

From forth my eies, and to a corner stept,  
 Least any man shold aske wherefore I wept :  
 How often haue I told you pittious tales,  
 Of constant louers, and how Loue preuailes ?  
 When such great heed to my discourse I tooke,  
 That euery accent suited to your looke.  
 In forged names my selfe I represented,  
 The Louer so perplext and so tormented,  
 If you will know ? Behold I am the same,  
 Paris was ment in that true Louers name :  
 As often, that I might the more securely  
 Speake loose immodest words that sound impurely,  
 That they offencelesse might your sweet eares tutch,  
 I haue lispt them out, like one had drunke too much :  
 Once I remember, your loose vayle betraid  
 Your naked skin, and a fayre passage made  
 To my inamored eye, Oh skin much brighter  
 Then now, or purest milk, in colour whiter  
 Then your faire mother Læda, when I haue grast her,  
 And in the shape of Feathered Swan imbrac't her :  
 Whilst at this rauishing sight I stand amazed,  
 And without interruption freely gazed,  
 The wreathed handle of the Boule I graspt,  
 Fell from my hold, my strengthlesse hand unclaspt,  
 A Goblet at that time I held by chance,  
 And downe it fell, for I was in a trance ;  
 Kisse your faire daughter, and to her I skip,  
 And snatch your kisses from your sweet Childs lip.  
 Sometimes I throw my selfe along, and lie  
 Singing Loue-songs, and if you cast your eie  
 On my effeminate gesture, I still find  
 Some pretty couered signes to speake my mind,  
 And then my earnest suit bluntly invades  
 Æthra and Climentea your two chiefe maides,  
 But they returne me answeres full of feare,  
 And to my motions lend no further eare.  
 Oh that you were the prize of some great strife,  
 And he that wins might claime you for his wife,  
 Hypromanes with swift Atlanta ran,  
 And at one course the Goale and Lady wan,

Euen she, by whom so many Saters perisht,  
Was in the bosome of her new Loue cherisht :  
So Hercules for Deyaneira stroue,  
Brake Achelous horne, and gain'd his loue,  
Had I such liberty : such freedome graunted,  
My resolution neuer could be daunted,  
Your selfe shoulde find, and all the world shoulde see,  
Hellen (aprize alone) reseru'd for me.  
There is not left me any meanes (most faire)  
To Court you now, but by intreats and praire,  
Vnlesse (as it becoms me) you thinke meet,  
That I shoulde prostrate fall, and kisse your feet,  
Oh, all the honour that our last age wins,  
Then glory of the two Tyndarian Twins,  
Worthy to be Ihoues wife, in heauen to raigne,  
Were you not Ihoues owne daughter, of his straine.  
To the Sygean confines I will carry thee,  
And in the Temple of great Pallas marry thee :  
Or in this Island where I vent my mones,  
Ile beg a Toombe for my exiled bones :  
My wound is not a slight race with an arrow,  
But it hath pierst my hart, and burns my marrow,  
This Prophesie my Sister oft hath sounded,  
That by an heavenly dart I shoulde be wounded :  
Oh then forbear (fayre Hellen) to oppose you :  
Against the Gods, they say I shall not lose you :  
Yeeld you to their behest, and you shall find,  
The Gods to your petitions likewise kind.  
A thousand things at once are in my braine,  
Whiche that I may eßentially complaine,  
And not in papers empty all my head,  
Anon at night receiue me to your bed.  
Blush you at this, or Lady doe you feare  
To violate the Nuptiall lawes auſtearc ?  
Oh (simple Hellen) Foolish, I might say,  
What profit reape you to be Chast, I pray ?  
Iſt possible, that you a World to winne,  
Should keepe that face, that beauty, without sinne ?  
Rather you must your glorious face exchange  
For one (leſſe Faire) or else not seeme ſo ſtrange :

Beauty and Chasfity at variance are,  
 Tis hard to finde one Woman chaste and faire,  
 Venus will not haue beauty ouer aw' de,  
 Hie Ihoue himselfe, stolne pleasures will applaude,  
 And by such theeuish pastimes we may gather,  
 How Ihoue gainst Wedlocks lawes, became your father :  
 He and your mother Læda both transgreſt  
 When you were got, ſhe bare a tender breast.  
 What glory can you gaine Loues sweets to ſmother ?  
 Or to be counted Chaster then your mother ?  
 Professe ſtrict chasfity, when v with great ioy,  
 I lead you as my Bride-espouſd, through Troy ;  
 Then I entreat you raine your pleasures in,  
 I wiſh thy Paris may be all thy ſinne.  
 If Citherea her firme Couenant keepe,  
 Though I within your bosome nightly ſleepe,  
 We ſhall not much miſdoo, but ſo offend,  
 That we by mariage may our guilt amend.

Your husband hath himſelfe this buſineſſe ayded,  
 And though (not with his young) he hath perſwaded  
 By all his deedes (as muſh) leaſt he ſhould ſtay  
 Our priuate meetings, he is farre away :  
 Of purpoſe rid vnto the fartheſt West,  
 That he might leauue his wife vnto his guest.  
 No fitter time he could haue found to viſit  
 The Chriſean royll Scepter, and to ceize it :  
 Oh, ſimple ſimple Husband : but hee's gone,  
 And going, leſt you thiſe to thiſke vpon.  
 Faire Wife (quoth he) I prethe in my place,  
 Regard the Troian Prince, and do him grace :  
 Behold, a witneſſe I againſt you ſtand,  
 You haue beeene careleſſe of his kinde command.  
 Count from his firſt dayes iourney, neuer ſince  
 Did you regard or grace the Troian Prince ;  
 What thiſke you of your Husband? that he knowes  
 The worth and value of the face he owes ?  
 Who (but a Fool) ſuch beauty would indanger,  
 Or truſt it to the mercy of a Stranger.  
 Then (royall Queene) if neither may intreat,  
 My quenchiſſe paſſion, nor Loues raging heate

Can win you, we are wooed both to this crime,  
Euen by the fit aduantage of the time,  
Either to Loues sweet sport we must agree,  
Or shew our selues to be worse fooles then he.  
He tooke you by the hand the hower he rode,  
And knowing, I with you must make abode,  
Brings you to me, What should I further say?  
It was his minde to give you quite away.

What meant he else? Then lets be blithe and iolly,  
And make the best vse of your Husbands folly:  
What shold we doe? Your husband is farre gone,  
And this colde night (poore soule) you lie alone:  
I want a bedfellow, so doe we eather,  
What lets vs then, but that we lie together.  
You flumbring thinke on me, On you I dreame,  
Both our desires are feruent, and extreame:  
Sweet, then appoint the night : Why doe you stay?  
Oh night, more clearer then the brightest day,  
Then I dare freely speake, protest, and sweare,  
And of my vowes the Gods shall record beare:  
Then will I seale the contract, and the strife,  
From that day forward, we are man and Wife:  
Then questionlesse I shall so farre perswade,  
That you with me shall Troyes ritch Coast invade,  
And with your Phrygian guest at last agree,  
Our potent Kingdome and rich Crowne to see:  
But if you (blushing) feare the vulger bruit,  
That sayes, you follow me, to me make suite,  
Feare it not Hellen; Ile so vvorke with Fame,  
I will (alone) be guilty of all blame.

Duke Theseus was my instance, and so were  
Your brothers Lady, Can I come more neare  
To ensample my attempts by? Theseus haled  
Hellen perforce: Your brothers they preuayled  
With the Leucippian Sisters, now from these  
Ile count my selfe the fourth (if Hellen please.)  
Our Troian Navy rides vpon the Coast,  
Rig'd, arm'd, and Man'd, and I can proudly boast,  
The bankes are high, Why doe you longer stay?  
The windes and Oares are ready to make way,

You shall be like a high Maiesticke Queene,  
 Led through the Dardan City, and be seene  
 By millions, who your State having commended,  
 Will (wondring) sweare, some Goddesse is descended.  
 Where ere you walke the Priests shall Incence burne,  
 No way you shall your eie or body turne,  
 But sacrificed beasts the ground shall beate,  
 And bright religious fires the Welkin heate,  
 My father, mother, brother, sisters: all  
 Ilium and Troy in pompe maiesticall,  
 Shall with rich guifis present you (but alasse)  
 Not the least part (so farre they doe surpassē)  
 Can my Epistle speake, you may behold  
 More then my words or writings can vnfold.

Nor feare the bruit of vvarre, or threatening Steele,  
 When we are fled, to dogge vs at the heele:  
 Or that all Græcia will their powers unite,  
 Of many rauisht, can you one recite,  
 Whom vvarre re-purchaſt? These be ydle feares,  
 Rough blustering Boreas fayre Orithea beares  
 Vnto the Land of Thrace, yet Thrace ſtill free,  
 And Athens raiſd no rude Hostility:  
 In winged Pegasus did Iafon ſaile,  
 And from great Colchos he Medea ſtale:  
 Yet Thessaly you ſee can ſhew no ſcar  
 Of former wounds in the Thessalian warre.  
 He that firſt rauisht you: In ſuch a Fleet  
 As ours is, Ariadne brought from Creet:  
 Yet Mynos and Duke Theseus were agreed,  
 About that quarrell, not a breast did bleed:  
 Leſſe is the daunger (trust me) then the feare  
 That in theſe vaine and ydle doubts appeare.  
 But ſay rude vvarre ſhould be proclaimde at length,  
 Know, I am valiant and haue ſnowie ſtrengtb:  
 The vweapons that I uſe are apt to kill,  
 Asia besides, more spacious fields can fill  
 With armed men then Greece, amongſt vs are  
 More perfect Souldiers, more beasts apt for war:  
 Nor can thy husband Menelaus be  
 Of any high ſpirit and Magnanimity,

Or

Or so well prou'd in Armes : for Hellen I  
Beeing but a Lad, haue made my enemies fly,  
Re-gaind the prey from out the hands of Theeues,  
Who had dispoild our Heards, and stolne our Beeues,  
By such aduentures I my name obtained,  
(Being but a Lad) the conquest I haue gained  
Of young men in their prime, who much could do,  
Delphiebus, Ilioncas to,  
I haue orecome in many sharpe contentions,  
Nor thinke these are my vaine and forg'd inuentions,  
Or that I only hand to hand can fight,  
My arrowes when I please shall touch the white.  
I am expert in the Quarrey and the Bow,  
You cannot boast your hartlesse husband so :  
Had you the power in all things to supply me,  
And shold you nothing in the world deny me,  
To gine me such a Hector to my brother  
You could not : The earth beares not such another:  
By him alone all Asia is well maned,  
He like an enemy against Greece shall stand  
Oppos'd to your best fortunes, wherefore striue you ?  
You do not know his valour that must wine you,  
Or what hid vvorst is in me, but at length  
You will confesse when you haue prou'd my strength :  
Thus either war shall still our steps pursue,  
Or Greece shall fall in Troyes all-conquering view,  
Nor vwould I feare for such a roiall Wife,  
To set the Vniuersall world at strife :  
To gaine ritch Prizes, men will venter farre,  
The hope of purchase makes vs bold in vvarre :  
If all the vworld about you should contend,  
Your name would be eternized vwithout end,  
Only be bold, and fearelesse may vve saile  
Into my Countrey, with a prosperous gale,  
If the Gods graunt me my expected day,  
I to the full shall all these Covenants pay.

**T**Hese two Epistles being so pertinent to our Historie, I  
thought necessarie to translate, as well for their elegan-  
cy as for their alliance, opening the whole project of

the Loue betwixt Paris and Hellen, the preparation to his iourney, his entertainment in Sparta, as also Hecubaes dreame, Paris his casting out among Shepheards, his Vision, and the whole prosecution of his intended Rape.

Læda was wife to Tindarus King of Laconia. The Poets write, that Iupiter accompanying her in forme of a Swanne, she brought forth two egges, of the one came Pollux and Helena, of the other came Castor and Clitemnestra, after wife to Agamemnon.

The Pleyades from whom Paris deriuers his progeny, are the seauen starres, once daughters to Lycurgus the famous Law-giuere of Athens.

Hermione was daughter to Menalaus and Helena, betrothed to Orestes, but married to Pyrrhus, for which cause Orestes slew Pyrrhus at the Altar, and after enjoyed his loue Hermione.

To prosecute the Tale of Ariadnes transformation after she had saued the life of ingratefull Theseus, who by his aduise and prouidence slew the Mynotaur, Theseus in his retурne home forsooke her, and left her upon a desolate Island.

*It so fell out,*

**M**adde Ariadne stayde that Isle about,  
Left desolate upon that barren plaine  
Where the brooke Dia poures into the Maine,  
Who waking from her rest, her vaile vnbond,  
Her bare foot treading on the unknowne ground,  
Her golden haire disheue'ld, loude she raues,  
Calling on Theseus to the deaf ned wanes,  
On Theseus, cruell Theseus, whom she seekes,  
Whilst shewers of teares make furrowes in her cheeke.  
She cals and weepes, and weepes and cals at once,  
Which might haue mou'd to ruth the sencelesse stones,  
Yet both alike became her, they both gracst her,  
The whilst she striues to call him, or cry faster.  
Then beats she her soft breast, and makes it grone,  
And then she cryes, What, is false Theseus gone?  
What shall I doe? she cryes, What shall I doe?  
And with that noate, she runs the Forrests throoe,

*When*

When suddenly her eare might understand,  
 Cimbals and Tymbrels toucht with a lowd hand,  
 To which the Forrests, Woods, and Caues resound,  
 And now amaz'de she fenseleſſe falleſt to ground.  
 Behold the Nymphs come with their ſcattered haire,  
 Falling behind, which they like garments ware,  
 And the light Satyres, an unruſy crew,  
 Neerer and neerer to the Virgin grew.  
 Next o'l Sylenus on his laſte Aſſe,  
 Nodſ with his drunken pate, about to paſſe,  
 Where the poore Lady all in teares lios drownd,  
 Scarce ſits the Drunkard but he falleſt to ground,  
 Scarce holds the Bridle fast, but ſtaggering ſtoopes,  
 Following thoſe giddy bacchinalian troopes,  
 Who daunce the wilde Lauolto on the graffe,  
 Whilſt with a ſtaffe he layes upon his Aſſe.  
 At length, when the young Satyres leaſt ſuſpect,  
 He tumbling, falleſt quite from his Aſſe necke.

But uppe they heauē him, whilſt each Satyre crieth,  
 Rife good old Father, good old Father rife.  
 Now comſt the god himſelfe, next after him.  
 His Vine-like Chariot, drawne with Tygres grim,  
 Coulour, and voice, and Theseus, ſhe doth lacke,  
 Thrice would ſhe fly, and thrice feare pluckt her back,  
 She trembles like a ſtalke the wind doth ſhake,  
 Or a weake reede that growes beside the Lake,  
 To whom the God ſpake: Lady, take good cheere,  
 See one more faithfull then falſe Theseus heere:  
 Thou ſhalt be wife to Bacchus, for a guift  
 Take the high heauens, and to the Spheares be lift,  
 Where thou ſhalt ſhine a ſtarre to guide by night,  
 The wandring Sea-man in his course aright:  
 This ſaide, leaſt his grim Tygers ſhould affray  
 The trembling Mayde, the God his Coach doth stay,  
 And leaping from his Chariot with his heeles  
 Imprints the ſand, and then the Nymph he feeles,  
 And hugging her, in vaine ſhe may reſiſt,  
 He beares her thence (Gods can do what they liſt)  
 Some Hymen ſing, ſome Io, Io cry,  
 So Bacchus with the mayde all night doth lie.

Sylenus the  
Priest of Bac-  
chus.

There

*Therefore when wine in plentious cups doth flow,  
And thou the night unto thy Loue dost owe,  
Pray to the God of grapes that in thy bed,  
The quaffing healths do not offend thy bed.*

Agreeable to this, is that in the first booke, *de Art. aman.*  
for from *Paris* he deriuers these Loue-tricks in wine.

*I* *Oe, I can teach thee, though thy young be muse,*  
*How with thy speaking eie to moue thy fute :*  
*Good language may be made in lookes and winkes,*  
*Be first that takes the cup wherein she drinkes,*  
*And note the very place her lip did tutch,*  
*Drinke iust at that, let thy regard be such :*  
*Or when she carues, what part of all the meat*  
*She with her fingers touch, that carue and eate :*  
*Carouse not, but with soft and moderate sups,*  
*Hauue a regard and measure, in thy cups :*  
*Let both thy feet and thoughts theyr office know,*  
*Chiefly beware of brauling, which may grow*  
*By too much wine. From fighting most abstaine,*  
*In such a quarrell was Eurilion slayne :*  
*Where Swaggering leades the way, Mischief coms after,*  
*Junkets and Wine were made for mirth and laughter :*  
*Though to be drunke indeed, may hurt thy braine,*  
*Yet now and then, I hold it good to fayne :*  
*Instruct thy lisping young sometimes to trip*  
*That if misplacst, a word transgresse thy lip*  
*It may be iudgd that quaffing was the cause, &c.*

The end of the nynth  
CANTO.



## Argumentum

**H**Ellen re-wrytes, the Troians sute prewails,  
And of the appointed Rape they both agree,  
Proud of so fayre a purchase, Paris sailes  
To Troy, from whence the Græcians seek to free  
The rauisht Spartan : Menalaus bewailes  
The absence of his Queene, longing to see  
Reuenge on Troy, to which the Græcians meet,  
Castor and Pollux perish with the Fleet.

## ARG. 2.

**K**Appa records her Rape, describes and brings  
To Aulis Gulph the powerfull Græcian kings.

## CANTO. 10.

## Hellen to Paris.



O sooner came  
mine eye unto the sight  
Of thy rude Lynes,  
but I must needes re-wright :  
Dar'st thou (Oh shamelesse)  
in such heynous wise,  
The Lawes of Hospitality despise ?  
And being a straunger,  
from thy Countries reach,  
Solicite a chaste wife to lWedlocks breach ?  
Was it for this, our free Tenarian Port,  
Receiu'd thee and thy traine, in friendly sort ?

And

And when great Neptune nothing could appease,  
 Gau<sup>e</sup> thee safe harbour from the stormy Seas?  
 Was it for this, our Kingdomes armes spread vvide,  
 To entertaine thee from the waterside?  
 Yet thou offoren soyle remote from hence,  
 A stranger, comming we scarce know from whence,  
 Is perjur'd wrong the recompence of right?  
 Is all our friendship guerdond with despight?  
 I doubt me then, whither in our Court doth tarry,  
 A friendly guest, or a fierce aduersary:  
 Nor blame me, for if iustly you consider,  
 And these presumptions well compare togither,  
 So simple my complaint will not appeare,  
 But you your selfe must needes excuse my feare.  
 Well, hold me simple, much it matters not,  
 Whil<sup>s</sup>t I preserue my chaste name farre from spot,  
 For when I seeme touche with bashfull shame,  
 It shewes how highly I regard my Fame:  
 When I seeme sad, my countnance is not fained,  
 And when I lower, my looke is unconstrained.  
 But say my brow<sup>v</sup> be cloudy, my name's cleere,  
 And reuerently you shall of Hellen heere:  
 No man from me adulterate spoyles can win,  
 For to this houre I haue sported without sin,  
 Which makes me in my hart the more to wonder,  
 What hope you haue in time to bring me vnder,  
 Or from mine eie what comfort thou canst gather  
 To pitty thee, and not despise thee rather:  
 Because once Theseus hurried me from hence,  
 And did to me a kind of violence,  
 Followes it therefore, I am of such prize,  
 That rauisht once, I should he rauisht twice:  
 Was it my fault, because I striu'd in vaine,  
 And vwanted strength his fury to restraine?  
 He flattered and spake fayre, I strugled still,  
 And what he got, was much against my will:  
 Of all his toyle, he reapt no wished fruit,  
 For with my wrangling I vwithstood his sute,  
 At length, I was restor'd, vntoucht and cleere,  
 In all my Rape, I sufferd naught (sau<sup>e</sup> feare)

A few vntoward kisses, he (God wot)  
Dry, without rhellish, by much striuing got,  
And them with much adoo, and to his cost,  
Offurther fauours, he could neuer boast :  
I doubt your purpose aymes at greater blisses,  
And hardly would alone be pleaseid with kisses,  
Thou hast some further ayne, and seekst to do  
What (Ihoue defend) I shoulde consent unto :  
He bare not thy bad mind, but did restore me,  
Vnblemisht, to the place from whence he bore me.  
The youth was basfull, and thy boldnesse lackt,  
And tis well knowyne, repented his bold fact :  
Theseus repented, so shoulde Paris do,  
Succeed in Loue, and in repentance to ;  
Nor am I angry : Who can angry be  
With him that lones her ? If your hart agree  
With your kinde wwords, your suite I could applaude  
So I were sure your lines were voyd of fraude.  
I cast not these strange doubts or this dispence  
Like one that were bereft all confidence :  
Nor that I with my selfe am in disgrace,  
Or do not know the beauty of my face,  
But because too much trust hath damag'd such  
As haue beleeu'd men in their loues to much,  
And now the generall toungh of woman saith,  
Mans words are full of Treason, void offaith.

Let others sinne, and howers in pleasure wast,  
Tis rare to find the sober Matron chaste :  
Why, say it be that sinne preuailes with fayre ones,  
May not my name be rankt among the rare ones ?  
Because my mother Læda was beguilde,  
Must I stray too, that am her eldest childe ?  
I must confessie, my mother made a rupe,  
But Ihoue beguilde her in a borrowed shape,  
When she (poore soule) nor dreamp't of god nor man,  
He troade her like a milke-white feathered Swan :  
She was deceiu'd by error, If I yeild  
To your vnjust request, nothing can shield  
Me from reproach, I cannot plead concealing,  
Twas in her error, tis in me plaine dealing :

She

*She happily err'd, He that her honour spilt,  
Had in himselfe full power to salue the guylt ;  
Her error happyed me so (I confessie)  
If to be Ihoues childe, be a happynesse.*

*To omit high Ihoue, of whom I stand in awe,  
As the great Grandfye to our Father in Lawe,  
To passe the kinne I claime from Tantalus,  
From Pcelopes, and from Noble Tyndarus.  
Læda by Ihoue in shape of Swan beguild,  
Her selfe so chaungde and by him made with chld  
Proves Ihoue my Father : then you ydely striue  
Your name from Gods and Princes to deriuue.  
What need you of olde Priam make relation ?  
Laomedon, or your great Phrygian Nation ?  
Say, all be true : What then ? He, of whom most  
To be of your alliance you so boast,  
Ihoue (five degrees at least) from you remoued,  
To be the first from me, is plainly proued ;  
And though (as I beleue well) Troy may stand  
Powerfull by Sea, and full of strength by Land,  
And no Dominion to your State superior,  
I hold our Clyme nothing to Troy inferior :  
Say, you in ritches passe vs, or in number  
Of people, whom you boast your streets to cumber,  
Yet yours a Barbarous Nation is, I tell you,  
And in that kind, do we of Grecce excelly you.  
Your ritch Epistle doth such guifts present,  
As might the Goddesses themselues content  
And woo them to your pleasures, but if I  
Should passe the bonds of shame, & tread awry  
If euer you should put me to my shiffts,  
Your selfe should moue me more then all your guifts :  
Or if I euer shal transgresse by stealth,  
It shall be for your sake, not for your wealth ;  
But as your guifts I scorne not, so such seeme  
Most pretious, where the giuer we esteeme.  
More then your presence, it shall Hellen please  
That you for her haue past the stormy Seas,  
That she hath causde your toyle, that you respect her,  
And more then all your Troyan Dames affect her.*

But ye'are a Wag in troth, the notes and signes  
You make at Table, in the meats and Wines,  
I haue obseru'd, when I least seemde to minde them,  
For at the first my curious eie did finde them.  
Sometimes (you wanton) your fixt eie aduaances  
His brightness against mine, darting sweet glaunces,  
Outgazing me with such a stedfast looke,  
That my dazd eyes their splendor bane for sooke,  
And then you sigh, and by and by you stretch  
Your amorous arme outright, the bowle to reatch  
That next me stands, making excuse to sip  
Just in the self-same place that kist my lip.  
How oft haue I obserud your finger make  
Tricks and conceited signes, which straight I take?  
How often doth your brow your smooth thoughts cloke  
When (to my seeming) it hath almost spoke,  
And still I fearde my Husband would haue spide ye,  
In troth you are to blame, and I must chyde ye:  
You are too manifest a Louer (Tush.)  
At such knowne signes I could not choose but blussh,  
And to my selfe I oft was forst to say,  
This man at nothing shames. Is this (I pray)  
ought saue the trush? Oft times upon the bord  
Where Hellen was ingrauen, you the word  
Amo haue vnder-writ, in new spilt wine  
(Good sooth) at first I could not skan the line,  
Nor understand your meaning: Now, (oh spight)  
My selfe am now taugh, so to Read and write.  
Should I offend, as sinne to me is strange,  
These blandishments haue power chast thoughts to change  
Or if I could be mou'd to step astray  
These would prouoke me to lasciuious play:  
Besides, I must confess, you haue a Face,  
So admirably rare, so full of grace,  
That it hath power to woo and to make ceasure,  
Of the most bright chast beauties to your pleasure.  
yet had I rather stainelesse keepe my Fame,  
Then to a straunger hazzard my good name:  
Make me your instance, and forbearre the fare,  
Of that which most doth please you, make most spare.

The greatest vertues of n hich wise men boast,  
 Is to abstaine from that which pleasest th most.  
 How many gallant Youths (thinke you) desire,  
 That which you couet ? Skorcht with the selfe-same fire ?  
 Are all the World fooles ? Only Paris wise ?  
 Or is there none sauе you haue judging eies ?  
 No, no, you view no more then others see,  
 But you are playner and more bold with me,  
 You are more earnest to pursue your game,  
 Iyeeld you not more knowledge, but less shame  
 I would to God that you had sayld from Troy,  
 When my Virginity and bedde to enjoy  
 A thousand gallant princely Suterscame :  
 Had I beheld young Paris, I proclaimme,  
 Of all those thousand I had made you chiefe,  
 And Spartan Menalaus to his griefe  
 Should to my censure haue subscribde and yeilded,  
 But now (alasse) your hopes are weakely builded  
 You couet goodes posseſt; pleasures fore-tasted,  
 Tarde you come, that shoulde before haue hasted,  
 What you desire, another claymes as due.  
 As I could wiste haue beeene espousde to you,  
 So let me tell you, since it is my fate,  
 I hold me happy in this present state,  
 Then cease fayre Prince, an ydle suite to moue.  
 Seek not to harme hir whom you seem to loue :  
 In my contented state let me be guided,  
 As both my stars and fortunes haue prouided,  
 Nor in so vaine a quest your spirits toyle,  
 To seeke at my hands an unworthy spoyle.

But see how soone poore Women are deluded,  
 Venus her selfe this coxen. int hath concluded,  
 For in the Idæan Valleyes you espy  
 Three Goddesses, stript naked to your eie,  
 And when the first had promist you a Crowne,  
 The second Fortitude and warres renowne,  
 The third bespake you thus : Crowne, nor Wars pride  
 Will I bequeath, but Hellen to thy Bride,  
 I scarce believe those high immortall Creatures,  
 Woulde to your eye expose their naked features,

Or

Or say the first part of your Tale be pure,  
And meet with truth : The second's false I am sure,  
In which poore I was thought the greatest meede,  
In such a bie cause by the Goddes decreed.

I haue not of my beauty such opinion  
T' imagine it preferd before Dominion,  
Or fortitude : nor can your words persuade me  
The greatest gift of al, the Goddesse made me.  
It is enough to me, men praise my face,  
But from the Goddes, I merit no such grace,  
Nor doth the praise you charge me with offend me,  
If Venus doe not enviously commend me.  
But loe I graunt you, and imagine true,  
Your free report, claiming your praise as due,  
Who would in pleasing things call Fame a liar,  
But give that credit, which we most desire.

That we haue mou'd these doubts be not you grieved,  
The greatest wonders are the least beleene,  
Know then I first am pleaseid that Venus ought me  
Such undeserued grace : Next, that you thought me  
The greatest meede : Nor Scepter, nor Warres Fame,  
Did you preferre before poore Hellens name.

(Hard-hart tis time thou shouldest at last come downe)  
Therefore I am your valour, I your Crowne,  
Your kindnesse conquers me do what I can,  
I were hard-harted, not to loue this man ;  
Obdurate I was never, and yet coy,  
To fauour him whom I can ner'e enjoy.  
What profits it the barren sandes to plow  
And in the furrowes our affections sow,  
In the sweete sheft of Venus I am rude,  
And know not how my Husband to delude ;  
Now I these Lone-lines write, my pen I vow  
Is a new office taught, not knowne till now,  
Happy are they that in this Trade haue skill,  
(Alasse I am a Foole) and shall be still,  
And hauing till this houre not stopt astray,  
Feare in these sports least I should mis my way  
The feare (no doubt) is greater then the blame  
I stand confounded and amaz'd with shame.

And with the very thought of whas you seeke,  
 Thinke euery eie fixt on my guilty cheeke,  
 Nor are these suppositiones merely vaine,  
 The murmuring people whisperingly complaine,  
 And my maid Æthra bath by lightning slyly,  
 Brought me such newes, as toucht mine honor hily:  
 Wherefore (deere Lord) dissemble, or desist,  
 Being ouer-eyde, we cannot as we list,  
 Fashion our sports, our Loues pure haruest gathur:  
 But why shold you desist? dissemble rather:  
 sport, (but in secret) sport where none may see,  
 The greater, but not greatest liberty  
 Is limitted to our Lascivious play,  
 That Menalaus is farre hence away,  
 My Husband about great affaires is pousted,  
 Leaving his royll guest securely hoasted,  
 His busynesse was important and materiall,  
 Being employd about a Crowne Imperiall:  
 And as he now is mounted on his Steed,  
 Ready on his long iourney to proeede,  
 Euen as he questions to depart or stay,  
 Sweet hart (quoth I) oh be not long away,  
 With that he reacht me a sweet parting kisse,  
 (How loath he was to leaue me, ghesse by this.)  
 Farwell fayre Wife (saith he) bend all thy cares  
 To my domesticke busynesse, home affayres,  
 But as the thing that I affection best,  
 Sweet Wife, looke well unto my Troian guest.  
 It was no sooner out, but with much paine,  
 My itching spleene from laughter I restraine,  
 Which striuing to keepe in and bridle still,  
 At length I wrung forth these few words (I wil.)  
 Hee's on his iourney to the Isle of Crete,  
 But thinke not we may therefore safely meet,  
 He is so absent, that as presens I  
 Am still within his reach: His Eare, his Eye  
 And though abroad, his power at home commands  
 For know you not Kings haue long reaching hāds?  
 The fame for beauty you besides haue given me,  
 Into a great exgent hath driven me:

The

The more your commendation fild his eare,  
The more iust cause my husband hath to fear :  
Nor maruell you the King hath left me so,  
Into remoate and forraine Climes to goe,  
Much confidence he dares repose in me,  
My carriage, hauour, and my modesty,  
My beauty he mistrusts, my hart relies in  
my face he feares, my Chast life he affies in.

To take time now when time is, you perswade me,  
And with his apt fit absence you invade me :  
I would, but feare, nor is my mind well set,  
my Will would further, what my feare doth let.  
I haue no husband here, and you no wife,  
I loue your shape, you mine, deare as your life.  
The nights seeme long to such as sleepe alone,  
Our letters meet to enterchange our mone :  
You iudge me beauteous, I esteeme you faire,  
Vnder oue Roofe vve Louers lodged are,  
And (let me die) but every thing consider,  
Each thing perswades vs we shold lie together,  
Nothing we see molests vs, naught we heare,  
And yet my forward will is slackt through feare:  
I would so God that what you ill perswade,  
You could as well compell, So I were made  
Vn-willing willing, pleasingly abusde,  
So my simplicity might be excusde :  
Iniurious force is oft-times wondrous pleasing,  
To such as suffer ease in their diseasing,  
If what I will, you gainst my vwill should doe,  
I with such force could be well pleased too.

But whilst our loue is young and in the bud,  
Suffer his Infant vigor be withstood,  
A flame new kindled is as easily quench't,  
And sudden sparkles in little drops are drencht :  
A Trauellers Loue is like himselfe, unstaid,  
And wanders where he walkes, It is not layde  
On any firmer ground, for when vve alone  
Thinke him to vs, the winde blowes faire, hees gone :  
Witnesse Hypsipile, alike betraine,  
Witnesse vwith her, the bright Mynoyan maide :

Ariadne.

Nay then your selfe, as you your selfe haue spoken  
 To fayre Oenone haue your promise broken,  
 Since I beheld your face first, my desire  
 Hath beene, of Troyan Paris to inquire :  
 I know you now in every true respect,  
 Ile grant you thus much then, say you affect  
 Me (whom you terme your owne.) Ile grow thus farre  
 Do not the Phagian marriners prepare  
 Their sailes and Oares, and now whilst we recite  
 Exchange of words about the wished night :  
 Say that euen now you vvere prepared to clime  
 my long wist bed, iust as th' appointed time  
 The wind shold alter and blow fayre for Troy,  
 You must breake off, in midst of all your ioy  
 And leau me in the infancy of pleasure,  
 Amid my riches, I shall lose my treasure.  
 You will forsake the sweets my bed affords,  
 T'exchange for Cabins, Hatches, and pitcht boords,  
 Then what a fickle Courtship you commence,  
 When, with the first vwind, all your Loue blowes hence.  
 But shall I follow you vvh'en you are gone,  
 And be the graund-child to Laomedon?  
 And Ilium see, whose beauty you proclaimme?  
 Idee not so despise the bruit of fame,  
 That she to whom I am in debt such thanks,  
 Should fill the Earth with such adulterate pranks :  
 What will Achaia? What will Sparta say?  
 What will your Troy report and Asia?  
 What may old Priam or his reverent Queene?  
 What may your Sisters hauing Hellen seene,  
 Or your Dardanian brothers deeme of me?  
 Will they not blame my loose inchastity:  
 Nay, how can you your selfe faithfull deem me,  
 And not amongst the loosest dames esteem me  
 No stranger shall your Asian Ports com neare  
 But he shall fill your guilty soule with feare.  
 How often (angry at some small offence)  
 Will you thus say; Adultere, get thee hence,  
 Forgetting you your selfe haue been the chiefe  
 In my transgression, though not in my griefe.

Consider

Consider what it is forgetfull Louer,  
To be sinnes Author, and sinnes sharpe reprouer,  
But ere the least of all these illes betide me,  
I wish the earth may in her bosome hide me.

But I shall all your Phrygian wealth possesse,  
And more then your Epistle can expresse;  
Gifts, wouen gold, Imbrodery, rich attire,  
Purple and Plate, or what I can desire?  
Yet give me leaue, thinke you all this extends.  
To counter-waile the losse of my chiefe friends?  
Whose friendship, or whose ayde shall I imploy,  
To succour me when I am wrong'd in Troy?  
Or whether can I, hauing thus misdone,  
Vnto my Father or my Brothers ronne,  
As much as you to me, false Iason swore  
Vnto Medea, yet from Aelons dore  
He after did exile her: Now poore hart,  
Where is thy Father that shoulde take thy part?  
Old Eees or Calciope? thou tookest  
No aid from them, who thou before forsookest.  
Or say thou didst (alas they cannot heare  
Thy sad complaints) yet I no such thing feare,  
No more Medea did, good hopes ingage  
Themselues so farre, they faile in their presage:  
You see the shippes that in the Mayne are tost,  
And many times by Tempests wrackt and lost,  
Had at their launching from the Hauens mouth,  
A smooth sea, and a calme gale from the South.  
Besides, the brand your mother dreamp't she bare  
The night before your byrth, breeds me fresh care,  
It propheside, ere many yeares expire,  
Inflamed Troy must burne with Greekish fire,  
As Venus fauours you, because she gained  
A double prize by you; yet the disdained  
And unquisht Goddesses, disgrac't so late,  
May beare you hard, I therefore feare their hate:  
Nor make no question, but if I consort you,  
And for a Ranisher our Grecce report you:  
Warre will be wag'd with Troy, and you shall rue,  
The sword (alas) your conquest shall pursue:

When

When Hypodamia at her bridale feast,  
 Was rudely rauisht by her Centaur guest,  
 Because the Saluages the Bride durst ceaze,  
 War grew betwixt them and the Lapythes :  
 Or thinke you Menelaus hath no spleene ?  
 Or that he hath not power to avenge his teene ?  
 Or that old Tyndarus this wrong can smother ?  
 Or the two famous Twins each lo'ud of other.

Caster & Poll.

So where your valour and rare deedes you boast,  
 And warlike spirits in which you triumph most,  
 By which you haue attaingd mongst Souldiers grace,  
 None will beleue you that but sees your face,  
 Your feature and fayre shape, is fitter farre  
 For amorous Courtships, then remorselesse warre:  
 Let rough-hevv'd Souldiers warlike dangers proue,  
 Tis pitty Paris shold do ought sane loue.  
 Hector (whom you so praise) for you may fight,  
 Ile finde you warre, to skirmish every night,  
 Which shall become you better: Were I wise  
 And bold withall, I might obtaine the prize,  
 In such sweete single Combats, hand to hand,  
 Gainst which no woman that is wise vwill stand:  
 my Champion Ile encounter breast to breast,  
 Though I vvere sure to fall, and be o'repreast.

In that you priuate conference intreat me,  
 I apprehend you, and you cannot cheat me,  
 I know the meaning durst I yeeld thereto,  
 Of what you vvould confer; What you would do,  
 You are too forward, you too farre would vvade,  
 But yet (God knowes) your haruests in the blade.  
 My tyred pen shall heere his labour end,  
 A guilty fence in theewish lines I send,  
 Speake next when your occasion best perswades,  
 By Clymenca and Æthra my two maydes.

These enter-changes of theyr Amors past,  
And Menelaus absent, they compound,  
That in some place an ambush shall be plac't,  
With which the Queene shall be incompast round,  
And willingly surpriz'd, seeming agast,  
and at theyr armes, to weepe, to shrikke, to sound:  
But all in vaine, the *Troyan* seemes to feare her,  
and force perforce, vnto his Fleet to beare her.

Shee in her frightfull agony, seemes dum,  
Yet when shee was past helpe, for helpe she cride,  
She calcs for rescue, that had rescuc come,  
Euen at the sight of *Spartan* armes had dide:  
Shee seemes affrighted at the *Troyan* drum,  
and at theyr stearne allarmes terrifie:  
Shee calcs on Father, Husband, Brother, Friend,  
Naming them most, who could her least defend.

This vprore made the bold *Pannonians* guard  
The passage to their shippes, still *Hellen* cryes  
Upon th' *Acaians*, from her rescue bar'd,  
The rumour of her Rape through *Sparta* flyes,  
Whilst *Paris* with his Souldiers keepes strict ward,  
Launching at length with his desired prize:  
Her two Twin-brother-Kings, that nothing doubt,  
At the same season sojournd thereabout.

4  
And hearing of their Sisters Rape, make hast,  
The Rauisher with fury to pursue,  
They disimbogie, hoping to gaine at last  
Sight of the *Troyan* Nauye, which now grew  
neere to the *Helle*spon<sup>t</sup>, having quite past  
Th' *Ægean* Sea, the Windes against them blew,  
The Surges swell, and with the rough Winds meet,  
Conspiring both the ruyne of the Fleet.

Shippes

*Cæstor & Pol-*  
*lum translatd*  
*into the two*  
*Poles, the*  
*North and*  
*South, Pauson.*

5

Ships, Sailes, and men, are swallowed in th' *Abisse*,  
The brothers to two Starres the Gods translate,  
One of the Poles by *Cæstor* named is,  
The other *Pollux*, to record theyr fate,  
Where now they shine in theyr Celestiall blisse,  
But so farre distant in theyr blest estate,  
As neither hath the power to see his brother,  
For when we rayse the one, we loose the other.

6

By this time with his *Troian* Rape arriues  
At *Tenedos*, the amorous *Troian* Lad,  
Which *Priam* vnderstanding, nobly striues  
To welcome her (at her arriuall glad)  
The *Queene* attended with the Noble Wiues  
Of all the *Troian* Princes, richly clad,  
Issues from *Troy*, with thousands following after,  
To entertaine bright *Ledaes* rauisht daughter.

7

Behold where (on an aumbling Palfrey mounted  
White as her mothers feathers) she appeares,  
Now one of *Priams* daughters counted,  
For with that stile, young *Paris* Hellen cheeres,  
At meeting, the old King himselfe dismounted,  
and with soft kisses dryes her feigned teares,  
Old *Hecuba* next *Priam* cheeres her mone,  
and after her, her daughters one by one.

8

*Hector* and *Troylus* with the Lords of *Troy*,  
Kisse her by turnes, and with kind armes embrace her,  
The people with applausees crowne theyr ioy,  
Whilst *Priam* fore the multitude to grace her,  
Betrothes the *Spartan* to his amorous boy,  
And in's returne on his right hand doth place her,  
*Aeneas* and *Anthenor* highlie praisde,  
Kneele to the King, and by his hand are raisde.

9

The long diuorced Peeres now enterchange  
Their free embracments, whom with kisses sweet  
Theyr wiues, to whom such fauours were grown strange,  
with theyr long absence wirth like language meete,

The *Troyans* eyes on *Hellen* freely range,  
With prayse and wonder they her welcome greet,  
Her beauty euen so deepe in *Hector* strake,  
He now repines that he against her spake.

10

The ground is strewd with sweet and various flowers,  
In euery place is Musick heard to sound,  
From *Tenedos* in lesse then two short howers  
They enter *Troy*, whose Walles are peopled round,  
She wonders at their buildings and hye Towers,  
The like to which in *Sparta* are not found,  
Wals, wealth, and people, Pallace, all appearing  
Richer to th'eye, then theyr report in hearing.

11

She treads not but on *Arras*, Casts her eyes  
But on ritch hangings, beautyes, rooffes of Gold,  
Jewels, State, Garments : Now she doth despise  
The pouerty of *Sparta*, as things old,  
The nouelties of *Troy* she gins to prize,  
But most delights in her sweet armes to infold  
Inamoured *Paris*, who as much excels  
her husband; as *Troy Sparta*, in ought else.

12

The morrow coms, by *Priam* shée is led  
To *Pallas* Temple, and espoused there  
To *Paris*; and at night conueydē to bed  
By *Hecuba*, her bright Attendants were  
*Andromache*, *Creusa*, (and instead  
Of hand-maydes) *Polyxene* and *Cressyde*, deare  
To *Troylus*; None saue Ladyes of estate,  
Are luffred on the *Spartan* Queene to waite.

13

Eyght entyre dayes and nights, the hye feast lasts,  
And *Troy*'s all mirth, whylst *Sparta* is all woe,  
With swiftest speed a winged Curror hastis  
As farre as *Creet*, Queene *Hellen* Rape to show,  
*Menelays* his sad howers in anguish wastis,  
By this the Græcian Kinges his sorrowes know :  
And of themselues assamble, offering free,  
Theyr hostyle ayde, and in *Troyes* fall agree.

To

Strabo. Diodo.

Pliny

Polydor

Polichron.

Amocles of  
Corinth.  
Nesichthon of  
Salamis.

To bring so huge a Nauy on the Seas,  
 Behoues vs know theyr names that first deuise  
 These noble vessayles: whether for their ease,  
 Whether Ambitious, they the Land despisde,  
 Whether the Cretan *Minos* did first please  
 The surges God: or *Neptune* enterprise  
 The foaming billowes, being by *Saturnes* motion,  
 Made Admirall of all the brinish Ocean.

15  
 Whether *Erithriss* in the red Sea sayled  
 And first made Boats, which others would impute  
 To the *Meones*, such as neuer sayled  
 In th' Hellespont, or whether the pursuit  
 Of *Danaus* in the Egyptian Sea preuailed,  
 An honour which to him most attribute:  
 Or whether Navigators first had place,  
 In *Atlags* kingdome, or in *Samo-Thrace*.

16  
 This I averte, his Arke first *Noah* made  
 Fore th'vniuersall Deluge, since his dayes  
*Iason* the Greeke, who *Colchos* sought to invade,  
 Composde the Galley, which next him assayles  
*Sesostris* King of *Ægypt*, In this Trade  
*Eystheus* flourisht, whom our Anthors prayse  
 For Marine skill, his Barge did first deuise  
 The Surges with two Oares on eyther side.

17  
 First, with three course of Oares *Amocles* rowed,  
 The *Carthagens* with four, as many wite,  
 With fiuue *Nesichthon*: These were first bestowed  
 By the bold *Romans* in the great Sea-fight  
 At the first battayle *Punike*: He that owed  
 The sixe-Oard barge to do *Zenagaras* right  
 Must yeld it him (in *Siracus* a dwelling  
 For ship-wrights Craft, all other much excelling.

18  
*Hippias* the Troyan the broad Lyter framed,  
 The *Cyrenens* the Hoy, which some more fine,  
 The Gallioon call: with Barks the *Cyprians* tamed  
 The rude sea-Rouers, Cockboates (some diuine)

Th' Illyrians built: the Keele and Craer were named  
By the Phenetians first: the *Brigandine*  
The Rhodians rear'd: the *Canoas* now in trade,  
In India by the Germans were first made.

19

The *Copians* found the Rudder, the broad Oare  
The fly *Plateans* by their Art composed;  
Young *Icarus* the saile not knowne before,  
Which some affirme, King *Æolus* disclosed,  
With Masts and Sayle-yards *Dedalus* did store  
The *Cretans*: but the sterne *Typhis* disposed:  
The stemme *Piseus*: *Anacharsis* wrought  
The Tackle, Anchors first the *Tyrhens* sought.

20

*Athens* first ferried men, whether we must draw  
Th' *Gracian* fleete, the great'st that hath bin seene,  
Such storte th'amazed *Neptune* never saw,  
No not when *France* and *England* met betweene  
*Callice* and vs, where after many a flaw;  
*Phillip* gaue place to the third *Edwards* spleene,  
Before, the blacke Prince, by wars prosperous chance,  
Quater'd our Lyons with the Flowers of *France*.

21

Nor when the stout *Venetian* Gallies frame  
Their expedition gainst the *Turkes Armade*,  
Nor when Sea-wars *Malta* or *Rhodes* proclaime,  
Whose ponderous hulkes the Oceans backe nie swayde,  
Nor when th'invincible huge Nauy came  
In the yeare Eighty eight, England t'inuade:  
Were there so many Vessailes well prouided,  
As by the *Argive* Pylots are now guided.

22

Great *Agamemnon* they Grand-Duke create  
Of all their powerfull boast, who in the ayde  
Of *Menelaus*, as one of hyest estate,  
With full an hundred ships at *Athens* staide,  
All stufit with Armed Knights sworne to the Fate  
Of threatned *Troy*, whome they with scornes vpbraid,  
With forty ships faire rig'd and well supplide  
In *Athens* road, doth *Menelaus* now ride.

A sea-battaile  
fought be-  
twixt *Phillip*  
of Frace & Ed.  
the 3. in the  
yeare 1340.  
when there  
were slayne  
Fréch 30000.  
ships taken  
200.

*Agamemnon**Menelaus*

Z

For

23

For *Athens* was their Randeuous, and there  
*Archelauis* and *Prothenor* stay,  
With fifty Ships that of *Boetia* were,  
With fifty Ships from *Orconomies* bay:  
*Helmius* and Duke *Ascalaphus* appeare,  
The Kings *Epistrophus* and *Sedius*, way  
Their Anchors next, and to the *Spartan* King,  
Thirty tall ships rig'd from *Phociden* bring.

24

*Telamon*.  
*Theuter*.  
*Thebus*.  
*Amphimachus*  
*Nestor*  
*Thoas*  
*Doxunoris*:  
*Telam. Chyleus*

King *Telamon* laucht fifty Souldierd well  
From *Salamine*, and in his princely traine  
Duke *Theuter*, *Polyxeme*, and *Thebes* fell,  
With Duke *Amphimachus*: from *Pylon* came  
With three-ag'd *Nestor* fifty ships t'expell  
The *Troians* from the *Helleponsticke* Maine;  
*Thoas* with fifty ships the harbour sought,  
whether K. *Doxunoris* likewise fifty brought.

25

*Amphimachus*  
*Polybates*  
*Idumeus*.  
*Mereon*.  
*Vlisses*

King *Telamon Chyleus* three times ten  
And six good Ships rig'd, in the *Spartans* Quest,  
*Amphimachus* and *Polibetes*, men  
Of highe resolute, accompany the rest  
With thirty saile, King *Idumeus* then,  
And *Cretan Mereon* their loues exprest,  
They fourty score and two Frigots brought in place,  
And thirty two *Vlisses* weighed from *Thrake*.

26

*Tynelus*  
*Prothocathus*  
*Prothesilaus*  
*Collesis*.  
*Machaon*

Twelue Ships from *Phrygia* Duke *Tynelus* brings,  
And from *Philaca* fifty two arriuie,  
at the great charge of two imperious Kings  
*Prothocathus*: The Prince to that did wiue  
*Laodomeia* faire, whose praise Fame sings.  
*Prothesilaus*: *Collesis* seekes to driue  
With fourte and twenty Craerts' opposed fleets  
Whom King *Machaon* by appointment meets.

27

*Pollydris*  
*Achilles*.  
*Thelaphus*  
*Bruphilus*

*Machaons* Sonne *Pollydris* thitty three,  
*Achilles* two and twenty hath in store,  
King *Thelaphus* as many, these agree  
By their ioynt Armes to win the *Troian* shore,

*Eruphilus* hath likewise vowd to free  
The rauisht Queene with two and fifty more:

*Anthipus* and *Amphimachus* are seene,  
From *Rustican* with *Hulkes* and *Hoyes* thirteene.

*Anthipus*  
*Amphimachus*

27

King *Polybetes* that from *Rythee* came,  
Bring sixty two, and in his friendly ayde,  
His Brother the Duke *Lopius* mou'd with fame  
Of these great warres, seekes *Phrygia* to iuade:  
King *Diomed* of *Arges* threateth the same,  
Fourescore and two tall Vessailes he displaide:  
*Eurialus* and *Thelanus* in sight,  
Of all the coast, beneath his Ensignes fight,

*Polybetes*  
*Lopius*  
*Diomedes*

29

Thirteene K. *Fureus*, *Polyphebus* nine,  
*Prothoylus* fifty two, as many led  
The King *Carpenor* of the *Bresseian* line,  
*Theorius* foure and twenty colours spread,  
In foure and twenty ships, all these in fine  
In the *Athenian* part meet and make head :  
Twelue hundred twenty Ships make th' Ocean treble,  
In whom full sixty nine bold Kings assemble.

*Fureus*  
*Polyphebus*  
*Carpenor*  
*Theorius*

38

But ere we further enter or proceed  
In these *Heroike* wars, we hold it fit,  
Before the *Gracians* or the *Troians* bleed,  
To memorize their shapes; ere we admit  
The *Argive* Peeres (all in one thought agreed)  
To be reueng'd on *Troy*, and ransacke it:  
*Hellen* the first, as Pearcelesse through all Lands,  
As *Venus* picture that in *Coos* stands.

*Hellen*

31

She was nor dwarfe-like statur'd, nor too tall,  
Nor foggy fat, nor yet Consumptiue leane,  
Her Waist not grosse, nor yet too slender-smal,  
Her faire proportion, was smooth, quaint, and cleane;  
Her habit shadowed no extreame at all,  
She was all shaped by the Golden meane;  
So rare, that neuer eye dwelt on her Cheeke,  
But lost it selfe, and had his light to seeke.

Z 2 What

32

What should I with harsh Language flubber o're  
 Exact perfection? Shall my ragged quill  
 In seeking Natures cunning to explore,  
 Initiate the worke in which she shewes such skill?  
 To expresse such Graces as the Gods adore  
 In *Hellen*, would a spacious Volume fill:  
 And aske (should I her beauties al recite,)  
 A world of Paper, and an Age to write.

33

And all my Subject should be *Hellen*, she  
 That in the Vniuerse can find no peere:  
*Hellen* the scope of all my Verse should be,  
 Yet to her worth my praise not once comes neare;  
 Therefore, since more them *Hellen* call on me  
 To speake their Valors, and inferr them heere:  
 I leave her with this Title: *Hellen, fairest*  
*Of all the World, and for Perfection rarest.*

34

Bold *Agamemnon* Duke of all the Host,  
 Invokes me next his features to set downe,  
 Tall statur'd, ably limb'd, adored most  
 Of all the *Argives* with th' imperiall Crowne:  
 White-bodied, straight, trel-puissant without boast,  
 Hardy, well-spoke, Ambitious of Renowne.  
*Menelaus*, of meane stature, his voyce lowd,  
 Brown-hair'd, well set, Valiant in armes, not proud.

35

*Achilles*, he whose *Myrmidons* defended  
 The hoast of *Greekes* with a strong brazen Mure,  
 From *Thetis* Goddess of the Sea discended,  
 Pourefull, expensiuue, on his Couenant sure,  
 Bright-hair'd, his face and feature much commended,  
 His eye much fiery, his Complexion pure:  
 Broad shoulder'd, and big-arm'd, large breasted, strong  
 His match in Armes, liu'd not the *Greekes* among.

36

King *Tantalus*, broad, fat, and hye withall,  
 His head Crispe-black, his Beard-thicke, but not long,  
 Affable, Courteous, and despising bras,  
 Delighting much in Musick, and in Song:

Ajax as broad as Tantall, and as tall,  
But in his deeds of Armes more actiuē strong :  
He that alone by the *Greekes* awfull rector,  
Was chosen worthy to encounter *Hector*.

37

Ajax Oelesus was of smaller size,  
Of milder temper, Curteous, Blacke his haire,  
His Colour fresh, himselfe of faire Emprise,  
And a great part among the Princes bare ;  
*Ulysses* King of *Ithaca* most wise,  
A right Mercurialist, in discouſe rare,  
An Orator, whom ſudging eares applaud,  
Yet Oyly toong'd, full of deceit and fraud.

38

King Diomed, of Gyant-like aspe&t,  
The largest *Greeke* that menac'ſt *Troy* with Steele :  
A Prince, whom all the Princes must respect,  
His ponderous blowes make many *Troians* recle,  
Equally apt to fight, or to dire&t,  
Dreadleſſe of Fortune, or her turning wheele :  
Comely, and deck't with all the guifts of Nature,  
His hart hauing Correspondence with his ſtature.

39

The three-ag'd liuing Nestor, Pytous King,  
Slenderly-tall, his Viſage Sagely graue  
And promising Counſell, he whose Muſe did ſing  
Of King Prothesilaus, to him gaue  
The wreath, for quicke and Actiuē combatting,  
Yet all his Art his body cannot ſauē :  
His looke effeminate, his Courage bold,  
His strength by might, but not by feare controld.

40

Stout Neptolynus, in his Countenance grim,  
Blacke-hair'd, broad-ey'd, his hairy wiſ-browes meet,  
Arm'd at all points, deepe Riuers he would swim,  
Though heauy bodied, actiuē were his feet,  
They that moſt curiouſly decipher him,  
Report his Language ſtammering and vnsweet :  
*Palumides*, faire-shapt, but fickly tender,  
His Colour chearefull, but his ſtature ſlender.

41

*Nereus Ipassē, the faire Greeke Homer lou'd,  
Penelaus, Leitus, Eurialus,  
Clouius Arceciāus, Nobly prou'd,  
Ialmen of Boetia, Ascalaphus;  
Bold Idomen, (a Fury) being mou'd,  
The Phocean Scēdīus, and Amphimachus,  
Prothous, Ieontēus, Polybetes,  
Guneus, Aemilius, and great Philoctetes*

*Philoctetes  
companion  
to Hercules.*

42

*Who brought the Arrowes dipt in Hydræs blood,  
To Troyes sad siege, there was the braue Prothenor,  
By whom Podarces and King Merion stood  
Tlepolemus, Cteatus, and Alphenor,  
Phidippes, Anthipus a souldier good,  
With stout Alceus sonne, K. Agapenor,  
Talpheus, Phetides, King Polyxemon,  
Mueslheus, Stenetus, Thoas, sonne to Andremon.*

43

*Rough Polidarius, fat, and scornewfull proude,  
False of his promise, and yet warlike bold,  
Mathaon of meane stature, yet aloude  
For valiant to, and mongst the best inrold,  
More princes did the Greeke pavilions shroud,  
Whose shapes we leauē, to haue their merits told :  
Now come we to Cresaida, Calchas daughter,  
So faire, that many warlike Princes sought her.*

44

*She was a worthy and a beautious Dame,  
Whom Troylus lou'd, and Diomedes sought,  
To gaine her Grace, they wan immortall Fame,  
And still their glorious spoiles to Cressid brought,  
For her the mighty Persian Sophy came,  
To gaine her Loue, he aginst the Troyans fought :  
Filling the number of the Gracian hoast,  
Who waite but waftage to the Dardan Coast.*

45

*They call a Counsell, and dispatch away  
Achilles and Patroclus to the Isle  
Cald Delos, which our Cosmographers say,  
Stands midſt the Cielades : Heere of long while*

The God *Apollo*, vnto such as pray,  
Gives answere (by his Oracle:) His smile (or  
Cheares such as kneele, his frown strikes them with ter-  
Such was the *Pamims* Faith, the Pagans Error.

46

To this faire Clyme (which some *Ortigia* call,)  
The Sun and Moone were in their Nonage seene,  
*Latona* brought them forth: Heere first of all  
*Phæbus* (the dayes God) and his Sister *Queene*  
*Cynthia*, that guidis the night, both rise and fall:  
Heere stands the Temple, and the guilded Skreene,  
On which *Apolloes* Statuē dwels for aye,  
pronouncing Oracles to such as pray.

47

Heere did *Achilles* and *Patroclus* find  
The *Troian Calchas*, reverent *Thystranes* sonne,  
Sent by King *Priam* to know *Phæbus* mind,  
And what shall in these future warres be done:  
The Oracles hath by his priests assynd,  
That after ten yeares *Troy* shall be o're-run:  
Which *Calchas* hearing, with *Achilles* makes  
His speedy peace, and so his *Troy* forsakes.

48

*Achilles* proud of such a glorious pray,  
With these glad tydings to the Fleet returnes,  
Who with all prosperous speed their Anchors way,  
And whilst *Troyes* King reuolted, *Calchas* mournes,  
Whose graue aduice was to his Realme chiefe stay,  
No longer th' *Argine* Duke his speed adiournes:  
But launcheth his Fleet royll: They set sailes,  
And the calme *Eurus* yeilds them gentle Gales.

49

*Diana* (that was euer friend to *Troy*)  
*Neptune* intreats, that may command his waues,  
The great *Armada* of *Gracia* to destroy  
And swallow them within his Briny graues,  
She takes it ill, the *Greekes* depart with ioy  
From *Aulis* Gulfe, yet none her license craues  
Or offers at her Altars, the due rights  
Of Sacrifice, amongst those Kings and Knights.

Amidst

50

Amidst the wrathfull Tempest *Calchas* praies  
 To *Neptune* and the Moone, their Fleet to spare,  
 Who not with words to be appeas'd, will raire  
 His tumbling waues, and tosse them in the ayre,  
 Vnlesse great *Agamemnon* Altars rasse  
 To angry *Cynthia*, and performe his Prayer,  
 And on her bleeding Shrine, at *Dians* feet,  
 Kill *Iphigenia* to preserue the Fleet.

51

Loath is the Generall his Childs blood to spill,  
 Yet holds it better that one Lady dye,  
 (Although his Daughter) then the Seas to fill  
 With Ships, bold Knights, and Kings aduanced hye:  
*Calchas* the Priest the Innocent Maid doth kill,  
 To appease *Dianas* wrathfull Deity :  
 The Sacrifice perform'd, the wind blowes faire,  
 The Seas are calm'd, the Sun hath cleat'd the Aire.

52

And now the wind playes with those swelling sailes  
 Which they but late in fury rent and tore,  
*Calme Zephyr* cheates their Fleet with gentle Gales,  
 Which made but late the violent *Surges* roar,  
 (This can the Gods) but ere proud *Greece* preuailes,  
 Or Land their powers vpon the *Phrygian* shore :  
 Or that *Scamander* field in blood be dide,  
 We from out taske our selfe a while devide.

**A**Thra and Clymenen, were Heliens Chamber-maids  
 And employd in all her most priuate busynesse.

Some affirme that Paris onely met Menelaus & p-  
 on the sea, and baled him as hee was in his voyage towardes  
 Crete, and by that meanes understanding his absence, shee  
 it a fit opportunity for him to steale away his Queene. And  
 that he ravish her out of the Temple dedicate to Cytherea,  
 where Paris and she as strangers one to another, sacrificed to-  
 gether, but in this I imitate Quid as my approued Author.

That

That Menelaus was at home when Paris Landed in the Isle Cythere, and gaue him friendly entertainment, though some seeme to disproue, yet Ouid in diuers of his workes affirms it.

**W**HEN Menelaus from his house is gone,  
Poore Hellen is afraid to lie alone;  
And to alay these feares (lodg in her breast)  
In her warme bosome she receiuers her guest:  
What madnesse was this? Menelaus, say  
Thou art abroad, whilst in thy house doth stay  
Under the selfe same roofe, thy Guest, and Loue?  
Mad-man vnto the Hawke thou trusts the Doue:  
And who, but such a Gull, would giue to keepe  
Vnto the Mountaine-Wolfe full folds of Sheepe.  
Hellen is blamelesse, so is Paris too,  
And did what thou, or I my selfe would doo.  
The fault is thine, I tell thee to thy face,  
By limiting these Louers, Time and Place.  
From thee the seeds of all thy wrongs are growne,  
Whose Counsels haue they followed, but thine owne?  
(Alacke) what shoulde they do? Abroad thou art,  
At home thou leauest thy Ghest, to play thy part:  
To lie alone, the (poore Queen) is affraid,  
In the next roome an Amorous stranger staid,  
Her Armes are ope to imbrace him, he fals in,  
And Paris I acquit thee of the sin.

De Arte Amandi 2.

And in another place somewhat resembling this:

Orestes liked, but not loued deereley  
Hermione, til he had lost her clearely:  
Sad Menelaus, why doſt thou lament  
Thy late mishap? i prethee be content:  
Thou knewest the amorous Hellen faire and sweet,  
And yet without her didſt thou saile to Creet,  
And thou wast blithe and merry al the way,  
But when thou sawſt ſhe was the Troians pray,  
Then wast thou mad for her, and for thy life,  
Thou canſt not now one minute want thy wife.  
So bout Achilles, when his louely Bride  
Briseis, was dispos'd to great Atlide,

Deremedia  
Amoris 2.

Nor

Nor was he vainely mou'd: Atrides too  
Offerd no more then he offorce must doo:  
I should haue done as much, to set her free,  
Yet I (heauen knowes) am not so wise as he.

Hipslipile the Daughter to Thoas King of Lemnos, who  
when al the women of that Island had slain their Husbands &  
Kinsmen, she onely refernd her Father alue, for which they  
after exiled her.

By the Mynoxan Maid, is understood Ariadne forsaken by  
Theseus.

The Meones are those, who are now cald Troians. First  
Dardanians of King Dardanus.

Coos an Isle in the Sea Icarium, not farre from Rhodes,  
now called Langot. The chiefest City is likewise cald Coos,  
where as some thinke, Apelles left his admirable unfinishit  
picture of Venus, so rarely begun, that not the most exquisite  
Arts-maister (hee dying before it was finished) durst enter-  
prise to perfect it.

The assembly of the Greces was in the Hauen of Athens,  
or Aulis Gulfe, a port-Towne in the Country of Boetia.

The names of the Græcian Princes, though they seeme som-  
what strange, yet are all remembred by Homer and others,  
that writ the History of Troy, which (though no question) di-  
uers Translations and severall Languages haue somewhat cor-  
rupted, yet they all meet in one Trueth, that such men as are  
heere remembred, were at this renowned siedge.

Legos n here the Temple of Apollo stands: in the Navel of  
the world.

It is likewise cald Ortigia, of the Birds Ortiges, in English  
Quailes, because those Birds (to vs common) were first scene  
in that Island.

Many differ about the Sacrifice which Agamemnon slew  
to appease the wrath of offended Diana: some thinke it to  
haue beene a Hart: but Ouid avers is to be the daughter of  
Iphegenia.

Of Castor and Pollux there are many thinges extant, of  
their byrth we haue spoke before. They were the Sonnes of  
Jupiter, not of Tyndaris. They went vwith Iason to the  
Conquest

Homer.  
Virgill.

Metamor. 12.

Theatris in  
discuris  
Apollon. lib. 1

Conquest of the golden Fleece, where Pollux flew hand to hand Amicus the Gyant sonne of Neptune, who had bee before dar'd all the Argonantes to a single Combat, and after the Colchian voyage, when Theseus had rauisht Helena, they warred vpon Athens, and hauing recovered her, spared all the vanquisht Athenians, and in their returne these Brothers rauisht the two Daughters of Leucippus and Arsinoe. They were calld Phebe and Falaira : Of Phebe Pollux begot Asineus: Of Falaira, Castor begot Amagon, whose former Husbandes pursuing the rauishers, fought against them a bloody battaille neare to the foot of the mountaine Taigetes, & when they had hidde themselves within the body of an ore-growne Oake, they were espide by Linceus, of all mortal men the best sighted, which an ancient Poet thus describes.

Zeus his, 46

Stafinus in  
robis Ciprijs.

Quo tempore Linceus,  
Taygeti velox ascendit Culmina montis,  
Lustravitque oculis quicquid tenet insula magni,  
Tantalidae Pelopis: præacuto lumine vidit,  
Hos ambos intra ventrosæ robora quercus,  
Pollucem fortrem & domitorem Castora equorum.  
*Of their deaths we haue already discoursed, they were after drowning, translated into Starres, to whom the Nauigators of old did ordinary Sacrifice.*

The end of the tenth  
CANTO.



## Argumentum

**T**he Græcians Land, Prothesilaus falle  
By Hectors sword, King Diomed is sent  
With wise Ulysses to debate their brals,  
And fetch the Spartan to her Husbands Tent:  
Hellen denide: the Grekes begirt Troy wals,  
But are by Hector rais'd incontinent:  
Troylus and Diomed in Armes contend  
For Cressida, so the first battels end.

## ARG. 2.

*Our English Worthies, Fame & her rich Crowne,  
With Troyes confedred Kings, Lambda sets down*

## CANTO. II.

**O**h can we fortaine  
Worthies Memorize,  
And our owne Natiue  
Champions quite forget,  
Whose fame swift Clangor hath  
through pierst the skies,  
To whom due Honor still  
remaines in debt:  
How many true vi&torious Peeres arise  
From this faire Garden, midst the Ocean set :  
How many an English Knight hath borne his head  
Ashie as those, whom *Troy or Greece* hath bread ?

2

*Achilles, Ajax, Diomed, or thosc  
Whom Homer hath extold with Golden praise,  
Haue not done greater spoile vpon their foes,  
Then some that haue suruiu'd eu'en in our dayes,*

And had I spirit but like the least of those  
That writ the *Gracian Acts*, my pen should raise  
Our *Brittish Champions*, and their acts proclaime,  
Aboue the *Greekes* in the high Tower of Fame.

3  
What could *Achilles* more then *British Bren*,  
That after many dangerous battailes wun,  
Forrag'd *France*, *Denmarke*, *Germany*, and then  
Sackt *Rome*, and high *Pernassus* ouer-run,  
And by the ayde of his bold Englishmēn,  
Laid siege vnto the Temple of the Sun :

Or what bold *Gracian* dare against *Nennius* stand,  
That fought with twice-foyl'd *Cæsar* hand to hand.

4  
Renowned *Arthur* famous in his age,  
In his round Table, and his thirteene Crownes,  
Hie *Romes* Impetuous Senate felt his rage,  
and paid him homage in their purple Gownes,  
His Came'lot Knights their hardiments ingage,  
Through all the world to purchase their renownes:

Of Noble *Edgar*, my dull Muse next sings,  
Row'd on the Thames by eight commanded Kings.

5  
Bold *Edmond* (Sir-nam'd *Ironside*) him succeeds,  
a brauer Spirit breath'd not vitall ayre,  
The Bastard *Williams* Sonne, Duke *Roberts* deeds  
askē the next place, for his attempts were rare,  
By *Cort-hose* many a Tyrant *Panim* bleeds,  
By whom the Christians re-invested are :  
and whilst hye *Syons* Towers triumphant stand,  
He chosen Monarch o're the holy Land.

6  
*Richard* the first that *Cordelyon* hight,  
and *Edward* Sirnam'd *Long-shankes*, without Peere,  
Was neuer *Dardan* Prince or *Argive* Knight,  
That in their ages more admired were :  
*Edvard* the third that Conquer'd *France* by fight,  
and *Edvard* the Blacke Prince to England deere,  
He forrag'd *France*, for *Pedro* wan all *Spaine*,  
Which after *John a Gaunt* subdude againe.

A a

Henry

*Bren.**Nennius.**Arthur.**Edgar**Edmond Ironside.**Robert of Normandy surnamed Cort-hose.**Richard Cordelyon.*  
*Edward longshankes.*  
*Edward 3.*  
*Black prince*  
*nested don Pedro in Spaine.*  
*John a Gaunt*

*Bedford.*  
*Talbot.*

*Edward 4.*  
*Richard 3.*

*Earle Suryey*

*Charls Bran-  
don.*

*Fame.*

*Henry* the fift, then whom the world neare bread  
A worthier Prince. *Bedford* and *Talbot* bold,  
Who in their forraine Regency so sped,  
That puissant *France* was by their powers controld,  
*Edward* the fourth(though wantonly misled)  
Wvan ten set battailes : The third *Richard* sold  
His name to scandall, else his warlike merit,  
Might with the rest, a Worthies name inherit.

7

The valiant Earle of *Surrey* often staid  
The Northerne Enemies from filching heare :  
In the eight *Henries* dayes *Charles Brandon* made  
*England* renown'd, by his victorious Speare,  
And those whose Woorths these late times haue dispaide  
*Howard*, *Grey*, *Norris*, *Sidney*, *Essex*, *Yeare* :  
These, had they liu'd in aged *Priams* dayes,  
Had dim'd the *Greekes*, and matcht the *Troians* prayse.

8

Now to our hostile preparations, we  
Must arme our Pen, the *Greekes* are vnder saile,  
There is a place from Earth, Sea, Heauen, stands free,  
And equally remoued from them all :  
In the worlds Nauell, fixt where Concaves be,  
And hollow-sounding Vaults through Crannies small :  
Where the reports and rumors of all sounds,  
Giue shrill *Reuerberat* Echoes and rebounds.

9

Heere Fame her Pallace builds by wondrous skill,  
Seating her selfe in her most lofty Tower,  
Yet is her house erected on a hill,  
A thousand Loope-holes are within her Bower,  
A thousand doores and windowes open still,  
Transparant euery late and early hower,  
Full of Big-bellyed Vaults, and the wals such,  
Of sounding Brasse that rings with euery tutch.

10

Whose empty wombe continuall murmur yeilds,  
And iterates againe each word it heares,  
Within this place no toonglesse silence builds,  
No solitary dumnesse spares the eares :

A whistling wind flyes round about the fields,  
Which shakes the trembling branches, but forbeares  
All violent gusts : about this hollowed ground,  
There are perpetuall calmes, no Tempests found.

12

And though no silence, yet no clamors rise,  
Onely a whispering murmur like the Seas  
Heard a farr off, or when the troubled skies,  
(With remote Thunder mou'd) soft showers appease,  
The Courts are throng'd with multitudes of spies,  
Light giddy people tattling what they please :  
Who (in and our) through euery chamber passe,  
Whispering sometimes what is, and what neare was.

13

Infinite Curtors, Purseuants, and Posts,  
Embassadors, and such as hurry newes,  
Heralds (such men as Traffike betweene Hosts)  
Walke too and fro, and no man Tales eschewes,  
One speakes of Warres, of Combats, and rude boasts,  
Another serious talke of Peace pursues :  
All as they are dispos'd, this man is telling  
Of buying Land, that other speakes of selling.

14

Some talkes of this mans Honors, that mans shames,  
Others of Stormes, and many a boysterous flaw,  
Some men of their successe and chance in games,  
One what he heard, another what he saw,  
Some men of Knights aduenturers, some of Dames,  
Others how long their sutes haue hung in Law :  
Toies with things serious passe, graue things with bables  
Lies mixt with truths, and truths discourt with Fables.

15

Numberlesse rumors through the Pallace flye,  
In euery nooke they make their free intrusion,  
heere bashfull truth doth face the bold fac'd lye,  
To fend and proue begets a meere confusion,  
Whilst some th'attentiuue care with newes supply,  
Others report Stale things, and in conclusion,  
Addes of his owne, which bandied without ceasing,  
From euery severall tongue receiuers increasing

A a 2

Heere

16

Heere you may see a dwarfe-like rumor grow,  
 Euen in an instant to a Gyants size,  
 Whether the Nature of the winds that blow,  
 Retaines the power to make the tumors rise  
 Or whether Fame all tydings apt to know,  
 Giues to her traine such Bombast Luyries :

Their growth is strange, whom I compare aright,  
 Vnto the Mush-roome, statur'd in a night.

17

Heere dwels credulity, rash error, feare,  
 Doubt, volubility, and quicke belief,  
 There is no voyce hath power to pierce the eare,  
 But fame of brutes and rumors, Queene and chiefe,  
 Shrieks through the wold : From hence the *Troians* hear  
 Th' *Atrides* rage, King *Menelaus* griefe :

Their expedition, and their Nauall power,  
 Ready the threatned Enemy to deuower.

18

Their Frontier Townes that border next the waues  
 Are fortified, three distant leagues from *Troy*  
 Stands *Tenedos*, whom with imperious braues  
 The *Argine* Fleet assault, race, and destroy :  
 The wrachfull *Greeke* not one poore *Phrygian* saues,  
 But to their ruines all their powers imploy :  
 This done, by generall Counsell tis decreed,  
 Two Kings to *Priam* shall on Message speed.

19

Into the Hall where th' aged King then late,  
 Attended with his Captaines, Sonnes, and Peeres,  
 And such confedered Kings as to the Fate  
 Of threatned *Troy*, brought Horsemen, Bowes & Spears,  
 On this hie busynesse to deliberate,  
 And rid their hearts from all iuuasive feares :  
 In, throngs *Vlisses* and bold *Diomed*,  
 Two Princes arm'd at all points sauie the head.

20

Heere sat the King *Pandrasthus* King *Pandore*,  
 And the King *Galior*, that to *Priams* ayde,  
 Brought each of them a thousand Knights and more,  
 Foure Kings that from *Tholoffon* waftage made,

*Pandrasthus.*  
*Panodrus.*  
*Galior.*

*Carras, Amasius, Nestor* dreaded sore,  
 And stowt *Amphimachus*: these Kings displaid  
 Their warlike Ensignes, in all dreadfull fights,  
 Bringing along fие thousand valiant Knights.

21

Next these seauen Kings, K. *Glaucus* tooke his place,  
 Three thousand bold Squires he from *Lycia* brought,  
 His Sonne *Sarpedon* of the *Troian* race,  
 In all King *Priams* battailes brauely fought,  
 Next whom *Eusemus* sat, distant a space,  
 Who with three thousand Knights *Troyes* honor sought,  
*Lyconians* all, *Lyconias* Realme he guided,  
 Since into severall parted Crownes deuided.

22

Two puissant Kings to make the Jury full,  
 Came from *Larissa*, these had in their traine  
 Knights fifteene hundred; *Mystor*, whose tough scul  
 The *Argive* Princes btruis'd: *Capidus* slaine  
 In battaile too, about the *Spartan* Trull,  
 Neuer to see hit Native Clyme againe:  
 On a rich bench fast by King *Priams* State,  
 These twelue bold Kings vpon the right hand late.

23

Vpon the left, from *Thabor* that came,  
 King *Remus*, who besides three thousand men,  
 Brought fourte great Dukes, seauen Earles of Noble fame  
 All clad in Azure armes, wel noted then;  
 The King of *Trachy*, whom some *Pylex* name,  
 Was plac't next him, this royll Monarch, when  
 He entred *Troy*, had in his Princely traine,  
 Eleuen hundred valiant Knights, all after slaine.

24

With him Duke *Achamus* the *Troians* ayded,  
 By whom *Pessenus* the *Pannonian* King  
 Was seated, him great *Hector* had perswaded  
 Vnto thele wares three thousand Knights to bring,  
 All expert Archers, with whom *Stupex* traded,  
 A valiant Duke, and in his youthfull spring:  
 Next him sat three *Boetian* Dukes *Fortunus*,  
 Duke *Sannus*, and the bold Duke *Auseynus*:

*Carras.*  
*Amasius.*  
*Nestor.*  
*Amphimac.*

*Glaucus*  
*Sarpedon.*  
*Eusemus.*

*Mystor.*  
*Capidus.*

*Remus.*  
*Pylex.*

*Achamus.*  
*Pessenus.*  
*Stupex.*  
*Fortunus*  
*Sannus*  
*Auseynus*

*Boetes.**Epistemus.**Thelemonius.**Perseus.**Thicion.**Symagon.**Hector.**Thelemonius.**Archilocus.**Two Knges  
from Argrest**Troylus.**Deiphobus.**Epistropus.**Sagittarius.*

25  
 These led twelve hundred Knights, next whom tooke  
 Two Brother-Kings, the bold *Boetes* first, (place,  
 The other *Epistemus*, of one race,  
 Both Princes, in the Realme of *Burtia* nurst,  
 They brought a thousand Knights the *Greekes* to chace,  
 Men of great spirit, and such as all things durst:  
 Next them was set a Gyant (dreaded sore)  
*philemus*, of the Realme of *Paphlagore*.

26  
 The *Aethiopian Perseus* Rauen-blacke,  
 And the King *Thicion* of the selfe-same hue,  
 With *Symagon*, in whom there was no lacke  
 Of heart or skill his foe-men to pursue:  
 These Kingly *Moores* that *Priam* come to backe  
 Next to the lofty Gyant sit in view,  
 Three thousand sunburnt knights, that brauely fought  
 From *Aethiopia* they to *Phrygia* brought.

27  
 This State was full: and lower one degree,  
 Another longer Bench runs crosse the Hall,  
 Where mixt with *Priams* valiant sonnes, you see  
 More of these leagued Kings in order fall:  
 First of the ranke was *Hector*, next him, be  
 Two potent Kings, *Thelemonius* hye and tall,  
 And young *Archilochus* a valiant Boy:  
 These with a thousand good Knights strengthen *Troy*.

28  
*Paris* next them, and by his amorous side,  
 Two Princes raigning in *Argrestes* Land,  
 They brought twelve hundred Knights to see them ride,  
 Next these was *Troylus* plac't on the lefthand,  
 And *Deiphobus* full of warlike pride  
 Mixt amongst these, a King of great command:  
*Epistropus*, that beyond *Scythia* came,  
 Twixt *Greece* and *Troy* his valour to proclaime.

29  
 He brought a thousand Knights, and a strange Beast  
 Halfe horse, halfe Man, two perfect shapes deuided,  
 A *Sagittary* cal'd (not dreaded least)  
 An expert Archer, his strong shafts were guided

With wondrous ayme and cunning, which increast  
His dread among the *Greekes* (at first derided :)

Next, great *Epistropus* rankt by their yeeres,  
Sat *Priams* Bastard-sonnes, next them his Peeres.

30

Next them a Prince in Jewels rich, and Gold,  
That many Knights brought from *Meander* flood,  
The barbarous *Meones* Duke *Nastes* told,  
By whom, vpon a costly foot-pace stood  
*Tentumidas*, by some (sirnam'd the *Bold*,)  
Now aged in his prime, a Souldier good :  
By him Prince *Pindarus* aduanc't his head,  
Next him *Hyrtacides* in *Sestos* bread.

*Nastes.**Tentumidas.**Pindarus.**Hyrtacides.*

31

*Adrestus*, *Amphius*, *Merops*, Princes three,  
Are ranked then, by whom *Ennonius* sits,  
And *Chronius*, vnder whom the *Mysians* bee,  
*Pylemen* the next empty place well fits,  
Prince o're the *Paphlagonian* Chiualry :  
*Pyrechmes* next, whole fiery Horses bits  
The *Peons* manage. Good *Euphemes* then  
Whom the *Cicinians* led, all expert men.

*Adrestus.**Amphius.**Merops.**Ennonius.**Chronius.**Pylemen**Pyrechmes.**Euphemes.*

32

*Ascanius* and *Dius*, who doth guide  
The *Halizonians* next in order fall ,  
Then *Pyrous* who his *Thracian* Souldiers tride,  
And warlike *Mnemon* boldest of them all:  
*Pyleus* and *Hypothis* them beside,  
These the *Pelasgians* vnto battle cal :  
Warlike *Æneas* of the Noblest race,  
Next whom, the Lords and Barons take chiese place.

*Ascanius.**Dius.**Pyrous.**Mnemon.**Pyleus.**Hypothis.*

33

*Anthenor*, with *Polydamus* his sonne,  
The glistering Ladies keepe another State  
Above them all : *Priams* hye throne begun  
To lift it selfe where he in glory late,  
Benches of Dukes and Earles from all sides run,  
Apparel'd in rich Robes of greatest rate :  
Thus was the King prepar'd, when the two *Greekes*,  
Preste forward to his throne with blushlesse Cheekeſ.

At

*Vlisses and Diomeds Embasie.*

34

At their approach the Lords amazed rise,  
And at their bold intrusion musing stand,  
Vpon these two, the Kings fix all their eyes,  
Prepar'd for some strange Nouell, when his hand  
*Vlisses* wafts for silence, and applyes  
His speech to *Priam* thus : Hee whose command  
Rauisht from *Sparta*, great *Atrides* wife,  
Forfeits to *Greece*, his Country, Crowne, and Life.

35

If thou beest he whom all these Lords adore,  
I summon thee in *Agamemnons* name,  
Backe to her Lord, *Queene Hellen* to restore,  
With full amends done to the rauisht Dame,  
And to present thy lustfull sonne before  
The bench of *Argiue* Kings, t' abide such shame  
That he in after times to our successors,  
Be made a terror to the like Transgessors.

36

Else shall th' enraged Princes spoile thy Townes,  
Thy Matrons in their husbands armes defloure,  
Slaughter thy Sonnes and bury their renownes,  
And with thy peoples blood the channels scourte,  
Of these confederate Kings ceaze all the Crownes,  
When death that swallowes them must thee deuoure :  
Say, wilt thou to preuent this and much more,  
Punish thy sonne, and *Hellen* backe restore ?

37

To this th' incensed King replies againe,  
Th' vnable *Greekes* (alas) are much too weake,  
Wanting the power thy proud vants to maintaine,  
Or to make good what thou doost rashly speake :  
They rauisht our faire Sister, whom in vain  
We re-demanded, her despights to wreake :  
Our Sonne the amorous *Paris* crost the deepe,  
To fetch thence *Hellen* whom the Boy shall keepe.

38

Haue they not slaine our Father, spoyld our Citty,  
Pillag'd our people, wiues nor Matrons spared,  
Euen Babes and Infants mangled without pitty,  
And in their barbarous rigor all things dared,

Then in faire *Hellens* rape what wrong commit I,  
Since not the least of these *Greece* hath repair'd :

Since whilst our Sister leads a Strumpets life,  
*Hellen* is grac'st to be young *Paris* wife.

39

You shall repent : King *Diomed* replies,  
This insolence which we will punish deereley,  
By vs the Generall of the *Greekes* defies :  
*Priam* and *Troy* whom wee'l chastice leuertely,  
Vnto whose ruines seauenty Princes rise,  
Whose forces shall begirt you late and earely :  
These words promist, the *Troians* so disdaine them,  
That many drew their Faulchions to haue slain them.

40

But euer Honoured *Hector* qualified  
The sudden vprore, and appeas'd the brall,  
Their passage by the multitude denide,  
*Hector* makes free, and Vshers them through all,  
Yet many proud braues past on either side  
Twixt the strange Kings and them i'th Pallace Hall :  
At their departure casting vp his eye,  
King *Diomed* by chance doth *Cressid* spy,

41

As she with *Hecuba* and *Hectors* wife,  
*Creusa* and *Pollixena* was plac'st,  
Him thought he neuer saw in all his life  
A Lady better form'd, or Sweet-lyer grac'st,  
His mutinous thoughts are in themselues at strife,  
To see a face so faire, an eye so cha'st :  
Beauty so full of charme, with which enchanted,  
He craves her name by whom he seemes so danted.

42

When vp starts neyled *Troylus*; and thus sayes,  
Her name is beautious *Cressid* whom you seeke,  
And *Troylus* Mistresse ? to whose heauenly praise  
My soule hath bin devoted many a WEEKE,  
And if thou aym'st my graces thence to raise,  
I challenge thee the combat valiant *Greeke*,  
He would accept it, but he needs must part,  
His body goes, he leaues behind his hart.

43

The dandesse *Troians* now prepare for warre,  
 Whilst to th'incamped haost the Legat Kings  
 Relate King *priams* answere, and how farre  
 He stands from peace, the Grand-Duke now begins  
 Like a good Captaine to foresee what b atre  
 May lie twixt him and safety : with swift wings  
*Achilles* is dispatcht to crosse the Seas,  
 W<sup>t</sup>h *Telephus* the sonne of *Hercules*.

Theutram.

44

Because the *Messian* Land where *Theutram* raign'd  
 Was fertile, they from thence demand supply  
 Of Victuall for the haost, but he disdaind  
 To assist them, therefore him the Greces defie :  
 The Kings hyc blood *Achilles* Faulchion stain'd,  
*Theutram* (alas) by him is forst to dye,  
 And *Telephus* crown'd King, from whose rich Coast,  
 W<sup>t</sup>h store, & Victuall he reliues the haost.

45

Twelue Moones were past since first the *Grecs* took land,  
 When Duke *Palamides* at th'host ariues,  
 Whose absence murmur'd long, yet the command  
 Of the whole Army, with the Princes liues,  
 Are made his charge, none seeming to withstand  
 his principality : this Duke deriues  
 His byrth from *Naulus*, and is made the head  
 Of the stout *Greces*, in *Agamemmons* stead.

46

But in desaster houre, *Vlisses* fiend,  
 To *Agamemnon* by his crafty fraud,  
 Both to his life and his command gaue end :  
 He that but late the *Argive* Princes aw'd,  
 And foyld the common soc, cannot defend  
 his owne deere life, but whilst the haost applaud  
*Atrides* honor, in vnhappy season,  
 Is forst to perriish for suspected Treason.

47

*Tenedos* sackt, the *Greces* insult vpon't,  
 And from that place made leuell with the plaine,  
 The Fleet disanchors, whose proud Nauall front,  
*Prothescilans* proudly doth maintaine,

The first  
battaille.

Hoysing the first Sayles in the *Hellespont*,  
A hundred Ships whose Flags and Pendants staine  
The Ayre with various Colours, he commands,  
And twice repulst, ypon the Beach he Lands.

48

His ships tough ribs vpon the lands he brake,  
And many *Greekes*, some drown'd, some landing, fall,  
As well the boldest that the Ship forake,  
As those that keepe aboord must perish all,  
Onely the bold King makes the *Troians* quake :  
Who whilst his maymed traine for rescue call,  
Makes good the place, till with an hundred more,  
*Archelaus* and *Prothenor* mans the shore.

49

Now growes the battle hot, for the rude rout  
Of the disordered *Troians* madly flocke  
To impeach their Landing, who with courage stout  
Leape on the shore, and there abide the shooke  
Of the proud Foe, who murder all about,  
And with rude taunts their proud Inuasion mocke :  
But *Askalus* and *Agabus* draw neare,  
Two Kings, whose landed souldiers change their chear.

50

Yet at the length into the Sea driuen backe,  
Till *Nestor* seconds them with fresh supply,  
and now th' astonisht *Troians* suffer wracke,  
Yet still make good the shores with fresh lupply ;  
againe repulst, the *Greekes* made good the lache  
Of more arm'd men; *Vlisses* Ships prest ny,  
Whose dreaded Ensignes on the Margent sprèd,  
Conquer the Beach, the whilst the *Troians* fled.

51

King *philomenes* enuious of his Fame,  
A pointed Speare brake on *Vlisses* face,  
and stounded him : but when the bold King came  
T' himselfe againe, he quitted that disgrace :  
So much did wrath his Noble thoughts inflame,  
he wounded him in such a speeding place,  
That had not *Ihouse* kept backe his Weapons force,  
The late victorious, had dropt downe a Corse.

Whilst

52

Whilst these two Kings contend, the *Greekes* retire,  
 And backe into the blood-stain'd Sea are driuen,  
 When *Thoas* with his fleet doth Land desire,  
 Now *Agamemnons* Ships are all to riuen  
 Vpon the Strond, his men halfe blood, halfe mire,  
 Tugge for the shore, whilst many die vnshriuen ;  
 Next *Menelaus* hath vnmand his Ship,  
 And from his Barke doth stormy *Ajax* skip.

53

At whose approach neere to the brinish brink,  
 Th'amazed *Troians* yeild him Landing free,  
 Beneath his ponderous Arme the strongest shrinke,  
 Before his sword th'affrighted people flee,  
 Their soules below the waues of *Lethe* drinke,  
 Whose deeds of valor when King *Perse* see :  
 He with a band of *Moors* their violence stayde,  
 Making th'astonisht *Greekes* expect more ayde.

54

When the great Duke *Palumides* discends  
 Vpon the Continent, and in his traine  
 A thousand Armed Knights, his Noble Friends,  
 Whose swords the Beach with blood of *Troians* slaine :  
*Palumides* gainst *Symagon* extends  
 His pointed Iauelin, *Symagon* lies slaine :  
 A valiant Moore, to *Perse* neere alide,  
 Though strong, he by the sonne of *Naulus* dide.

55

Now gainst the beaten *Troians* rose lowd cries,  
 Which puissant *Hector* hearing, from the Towne,  
 Issues from forth the gates, and soone applies  
 His fortitude, where Warre seem'd most to frowne ;  
 His armor Siluer-white, his shields devise  
 A Lyon Gules the field, Or after knowne  
 And dreaded mongst the *Greeks*, where ere he marches  
 The Flowers & grasse with blood of *Greeks* he parches

56

*Prothesilaus* him encounters first,  
 and at his Steely Beauer aymes his Speare,  
 The King his Staffe vpon his Visor burst,  
 But from the Worthy *Hector* past not cleare :

All that encounter him must cast the worst,  
 The steel-head Lance from off his steed doth beare :  
 The dreadlesse King, who rose by great indeuour,  
 But *Hector* cleft his head quite through his Beauer.

Prothesilaus  
slaine.

57

So paslēth on strowing his way with Corses,  
 That in a while his smoaking blade was feared,  
 Whom ere he meets he to the ground infordes,  
 His valour hath the drooping *Troians* cheared,  
 He without riders leaues ffe hundred horses,  
 Whose broken limbes lie on the earth besmeared :  
 Death Marshals him the way where ere he traces,  
 Pauing the Margett of the Sea with faces.

58

His courser *Galathee* the Nobleſt Steed,  
 That euer Knight beſtrid, i' th morning white,  
 In euery bare place ſeemes from farre to bleed,  
 His valiant ryder ſhun'd no dangerous fight :  
 Hee's flak't all ore, and where no wounds indeed  
 Were hewed, great gashis grisly to the ſight  
 Appearē vpon him, *Galathee* ſtill ſtood  
 Sound, and yet ſtain'd all ore with *Gracian* blood.

59

Nor wonder if his white Steed were ſo painted,  
 When his sharpe ſword ſo many Riuers ſhed,  
 This day a thouſand Knights beneath him fainted,  
 And on the verdure by his hand lye dead,  
 With this mortality the ayre is tainted,  
 The ſpatious plaines with wounded *Greekes* are ſpred :  
*Charon* the sweat wipes from his ghastly face,  
 And neuer wrought ſo hard in ſo ſhort space.

60

Hels Judges and the Gods of Darkenesſe wonder,  
 What's now to do on earth, that ſuch a throng  
 Of Ghosts whose threds the fatall Sisters ſunder,  
 Preſie in ſuch multitudes for ſentence : long  
 The Princes of the Vaults and regions vnder,  
 Were not ſo troubled to iudge right and wrong :  
 For neuer in one day it hath beſtell,  
 So great a Sessions hath bin ſene in Hell.

B b

Th'in-

61

Th' inuincible *Dardanian Heroe* tyr'd  
 With purple Massacre, towards night with-drew,  
*Horse, Armes, and Plumes* the brightest morne admir'd  
 For whitenesse, at his yssue, purple grew,  
 And he returnes Vermilion all : attir'd  
 In Crimson, scarce the royll *Priam* knew  
 Great *Hector* from the Torras where he stood,  
 Seing his onset white, Retract all blood.

62

Soone was the Noble *Troian* mist in field,  
 For with his Myrmidons proudly attended  
*Achilles Lands*, and that renowned sheild  
*God Vulcan* made, in which his art extended,  
 He vaunteth : yet the daunted *Troians* yeild,  
 Th'vnconquered shores *Hector* so late defended  
 Lie open to inuaders, whole *Greece Lands*,  
 For gainst the great *Achilles* no man stands.

63

Euen to the Citty wals the *Troians* fly,  
 Whom the maine host with hostile showres pursude,  
 And had not Noble *Troylus* heard the cry,  
*Paris* and *Deiphebus* where they view'd  
 So great effusion from a Turret hy,  
 They had won the Towne, the streets had bin imbrude  
 With Native blood, but they in hast descend,  
 Releeue th'opprest, the Citty gates defend.

64

And yssuing with three thousand Knights, compell  
*Achilles* to retrait, and when his face  
 Look't backe from *Troy ward*, there was none so feil  
 Vpon the *Gracian* party, but gaue place :  
 This day Prince *Diomed* was seene t' excell  
 In Armes : him *Troylus* met in equall race :  
 They spur their Steeds that ran both swift and true,  
 Incountring, both their Staues to splinters flew.

65

Their Launces broake, they try their burnisht blades,  
 A thousand fiery starres at euery rushing  
 Fly from their helmes, with fury each inuades  
 His opposite, their mutuall Armors frushing,

The big-limb'd *Diomed* himselfe perswades,  
Young *Troylus* cannot match his strength, and blushing  
A beardlesse Lad should hold him so long play,  
Doubles his blowes and thinkes to end the fray.

66

The Noble youth whom *Cresseids* loue prouokes  
To all achiuements, beyond mortal power,  
(Though young,) his lofty spirit his riuell yoakes,  
Who thought his infant Vertues to deuoure,  
He doubles and re-doubles warlike stroakes,  
The battell lasts the best part of an houre:  
But whilst vpon their helmes each champion thunders  
Night that deuides the hoast their fury funder.

67

This Eeven the *Greekes* incampe, earely the Morrow,  
They shine in armor with the rising Sunne,  
The *Troian* Princes from their Ladies borrow  
Rich fauours, and withall to horse-backe runne,  
A kind of feare begot twixt ioy and sorrow,  
Liues in their eyes, til the dread fight be done:  
To see their Champions proudly arm'd they ioy,  
Grieue to behold so huge an hoast fore *Troy*.

The second  
daies battayle.

68

Now are both Battailles pitcht, *Menon* appeares  
First from the *Argive* hoast: from *Troy* forth stands  
*Hector*, who in his burnisht Beauer weares  
*Andromachs* Gloue, and now all *Troy* commands:  
These two begin the battell with their Speares,  
They broke, they tolle their bright steele in their hands:  
*Hector* loone hurles King *Menon* from his horse,  
So passes on to proue his warlike force.

69

The two hoasts ioyne, ruffling confusion flyes  
Through all *Scamander* field, the dying grones  
Are mixed with th' applausiu Conquerors cryes  
*Troians* and *Greekes* conquer and fall at ones,  
Renowned *Hector* this day wins the prysse,  
he funder Males and Armors, flesh and bones:  
His al-deuiding sword was made by charme,  
No steele so wrought but shunke beneath his arme.

Bb 2 Thus

70

Thus like a raging storme he rusheth still,  
 Ouer his Plume a Cloud of terror hung,  
 And where he rides he doth on all sides kill,  
 His bloud-staind Faulchion spares nor old nor yung,  
 Tyr'd with his horse,his Chariot Mount he will,  
 Now vp he takes a Bow deuinely strung,  
 And shooting midst the Hoast, not one steele-head  
 Iat'd from his Bow but stroke a *Gracian* dead.

71

Him the King *Menon* and king *Glaucion* then,  
 Huge *Thesus* and *Archilochus* defie,  
 They in their squadron lead three thousand men,  
 But *Hector* in his Chariot still sits hic,  
 Vntill his Brasse-shod wheeles are purpled, when  
 Their Naues are drown'd in blood of men that die:  
 Charioted *Hector* these foure Kings assaile,  
 But his smart Steeds spring through their armed pale.

72

*Menon* that was too forward boue the rest,  
 Pursues great *Hector* in his lofty Carre,  
 A dart the *Troian* quiu'rd through his brest,  
 King *Menon* bids his last farewell to warre,  
 With multitudes the Prince is ouer-prest,  
 And yet he kils the *Greekes* neare and from farre:  
 Neere,with his fatall sword he cleaves their harts,  
 And a farre off,with his keene shafts and Darts.

73

Vnto this rescue Prince *Securabor*,  
 One of King *Priams* Bastard sonnes soone came,  
 And Noble *Margareton* thistling for  
 Honor, and mongst the *Greekes* to get a name,  
 All *Priams* yssue cowardice abhor,  
 Duke *Menestheus* enuious of their fame,  
 Against them comes, now clamors fill the skie,  
 Whilst about *Hectors* Chariot thousands lie.

74

Vnto this hostile rumor from *Troy*-ward,  
 Three Kings with Noble *Troylus* the fourth man  
 Make their incursions : King *Sampitus* far'd  
 Like a fierce Lyon,King *Maclaon* wan

King Menon  
flaine.

With anger, and the King that all things dar'd  
*Alcanus*: gainst whom *Meneſteus* ran  
And bore him Nobly, yet alas too weake,  
Till *Thesus* came the *Troian* rankes to breake.

75

*Troylus Meneſteus* singles, but his Horse  
Stumbled, and he enforceſt on foot to fight:  
Fiue hundred *Greekes* beguirt him, and enforce  
The youthfull *Troian* (now debard from flight)  
To be their prisoner; Many a lieueleſſe corſe  
*Troylus* first made, before compeld t' alight:  
When *Hector* heard but word of his disgrace,  
He flew on all ſides till he wan the place.

76

But firſt *Alcenas* had addreſt his Speare,  
Againſt the Duke that led Prince *Troylus* bound,  
The Steele point tooke him twixt his cheeke and eare,  
And made th' *Athenian* Duke a dangerous wound,  
*Sampilus* ſeconds him (a Steed was neare)  
On which they mounted *Troylus* from the ground:  
*Meneſteus* mad that he hath loſt his priſe,  
Pierſt through the throng, and cald for more ſupplies.

77

King *Menelaus* and *Prothenor* knowing  
Th' *Athenians* voyce, preſle that way with their powers,  
But find *Hyriſus* and King *Hapon* ſtrowing  
The earth with *Greekes*, at which the *Spartan* lowers:  
These fourē their forces ioyne, many yet growing,  
Their ſwords ſupplant: death through the Champion  
At whom th' *Olimpian* Gods amazed stand, (ſcowers  
To ſee him with ſuch quickneſſe moue his hand.

78

*Anthenors* ſonne *Polydamus* makes on,  
King *Rhemus* backes him with three thouſand more,  
Their Speare-length (through the preſle he had not gon)  
But *Celidus* him from his Courſer bore,  
A fairer Prince then *Celsdus* liu'd none,  
By *Venus* gift he Beauties Liuery wore:  
*Polydamus* re-mounted, ſoone addreſt,  
A ſecond courſe, and pierſt him through the brefte.

79

Which *Menelaus* seeing, soone assayles  
*Rhemus*, and layes him stounded in the field,  
 And but that stowt *Polydamas* preuailes,  
 H'had borne him to his Tent vpon his shield,  
 Still was not *Hector* Idle, Hils and Dales  
 His Chariot skoures, to him the mightiest yeild :  
 For like a raging Torrent after Rayne,  
 Where er he comes confusion fils the plaine.

80

Now was he by the men that *Ajax* led  
 Troopt in: the *Salamines* Thunder about him  
 Like *Ciclopes*, as if his Noble head  
 Were *Vulcans* Anuile (yet the boldest doubt hitu)  
 And seeing store of Carcasse bout him spred,  
 Wish in their hearts to fight else-where without him :  
 For like a baited Lyon at a stake,  
 he cuts them off, and makes the boldest quake.

81

King *Theuter* somewhat rougher then the rest,  
 as worthy *Hector* kept these Dogs at bay,  
 Finding the Prince with two much taske opprest,  
 against him with his Courier makes swifc way,  
 The brazen-headed staffe glides by his brest,  
 and gaist his rib he feeles the Iauelin stay :

King *Theuter* thou hast done a Noble deed,  
 Thou art the first that mad'st great *Hector* bleed.

82

Well was it for thee that thou staidst not long,  
 Those that growe next him for thy act must fall,  
 Like a mad Bull he fares the *Greekes* among,  
 and whom he hits, beneath his Chariot sprall,  
 The Prince, the common man, the weake, the strong,  
 The Bold, the Coward, tast confusion all :

The Sun looks pale, heauen red, the green earth blusht  
 To see their bones beneath his Chariot crusht.

83

*Thesus.* Whose valour *Thesus* seeing, nobly spake :  
 Great *Hector*, I admire thee, though my Foe :  
 Thou art too bold, why dost thou vndertake,  
 Things beyond man, to seeke thine ouerthrow ?

I see thee breathlesse, wherefore dost thou make  
So little of thy worth, to perish so?

Fond man retyre thee, and recouer breath,  
And being thy selfe, pursue the workes of death.

84

Prince *Hector* his debility now finding,  
Thankes toyall *Thesus*, and begins to pawſe,  
And bout the field with his ſwift courſers winding,  
Vnto a place remote himſelfe withdrawes,  
Meane time King *Menelaus* the battaile minding,  
Wan in the dangerous conſliet much applawſe:

Heere *Celidonius* valiant *Moles* flew:  
*Moles* that his diſcent from *Oreb* drew.

85

By *Mandon*, King *Cedonius* lost an eye,  
A *Gracian* Admirall, *Sadellus* kils,  
And *Ajax Telamonius* doth defie  
Prince *Margareton*, King *Meneſtheus*, ſpills  
The *Galtes* red blood, *Prothenor* low doth lie  
By *Samuels Speare*, renowned *Hector* fils  
The field with wonder, he his Carre forsakes,  
And Milke white *Galathee* againe he takes.

86

At his firſt entrance he eſpies his friend  
*Polydamas* by thirty ſouldiers led,  
Amongſt whom ſpurring, they themſelves defend,  
But ſcarce one man hath power to guard his head,  
Vnto their eayes great *Hectors* ſword gaue end,  
And freedome to *Polydamas*, nye dead:

With shame and wrath, next to the battell came  
King *Thoas* to redeeme the *Argiues* Fame.

87

With him the King *Philotas* who adreſt  
Themſelves againſt two of *Priams* Baſtard Sonnes,  
*Young Cassilanus* puts his Speare in reſt,  
And with great fury againſt *Thoas* ronneſt,  
He brake his ſtaffe, but *Thoas* ſped the beſt,  
As to their bold encounter *Hector* comes,  
He ſees his young halfe-brother he held deare,  
Through pierſt (alas) by *Thoas* fatall Speare.

Hyc

88

Hye-stomackt *Hector* with this obiect mad,  
 hurries through the thicke prease, and there had slaine  
 Whole thousands, for the death of that young Lad,  
 But his red wrath King *Nestor* did restraine,  
 For with six thousand Knights in armor clad,  
 he fortifies the late forsaken plaine:

Gainst whom marcht *Philon*, of the part of *Troy*,  
 Their battailes ioyne, each other they destroy.

89

*Polydamus* and *Hector* taking part  
 VVith *Philon*, aged *Nestor* growes too weake,  
 For *Cassilanus* death the *Greekes* must smart,  
 They through their flankes, wings, rankes, and squadrons  
 VVhen *Ajax Telamon* spide what huge wreake, (breake  
 The *Troian* Worthy made: his men take harr,  
 And with King *Menelaus* them dispose,  
 To rescue *Nestor*, and assault their Foes.

90

Gainst them *Aeneas* with the hoast arrives,  
 And ioynes with *Hector*: on the *Argive* side  
*Philoatas* with three thousand souldiers striues,  
 all proued *Greekes*, whose valors had bin tride:  
*Aeneas* and great *Ajax* gage their liues  
 To equall conflict, whom their troopes deuide:  
*Philoatas* on great *Hector* thinkes to proue him,  
 (In vaine) he from his saddle cannot moue him.

91

But him the Worthy stounded with a blow,  
 A flatling blow that on his Beauer glancist,  
*Vlisses* and *Humerus* next in row,  
 With twice fие thousands Knights on *Hector* chancist,  
 But *Paris* hapned with as many moe  
 On *Hectors* part, where numbers lye intrancist:  
*Paris* a keene shaft from his Quier drew,  
 Whose fatall point the King of *Cipresse* slew.

92

This *Ciprian*, Kinsman to *Vlisses* was,  
 In whose reuenge the *Ithacean* defies  
 Prince *Paris*, who in Arch'ry did surpassie,  
 These two in field against each other rise,

And with their mutuall blood they staine the grasse,  
 But parted by the tumult, they deuide  
 On further massacre, neere to this place,  
*Troylus, Ulisses* meets, and wounds his face.

93

Nor scapt the *Troian* wound-free, in this flower  
 Was *Galathee* beneath Prince *Hector* slaine,  
 And he on foot, the *Greekes* with all their power  
 Begirt him, and assault the Prince amaine ;  
 But he whose fame aboue the Clouds must lower,  
 From all their battering strokes still guards his braine :  
 Till *Dynadorus Priams* Bastard son,  
 Against well-mounted *Polixemus* ron.

94

A strong Barb'd horse the Noble *Greeke* bestrid,  
 A Worthier Maister now the steed must haue,  
 The Bastard youth againt *Polixemus* rid,  
 Vnhorst him, and his Steed to *Hector* gau,  
 Who mounted, farre more deeds of Honor did,  
 Leauing the *Greekes* most Coarses to ingraue :  
 A troope of Archers *Deiphebus* brings,  
 Who expell the *Greekes* with arrowes, darts, and slings

95

At the first shocke the Prince King *Theuter* hit,  
 And caru'd a deepe wound on his armed face,  
 The well steel'd point his sword-proofe Beauer split,  
 And now th' assaulted *Greekes* are all in chace,  
 Some sauue themselues by swiftnesse, some by wit,  
 Young *Quinteline of Priams* Bastard race,  
 And King *Moderus* haue surpriz'd by force,  
*Thesus*, and spoyl'd him both of armes and horse.

96

Whom when the *Dardan*-Worthy saw surpriz'd,  
 He cals to mind the cur'sie to him done,  
 By whom nye breathlesse, he was well aduis'd,  
 The future eminence of warre to shunne,  
 King *Thesus* whom his Victors much despis'd,  
*Hector* releast, and by the glorious Sunne,  
 Sweares not to leaue him, till he see him sent,  
 With safe conduct vnto his warlike Tent.

Heere

97

Herc *Thoas*, by whom *Cassianus* fell,  
 Is by great *Hector* beaten from his Steed,  
 Who razing of his Helme, to send to hell  
 A soule he so much hated, was soone freed  
 By *Meneleus*: who makes on, Pell-Mell  
 With a huge hoast, and rescues with all speed  
 Th' astonisht King: not long the day he tride,  
 Till *Paris* with an arrow pierst his side.

98

*Humerus* glaunst a Ianelin through the sight  
 Of *Hector's* Beauer, that it rasct the skin,  
 Th' inraged Prince on proud *Humerus* light  
 And with one stroke he cleft him to the chin,  
 Proceeding on, hee still pursues the fight,  
 The *Grecians* loose, and now the *Troians* win,  
 They beate them to their Tents, where some inquire  
 For pillage, whilst the rest the Nauy fire.

99

In this pursue *Hector* and *Ajax* meete,  
 Who (after interchange of hostile blowes)  
 Part on euuen tearmes, and with kind language greet,  
 For the two kinsmen now each other knowes:  
*Ajax* intreats the Prince to spare theyr Fleet,  
 And saue theyr tents, whose flame to heauen-ward grows  
 Which courteous *Hector* sweares to yndertake,  
 For *Ajax* and his Aunt *Hesione*s sake.

100

Oh Il-stard *Hector*! Thou hast ouerseene  
 A Victory, thou canst not reach to more?  
 Hadst thou to him inexorable beene  
 Thou hadst sau'd *Troy*, and freed the *Dardan* Shore:  
 Duke *Ajax* prayet hath wrought *Troyes* fatall teene  
 And hath the power (lost *Grecia*) to restore:  
 Oh, hadst thou tane the aduantage of this day,  
 all *Greece* had perisht, that now lives for aye.

101

But theres a Fate in all things: *Hector* blowes  
 His wel-knowne horne, his Souldiers all retreat:  
 The *Greekes* to quench theyr Fleet themselves dispose,  
 and re-instaure their tents, whose spoile was great:

The next day from the campe to *Priam* goes  
 A Herald, to surcease all hostile heat :  
 Demanding truce till they the dead haue grounded,  
 And both of Campe and Citty cur'd the wounded.

102

Tis granted, from the Towne with Coffins com  
 Pale widdowes, winpled in their mourning weeds,  
 To fetch their husbands coarses cold and nom,  
 To whom they offer solemne Funerall deeds,  
 The Children fetch their Sires, and Fathers some  
 Their slaughtred sons, which generall mourning breeds :  
 The *Greekes* likewise their fellow-mates desire,  
 And yeild their bodies to the hallowed fire.

103

But whilst these odotiferous piles they reare,  
 And sacrific'd their friends in holy flames,  
 And in perfumed Boxes, prized deare,  
 Coffin their precious ashes, least their names  
 Should die in *Leth*: Nouell broyles appeare,  
 And *Ate* through the Campe discord proclames :  
 But now to truce our spirits we haue intention,  
 Before twixt them we moue a new dissencion.

**T**O omit all our English worthies, whose names wee haue  
 only memoriz'd, not hauing roome to insert their deeds  
 in so little a compasse as we haue prescrib'd to our Histo-  
 ry, we rather couet to touch matter more forraigne, and lesse  
 familiar to some, with whome our Booke must necessarily Tra-  
 fiske.

In the description of Fame, we haue rather imitated Ouid  
 then Virgill, his Fama malum quo non &c.

In the description of King Priams state, we must needs  
 imagine it great, where so many forraigne Kings assembled  
 in his ayde, in whose names we haue confer'd Dares, the Tro-  
 ian Dictes, the Greeke Homer, Virgill, and others, who  
 though in some particular thinges (not momentarilly they dif-  
 fer) yet they generally concurre in this, that such Princes with  
 such populous and almost invincible assistance succored Troy.

Tele-

Telephus toynd in commission with Achilles, to saile to the land of Messe, was sonne to Hercules, whom Theutam (having before in the battayle received his deaths wound) voluntarily adopted his successour, for the great loue that he for many benefits formerly received; had borne to his father Hercules.

The passages of Loue betwixt Troylus and Cressida, the reverent Poet Chaucer hath sufficiently discouert, to whom I wholy refer you, having past it ouer with little circumstance.

The description of the first battailes seruice, disordred and confused, we must excuse, with this necessity, that beeing to remember so many, and to imploy them all, we could not do it with a directer method, then to set downe things done without order disorderly, and actions hapning by accident accidentally, and confused things, confusedly.

King Prothesilauis was the first King that perisht before Troy, for though it were foretold by Oracle, that he that first set foot ashore, should perish by the sword of Hector, yet hee fearelesse of death, first landed, and in his too much valor made the fayre Laodomeia a desolate widdow.

Ate, Goddesse of reuenge or strife, she is cald by Homer one of Ihoues daughters, Lesio. Homerius Iliad.7.

Presba dios thugater ate Η pantas a-atai,  
Ate prisca Iouis proles que leserit omnes.

Mortales—

The Tale of Cephalus and Procris, because I haue omitted in my former Cantons, especially in that which seemes to inueigh against Jealousie, I thinke not altogether unnescessary to insert in this Skolia, knowing that which was ill forgot, cannot be amisse remembred at any seasonable opportunity, Heretherefore (though out of his ranke) I intend to admit him.

The Tale of  
Cephalus and  
Procris.

Beneath Hymettus hill wellcloath'd with flowers,  
A holy Well her soft springs gently powers,  
Where stands a Cops, in which the Wood-Nymphs sbrave,  
(No wood) It rather seemes a slender Groue,  
The humble shrubs and bushes hide the grasse,  
Heere Lawrell, Rosemary, heare Myrtle was,

Here

Heere grew thicke Box, and Tam'rix, that excels,  
And made a meere confusion of sweet smels :  
The Triffoly, the Pine, and on this Heath  
Stands many a plant that feeles coole Zephirs breath.  
Heere the young Cephalus tyr'd in the chace,  
Vsd his repose and rest alone t' embrace,  
And where he sat, these words he would repeate,  
Come Ayre, sweet Ayre come, coole my heate :  
Come gentle Ayre, I neuer will forsake thee,  
Ile hug thee thus, and in my bosome take thee.  
Some double dutious Tel-tale haps to heare this,  
And to his jealous wife doth straight-way beare this.  
Which Proctis hearing, and with all the Name  
Of Ayre, (sweete Ayre) which he did oft proclaime,  
She stands confounded, and amazd with griefe,  
By giuing this fond tale too sound beleefe.  
And lookes as doe the Trees by winter nipt,  
Whom Frost and cold, of fruit and leaues hath stript,  
She bends like Corueile, when too ranke it growes,  
Or when the ripe fruits clog the Quinch-tree bowes:  
But when she comes to her selfe, she teares  
Her Garments, and her eyes, her cheekes, and heares,  
And then she starts, and to her feet applies her,  
Then to the Woods (storke Wood) in rage she hies her.  
Approaching somewhat neare, her servants they  
By her appointment in a Vally stay,  
Whilst she alone with creeping paces steales  
To take the Strumpet whom her Lord conceales.  
What meanst thou Procris in these Groues to hide thee?  
What rage of loue doth to this madnesse guide thee?  
Thou hopst the Arye he cals in all her brauery,  
Will straight approach, and thou shalt see their knauery,  
and now againe it Irkes her to be there.  
For such a killing sight her heart will teare,  
No truce can with her troubled thoughts dispence,  
She would not now be there, nor yet be thence :  
Behold the place, her jealous mind fortels,  
Here doe they vse to meet, and nowhere els :  
The Grasse is layd, and see their true impression,  
Euen heere they lay : I, heere was their transgression.

A bodies print she saw, it was his seat,  
 Which makes her faint hart gainst her ribs to beat,  
 Phœbus the lofty Easterne Hill had scald,  
 And all moist vapours from the earth exhal'd:  
 Now in his noone-tide point he shineth bright,  
 It was the middle houre twixt noone and night:  
 Behold young Cephalus drawes to the place,  
 And with the Fountaine water sprinkes his face,  
 Procris is hid, upon the grasse he lies,  
 And come sweet Zephir, Come sweet Ayre he cryes.  
 She sees her error now from where he stood,  
 Her mind returnes to her, and her fresh blood,  
 Among the Shrubs and Briars she moues and rustles,  
 And the iniurious boughes away she rustles,  
 Intending, as he lay there to repose him,  
 Nimbly to run, and in her armes inclose him:  
 He quickly cast's his eye upon the bush,  
 Thinking therin some sauage Beast did rush,  
 His bow he bends, and a keene shaft he drawes,  
 Vnhappy man, what doost thou? Stay and pause,  
 It is no bruite beast thou wouldest reue of life;  
 (Oh man vnhappy thou hast slaine thy nife:  
 Oh Heauen she cries, Oh helpe me I am slaine,  
 Stil doth thy Arrow in my wound remaine:  
 Yet though by timelesse Fate, my bones heere lye,  
 It glads me most, that I, no Cuck-queane dye:  
 Her breath (thus in the Armes she most affected,)  
 She breaths into the Ayre (before suspected)  
 The whilſt he lifts her body from the ground,  
 And with his teares doth wash her bleeding wound.

The end of the eleuenth  
 CANTO.



## Argumentum

A Chilles transformation : Palimed  
Accusd of Treason and condemnd to die :  
After long battaile honor Hector led  
The boldest Argive Champion to defie :  
The Græcians storne to be so chalenged,  
Hector and Ajax the fierce Combat try :  
A Truce, a Banquet : at this pompous feast,  
Queene Hellen is invitid a chiefe guest.

## ARG. 2.

Deiademeias Lone, Vlisses Spleene,  
Two Princely husbands claime the Spartan Queen

## CANTO. I 2.

I

Arre beit, I so much on  
Hector doate,  
To rob the aduerte part  
of any right,  
I am not to the Troians  
so deuoate,  
(Though thence detiu'd)  
that the least Argive Knight

Should me accuse, or any passage coate,  
Guilty of flattering loue, or partiall spight :

Loe to both parts we newtrall hate professe,  
But equall loue, as we can euinely gesse.

C C 2 I



2

I cannot flatter with smooth *Virgils* pen,  
 Orgiue *Augustus* more then he shoulde haue,  
 (With *Ouid*) bestow Dicties on men,  
 And where he hates or loues, condemne or saue:  
 Blind *Homer*, how shall I excuse thee then;  
 That all the glory to *Achilles* gaue,  
 For wit and strength, to whom hast thou don wrong,  
*Vlisses* was as wise, *Ajax* as strong.

3

If *Hector* with *Achilles* thou comparest,  
 Or rather wouldest preferre the valiant *Greeke*  
 As he whose valour and esteeme was rarest,  
 Needs must I cast a blush vpon thy cheeke:  
 Because great *Hector* was thy foe, thou sparrest  
 To speake of him, (his praise must be to seeke)  
 And all thy skeads *Achilles* Fame display,  
*Vh*om *Hector* hath vn-horst twice in one day.

4

I must confess *Achilles* highly blest,  
 To haue a *Homer* in his Country borne,  
 Had *Troy* bred *Homer*, or had *Greece* possest  
 Renowned *Hector*, no Prince should haue worne  
 A wreath equall with his, Fame should inuest  
 The *Troian* hyest, maugre Enuies scorne:  
 Shew me the cause else, why to his disgrace,  
*Hector*'s the worthy? he hath lost the place?

5

Or how can this through *Gracia* be digested,  
 A *Troians* Fame should with such Luster shine,  
 The generall banch of Judgements hath inuested  
 The *Troian* *Hector* one amongst the nine,  
 Though *Homer* for *Achilles* hath protested,  
 Made his Fame Tower-lesse, and his birth Deuine:  
 Yet hath the world the *Troian* so respected,  
*Achilles* is put by, *Hector* eleeted.

6

And reason too, for what *Achilles* wan,  
 Was by the valour of his armed traine,  
 When *Hector* fought, he buckled man to man,  
 And by his proper hand lie thousands slaine,

But how *Achilles* Fame at first began,  
And who first brought him to *Scamander* plaine,  
My Muse sings next, *Ihoue*-borne my braine inspire,  
Whilst I the Fate of *Thetis* sonne inquire.

7  
Old *Peleus* yssue by the Seas faire Queene,  
*Thetis* in *Lycomedes* Court abides  
Clad like a Girtle (for such his youth was seene)  
His warlike hand a Womanish distasse guides,  
A female shape obscures his Martiall spleene,  
In stead of Cushes a long Kirtle hides  
His warlike limbes, those armes mongst Virgins plaid,  
That were indeed for *Vulcans* armor made.

*Lycomedes* K.  
of *Seyros*.

*Achilles* and  
*Deiademeia*.

8  
The carefull Mother that pre-science had  
By Oracle, her sonne sore *Troy* should fall,  
Seekes to preuent his Fate, and sends the Lad  
Vnto the King of *Seyros* (being but small)  
He passes for a Girtle, so was he clad,  
Such was his shape, gate, gesture, looke, and all:  
And through the Court a generall voyce doth ronne,  
Of *Thetis* daughter, not of *Thetis* sonne.

9  
The King appoints him Bed-fellow to be  
With faire *Deiademeia* his sole-Child,  
So well the youthfull paire in bed agree,  
That when *Achilles* laught, the Lady smild,  
And when he honor'd, she would bend her knee,  
With him she tasted ioy, or mirth exild:  
His amorous gestures were to her a Lawe,  
To keepe her actions and her lookes in awe.

10  
*Achilles* growes, so doth the Lady too,  
And as their yeares increase, so their affection,  
Custome and long continuance taught them doo  
Pleasures to youth vndeowne (without direction)  
Without suspicion, he may freely woo,  
The opportunous night friends her complexion:  
When in her Armes the Prince doth rudely rush  
Night Curtens her and none can see her blush.

Cc 3 So

11

So long they vse this dalliance, the young Lasse  
 Feeles her brests swell, and her lanke belly grow,  
 (No maruell) by the Prince with childe she was,  
 Of him that wrought *Troyes* fatall ouerthrow;  
 Great *Neptolemus* who did surpasste  
 In Martiall prowesse, and laide *Illiun* low:  
 Whilst these things are in processe, tis decreed  
 By Oracle, *Troyes* warres shall ill succeed.

*Neptolemus*  
cald *Pyrribus*.

12

For when th'inuaſive *Greekes* demaund th'event  
 That in these expeditions shall betide,  
 Anſwere is them return'd, incontinent  
 Without *Achilles*, *Troy* shall swell with pride,  
 And therefore was *Vlisses* forthwith ſent  
 With *Diomed*, to finde the Prince, denide  
 By *Thetis*, vnto whom was then reuealed  
 Her ſonnes ſhort date, (the cauſe ſhe him concealed.)

13

The crafty *Greeke* the Mothers guile ſuſpecting,  
 To *Lycomedes* Court poſts in diſguife,  
 His weeds of ſtate and Princely robes reieſting,  
 He Pedler-like attempts the enterprise,  
 He beares along bright glaſſes, faire reflecting  
 Cawles, Laces, Tyres, to please young Ladies eyes:  
 Besides theſe womens toyes, he beares along  
 A bright ſword, and a Bow ſurpaſſing strong.

14

In the Court-hall he opens his faire packe,  
 And twenty ſeuell Ladies come to buy,  
 The Pedler needs not aske them what they lacke,  
 Not one, but with ſome trifle gluts her eye,  
*Achilles* (hanging at the Pedlers backe,) ſpies a faire Bow, and by his Hamper lye  
 A rich caru'd ſword, the ſtrong Steele-bow he drew,  
 And ſhooke the ſword, by which the Prince he knew.

15

Then closing with *Axides*, perſuades  
 The valiant youth to ſuite him to his kind,  
 His loose effeminate habit he vpbraids,  
 Tels him what honors are to him affind,

with what disgrace he liues mongst wanton Maides,  
And what renowne attends a valiant minde :  
Which in his noble thoughts takes such Impression,  
The Prince repents his former loose transgression.

16  
He teares his feminine Vales, rends off his tyres,  
His golden Cawle and Fillet throwes aside,  
and for his head, a Steele-wrought Caske desires,  
That hand that did so late a spindle guide,  
To brandish a bright luster'd sword aspires,  
a sword that must in *Hectors* bloud be dyde :

His smooth Rebata from his necke he fals,  
and to the *Greeke*, for a stiffe Gorget cals.

17  
From his large Limbs th' Imbrodered Roabes hee shakes,  
and leapes out of his Garments with proude scorne,  
In stead of which, he a rich Vaunt-brace takes,  
Which buckling on, growes proud to see it worne,  
The wanton Guirles first wonder what he makes,  
With sword and armes (his Garments hauing torn'e : )  
But when he frown'd, the Ladies grow affrayde  
Of him so arm'd, with whom but late they playde.

18  
But now *Vlisses*, *Diomed*, and he,  
Leauie (without leauie,) both *Sciros* and the King,  
(*Deiademeia* most bewalde of th're)  
Whose yssue in thy Wombe thou feelst to springe,  
They pierce through *Greece*, whom when the Princes see,  
To their arriue, they Oades and Cantons sing:  
Praying theyr Gods, that haue *Achilles* found,  
Whose hand must lay *Troy* leauell with the ground.

19  
This *Thetis* heating, that her royll sonne  
had left his secure habit of a Woman,  
and by *Vlisses* to the warres was won,  
She for his safety doth her wits still sommon,  
To *Lemnian Vulcan* she doth post-hastronne,  
Whose art in forging armes she knew not common :  
at her be-heast, he for her Sonne did yeild,  
a Speere-proofe-armour, and a Globe-like Shield.

VVhat

20

What can a Mothers care against Fate preuaile?  
 Not *Vulcans* Armour can defend his life,  
 When th'vnauoyded destinies assayle  
 against the Sisters bootlesse wee make strife,  
 Mortall preuention then of force must fayle,  
 In vaine then hast thou laboured (*Peleus wife*)  
 To guirt his body in a steely wall,  
 Since thy *Achilles* must by *Paris* fall.

21

No sooner was he borne, but the fayre Queene  
 Plung'd him into the Sea, all sauе the heele,  
 By which she held him fast, that which was seene  
 Beneath the waues, was wound-free against Steele,  
 Had she but drown'd her hand, the Prince had beene  
 Sword-prooфе euен there, her niceenesse would not feele  
 The coldnesse of the waues, therefore that part  
 Was left vnarm'd, for *Paris* poysoned Dart.

22

Who therefore would against the Fates contend,  
 By whom our elementall parts are swayde,  
 Since euery thing that's borne must haue his end,  
 and Nature still decayes what she hath made,  
 Tis Heauen, not Earth, that can our liues defend,  
 The hygh powers must in all things be obayd :  
 But leue the fayre-foot *Thetis*, and proceede  
 To what the Campe hath against *Troy* decreed.

23

By this great discords monges the *Gracians* fall,  
 Twixt Duke *Palamides*, and *Mecenes* King,  
 But no man knowes the byrth of this great brall,  
 Or from what Fountaine these dissentions spring,  
*Achilles* thinkes his warlike meed too small,  
 He will not fight : nor *Diomedes* bring  
 His Men to battayle, while their Soueraigne head,  
 Is *Newlius* sonne, the generall *Palamed*.

24

Whom some affirme, the amorous *Paris* slew,  
 In eu'en Encounter of opposed hate,  
 But others say, against him *Vlisses* drew  
 Such points of Treason, as concern'd his fate,

About *Palamides* strange rumours flew,  
Twixt whom and great *Atrides* fell debate  
About the Soueraigne sway, enuies fire nurst  
Long in their bosomes, into flashes burst,

25

The King of *Ithaca* marryed but newly  
Unto the chaste Queen that hath beene crown'd,  
When all the *Grecian* Kings appointed duly,  
To make their meeting, and assemble round,  
Gau out he was turn'd Frantique, but not truely;  
Which craft of his, the Son of *Nawlus* found:  
For comming where *Vlisses* Plowd the Sand,  
and steer'd the crooked Rafter with his hand.

*Vlisses and Pa-lamides.*

26

*Palumides* iust in the Mad-mans way,  
Layd young *Telemachus* his first borne Son,  
Which made the *Greeke* his yoaked teeme to stay,  
and where his Issuelay, the place to shon,  
*Palumides* discouers his delay,  
Finds that his Lunacy by craft was don:  
That whilst the *Gracians* were with *Troy* at strife,  
He might at home sleepe with his constant wife.

27

In ill time did the Son of *Nawlus* this,  
The vengfull King rourz'd from so fayre a Bride,  
who by this meanes now quite abandon'd is,  
Doth in his bosome spleene and rankor hide,  
and for the losse of euery amorous kisse,  
Threatens a wide wound in the Princes side:

Oh treacherous *Greeke*! to want thy wife in Bed,  
Must at *Troyes* siedge cost the great Generals hed.

28

*Arnea* was Sole-Daughter to the King  
*Icarius* and faire *Peribea* his wife,  
who feeles a young Babe in her VVombe to spring,  
The Father when he knew th' Infant had life,  
after conception: doubting some strange thing,  
To *Delphos* hyes, where answers then were ryse;  
When th' Oracle thus spake, the princely Dame  
Shall child one full of Honor, full of Shame.

*Peribea daugh-  
ter to *Neis*.*

Oracle.  
*Feminem Peri-bea deus Peri-beapodorem fer-  
vere.*

A

*Herodotus lib.  
de perse & An-  
dromeda.*

*Penelopes Grece  
fig.  
A brood of  
Indian hens.*

*Eubulus in  
Chrisilla.*

29

A beauteous Maide the troubled Mother beares,  
The Father misinterprets *Phabas* minde,  
And to auoyde her shame his future feares  
Commits her to the rage of Seas and Wind,  
The Birds that bred of *Meleagers* teares,  
Cald *Meleagrides* (by Nature kind : )  
With their broad wings about the Cock-boat houer,  
And from all stormes the beautious Infant couer.

30

And hauing noutisht her for a certaine space,  
Into the selfe-same Port her Barke they drieue,  
Where the sad King without paternall grace,  
First laucht it forth, and finding her aliue  
Circled with Birds of *Meleagers* race,  
Their melting harts against their furies strieue :  
They take the young *Arnea* from the Sea,  
And call her of those Birds *Penelope*.

31

In-beauty, stature, and in-wit she growes,  
But when her Father findes her apt to matry,  
Fearing the Oracle, whom still he knowes  
Sooth in his words, perswades the dame to tarry,  
A safer course to keepe her chast, he chose,  
(Virginiti's a heauy loade to carry : )  
And to devise to haue her nobly sped,  
At a high rate he sets her Maiden-head.

32

When all the *Grecian* Princes sought her grace,  
And lay their Crownes and Sceptiers at her feete,  
*Icarius* leades them to a Martiall race,  
where the young Kinges in hot encounter meete,  
Aboue them all, *Vlisses* won chiefe place,  
The shamefast Queene must her new Husband greece :  
The bashfull modesty of this chast Dame,  
The carefull Father did misconster : shame.

33

For woman-hood this Lady had no Peere,  
witnesse her many Suters in the time  
Her Husband absent was, some twice ten yeare,  
who though much woo'd (and in her youthfull prime)

Yet in their force or fayre meanes could appeare,  
Nor the least taynt of any amorous cryme :

Though many Suters through her doores intruded,  
They by her Bow and Web were all deluded.

33

Whether *Vlisses* breast doth malice shrowde,  
And being at full groath, now out it must ;  
Whether his loue to *Agamemnon* vowde,  
Bred in the *Nawlian* Prince some great distrust ;  
Or whether great *Palamides* grew proude,  
And in the Ballance of his awe vniust :

But the great Duke vnto the Barre he brings,  
And there arraignes him by a Bench of Kings.

34

Vnto this royll Sessions men are brought,  
That sweare *Palamides* would *Greece* betray,  
And that King *Priam* had by Factors wrought,  
To make the *Argiue* Campe the *Troyans* pray,  
The Generals priuate Tent is forthwith sought,  
Where Bags of *Troyan* Coyne conceiled lay :

This evidence condemns the Prince (betrayd)  
For there that Gold before *Vlisses* layd.

35

And *Agamemnon* is againe restord,  
With whose election the late Truce expires,  
The maimd are cur'd, the victors are ador'd,  
The bodyes slaine, receiue the funerall fires,  
The Obits on both sides are full deplord,  
And cyther party the fayre field desires :

The great *Atrides* Martials his fayre host,  
Who shone in Steele by the *Sygean* Coast.

The third  
battell,

36

Vpon the aduerse party, *Hector* leades  
His men to battaile, flanct with sleeves and wings,  
His nimble Horsemen forrage round the Meads,  
The maine well-ten'rt with Skirts of Shafts and Slings,  
In forehead of the battayle *Hector* treads,  
This day the Generall ouer thirty Kings :

The charge is giue, arm'd knights meet breast to breast  
Striking bright starres out of each others Crest.

The

37

The doughty *Greekes* after their long truſt ease,  
 Are full of breath and vigor, they fight well,  
 The *Troyans* that but late droue to the ſeaſ  
 The ſcattered Camp, thinke likewiſe to excell,  
 Euen Ballanſt is the field, as the Scales please  
 who Victors be, who vanquifht none can tell ?

On both ſides ſome are conquer'd, ſome ſubdue,  
 And as the day increaſt, the conuict grew.

38

Broad breasted *Diomed* againſt *Paris* rides,  
 and lifts him from his Saddle with his Speare,  
 The Prince, the Buttockes of his Horſe beſtrydes,  
 And hardly can the *Troyan* keepe him there,  
 Whilſt *Diomed* his quicke remoue derides  
 Vnſhaken, from the Prince he paſſes cleere :

Spurring from troope to troope, making intrusion,  
 Where the hot fight was growne to moſt conuision.

39

Now in his Chariot stands *Achilles* hy,  
 And with his Speare before him, ſquadrons ſtrowes,  
 Great *Hector* ſuillance he longs to try,  
 Or ſome tharts able to withstand his blowes,  
 And whilſt whole troopes before his Chariot fly,  
 The raynes upon his ſteedes white necke he throwes :  
 Calling for *Hector* : *Hector*, before him stood,  
 His Chariot-ſteedes caparison'd in blood.

40

To whom *Æacides*, what ere thou be  
 That thus confronſt me like the God of warre ?  
 Know tis *Achilles* muſt thy life ſet free,  
 And tumble thee from thy triumphant Carre :  
 This ſaid, a pointed Iauelin he lets flee,  
 Which *Hector* at his looſe perceiu'd to iarre,  
 And tooke vpon his Targe : the Dart he caſt,  
 Pierſt nine Steele folds, and in the tenth ſtucke fast.

41

Helme-graced *Hector* ſtarred at this blow,  
 And æmulous of great *Achilles* Fame,  
 Charg'd in his hand another dart to throw,  
 But firſt he ſayes : Inquirſt thou *Hectors* name ?

Behold him heere, see thy eternall foe,  
*Hector* thou seek'st, and loe I am the same :

His actiuе at me his language doth pursue,  
For with his latest word his Iauelen flew.

42

Well was it his Orbicular Targe was strong,  
Which *Vulcan* by deuine compouſe made,  
Else had it stretcht the warlike *Greeke* along,  
It hit against the Bosse, and there it stayde,  
But with the force it brake the mighty thong  
In which his massie shield about him plaide:  
The affrighted Palfreyes with so great a stroke  
Startle aside, and the proud Curne reuoke.

43

Now when *Achilles* rousde himselfe, and saw  
Illustrate *Hector* in his Chariot stand,  
Himselfe so basely, his hot Steedes withdraw,  
As if he meant to charge some other band,  
Thinkes in himselfe it is too great a flaw  
To his cleere mettall fame, and with his hand

Wastes to Imperious *Hector* from a-far,  
T'abide a ſecond deadly ſhocke of warre.

44

Th'vndaueted Heroë, who already wonders,  
The brauing *Greeke* ſo quickly ſhould retire,  
And what ſtrange fate their Brasse-bard chariots funder,  
Since both ſo ardently the fight desire,  
Expect *Achilles*, who againſt him thunders,  
VVhilſt from the Flints his armed wheeles beate fire:

Now the two Chariot-driuers prooue their might,  
The Prince with Prince, Horses with Horses fyght.

45

This ſix-fold Combat hath not lasted long,  
VWhen *Archeptolemnus* that guides the raines  
Of *Hectors* Coach-Steedes, thinking them more ſtronge  
Then thoſe whom rough *Antomedon* conſtraines,  
Lashes his fiery Palphreyes, hot and young,  
Expert *Antomedon* his ſkill diſdaines:

Yerkes his proud hōſe, whose fierſenesſe he dares truſt  
Till their white foaming mouthes ſnowed all the dust.

*Archeptolemnus*  
*Hectors* Charioter.

*Antomedon* A-  
*chilles* Chario-  
ter.

46

The two sterne Champions mounted in theyr Carrs,  
 Confront each other with their armed Staues,  
 Whose points on eithers Vault-brace print deep scarres,  
 Sometimes they flourish them, with idle braues  
 Dart them sometimes (like Knights well seene inwarr,)  
 But when they ioyne, they Combat with their Glaues:  
 Sometimes they grapple, sometimes they retire,  
 And at their meeting make their Helmes all fire.

47

The grim *Aeacides* mad in his mind,  
 The warlike *Troyan* should against him stand,  
 Inradg'd, his teeth against his teeth doth grinde,  
 And beates his Arm'd-breast with his Gauntlet hand,  
 About him through the field doth *Hector* winde,  
 His fayre-maynde Coursers haue so well been man'd:  
 That to retreat, or to assault the foe,  
 He at his will can checke, or make them goe.

48

*Antomedon* hath taught his Steeds like skill,  
 For trauersing, he likewise takes the field,  
 His Iades are countermaunded by his will,  
 For with the Curbe they both rebell and yeild,  
 Theyr Milky foame vpon their breasts they spill,  
 Being parted thus: great *Hector* vaunts his Shield:  
*Achilles* his: againe their Coursers meeete,  
 And from the Earth beate Thunder with their feete.

49

In this rude Iustle is *Achilles* bruis'd.  
 His high plumde Helme close to his Scull is batterd,  
 And he within his Chariot sits diffusde,  
 His Sword, his Shield, his Darts about him scatterd,  
*Antomedon* retraites, to haue excusde  
 His second shooke: and o're the plaines he clatterd:  
 his barbed teeme o're thousand Coarses flyes,  
 In whose Red-blood, his Chariot Naues he Dyes.

50

Great *Hector* scornes pursuit, nor takes he breath,  
 But fals vpon the next *Greeke* that he finds,  
 And prints on him the bloody stamp of death,  
 The long imprisoned soule his Sword vnbinds,

Meane time *Achilles* rous'd, abroad surveith  
For *Hector*, th' obiect of all Noble minds :

But when he found himselfe from *Hector* straid,  
The Prince doth base *Anomedon* vpbraid.

51

Who falling prostrate, sooths *Achilles* thus,  
Let not on me your deadly hate be grounded,  
Not I from him, but *Archeptolemus*  
Made way from me, for sure great *Hectors* wounded ?  
With you retyr'd the sonne of *Priamus*  
On equal points : our rich-main'd Steeds haue bounded:  
Ouer these plaines great *Hector* wel-nie dead,  
By great *Achilles*, is to *Troy-ward* sped.

52

This calmes the wrathfull *Greeke* who else had sought  
His opposite amidst the slaughterng troopes,  
Disioynd from him th' enraged else-where fought,  
And where he reares his hand that Squadron stoopes,  
His armed Chariot, midst their *Phalanx* wrought  
Horrif effusion, *Troyes* proud faction droopes  
Beneath *Achilles* arme, nor can it yeild,  
(Saue *Hector*) one to stand him in the field.

53

The Arch-Duke *Agamemnon* with his speare  
Encountred King *Pandolus*, till both bled +  
King *Thelamon* prest to *Sarpedon* neare,  
And with his blade he raught him on the hed,  
By their rude force they both vnhorsed were,  
Against *Eurialus* King *Theseus* sped,  
Neither scape wound-free; *Carras* bare him well,  
Gainst *Scenetus*, till from their Steeds both fell.

54

King *Philomenes* made *Anthenor* flye,  
King *Rhemus* with the King *Philotas* ran,  
Before *Vlisses* doth *Arastus* lye,  
*Ajax* this day hath slaughterd many a man,  
King *Priams* Bastard sonnes themselues apply  
In many a skirmish since the charge began :  
Young *Deiphebus* and *Aeneas* stand  
Gainst *Hupon*, and the three-ag'd *Nestors* band.

55

*Troylus* and *Diomed* fiercely affaile,  
 And brauely beat each other from their steeds,  
 Both resku'd by the prease, else without fale  
 There had bin fixt the period of their deeds,  
 Re-mounted *Diomed* breakes through the pale  
 Of his arm'd foes, and to his horse proceeds :  
 So *Troylus* hewes his passage through the rings  
 Of harness foes, and to his Steed he springs.

56

*Paris* and *Menelaus* once more meet,  
 And bring vnto the bataile fresh supplies,  
 With thundering strokes vpon their Helmes they greet,  
*Bretes* the Admirall *Hector* defies :  
*Bretes* that did command their blacke-stem'd Fleet,  
 Against him doth *Priamides* arise,  
 And with such violent rage vpon him sped,  
 That with one blow he cleft his Helme-deckt hed.

57

The Admirall thus dead, *Hector* desires  
 The goodly Steed, from whom the *Greeke* was feld,  
 Which (as for deeds of honour he inquires )  
 The King *Archilochus* by chance beheld,  
 Who seeing *Bretes* dead, the wound admires,  
 His face lookt pale, his hart with anger sweld :  
 And with his sword he couets to make bleed  
 The *Troian* Prince, who still pursues the Steed.

58

Who storming to be troubled in the chace,  
 Against the King *Archilochus* returnes,  
 Inraged *Mars* is figured in his face,  
 And in his lookes the eye of *Gorgons* burnes,  
 The *Greekes* blunt sword can scarce his Helmet race,  
 So weake a foe (inflamed *Hector*) scornes :  
 Upon his Crest his Faulchion he lets fall,  
 And cleaves the *Greeke*, helme, body, armes and all.

59

The emulous son of *Thetis*, crost by chance  
 The blacke goar'd field, and came to view this blow,  
 And mad in mind, against him charg'd his Lance,  
 In hope the towring Prince to ouerthrow,

Him *Thoas* seconds, and doth proudly aduance  
 His recking sword, late crimson'd in the foe,  
 Both with remorslesse blowes, the Prince offend,  
 And his bruised Shield about his arme they bend.

60

Had not his helmet beene of mettall pure,  
 With Axes they had hewed it from his head,  
 But he that made it was an Art-man sure,  
 Else had his braines bin on his harnessse spread,  
 Not had he long bin able to indure  
 Such tedious battry, had not Fortune led  
*Paris, Æneas, Troylus* and the rest,  
 To rescue valiant *Hector*, thus opprest.

61

At their approch the *Achieve* bands retire,  
 Whom to their *Pallisadoes* they pursue,  
 By this, in heauen ten thousand Lampes of fire  
 Shine through the ayre, and now both Hoasts withdrew,  
 The re-assembled *Greekes* *Hector* admire,  
 And mongst themselves into sad counsell grew :  
 Since not by force of Armes, by what fly traine,  
 The neuer-daunted Worthy may be slaine.

62

More honoured *Hector*, in his royll braine  
 Reuolues on milder thoughts, how bloud to saue :  
 It pitties him to see so many slaine,  
 And come to such a generall timelesse graue :  
 Then, that no more red bloud may *Symois* staine,  
 And change the coulour of her siluer wane,  
 He by a generall challenge will devise,  
 For thousands safeties, one to Sacrifice.

63

Against all *Greece* hee'l flyng his hostile gage,  
 And to a single Fight their Princes dare,  
 That two bolde Champions may the combat wage,  
 And in their mutuall Fury, thousands spare,  
 Meane time, blacke night, from th' vniuersall Stage  
 Of Earth, is cha'st and driuen : Now all prepare  
 For th'early Field, and with *Apollo* rise,  
 To shine in Armount by his rhadianc eies.

64

The Princes to the place where *Hector* lay  
 Throng in theyr Armes, and his command attend,  
 After they had tooke and giuen the time of day,  
 with him they to the aged King descend,  
 Before whom *Hector* briefly doth display  
 his purpost challenge, which they all commend,  
 For well his Father and his Brothers know,  
*Hector* hath power t' encounter any foe.

65

The Sunne, vp the steepe Easterne hils clymes fast,  
 Th'embattaile Greekes vpon the plaines appear,  
 To them the faire-rankt *Troians* march in hast,  
 Within the reach of *Hectors* armed speare:  
 Both Hoasts attend the charge: when vnagast  
 The Prince first wafts, that all the Campe may heare,  
 Then leaning on his Iauelin, makes this boast,  
 Euen in the face of their assembled hoast.

66

*Hectors* chal-  
lenge.

You curled *Greekes*, that haue vnpopuled quite  
 Threescore vast Kingdomes of theyr ablest men,  
 To throng out fieldes with numbers infinite,  
 All hopelesse of theyr safe returne agen:  
 Among these sixty Kings that shine so bright  
 In burnisht Steele, vpon this sanguine Fen:  
 Can you select one boulder then the rest,  
 T'encounter armed *Hector*, Creast to Creast?

67

Or if your Princes be too weake a number,  
 Can all those threescore Climats yeild one hand,  
 Amidst this world that coms our Realme to cumber,  
 That dares Betweene these hoasts gainst *Hector* stand?  
 Or doe you all feare deaths eternall slumber?  
 As well your Kinges, as those of common band,  
 That with a braue, breath'd in so many cares,  
 No soule (more valiant then the rest) appears.

68

If any of these Princes proue so free  
 His prodigall life against ours to ingage,  
 Know by exposing his, whole thousands be  
 Sau'd from the spoyle of warres infernall rage:

Oh, let me then that thirsty Champion see,  
That will spare *Gracian* blood, with him Ie wage  
Equall contention : with my liues expence,  
I will maintaine the *Troians* eminence.

69

A Prince shall meet that Prince : as neere allide  
To thundering *hone* as he thats best degreed,  
If in his warlike Chariot he will ride,  
I in my Chariot will confront his speed,  
Match me these soute white *Coursers* *Greece* hath tride,  
These faire *Andromache* doth mornely feed :  
With her white hand with bread of purest wheat,  
And waters them with *Vine* still when they eat.

70

*Xanthus*, *Podargus*, *Lampus*, *Aethon* deare,  
To *Hector*, you my armed Coach shall draw,  
And in this fierce exposure shall appeare,  
Before the best Steeds that the Sun ere saw,  
But all *Greece* cannot match your swift Carrere,  
Not *Diomedes* Steeds that fed on raw  
And mangled limbis, that in their Mangers bleed,  
Can equall you in courage or in speed.

Hectors steeds

71

Therefore Ile cease that oddes, and once againe  
Leauing the Kings to common men I turne,  
Among such clusters growing on this plaine,  
In no warme brest doth so much valor burne,  
But shall so many shewers of blood still raine  
On *Symois* banke : so many widdowes mcurne  
For their slaine Lords, so many Children cry  
For their poore Fathers that heire slaughtered die.

72

If not for Loue of honour, in despaire  
Methinkes some one our puissance should accost,  
For not two soules that heire assembled are,  
Shall scape the fury of our *Troian* host,  
Death and devouring ruin shall not spare  
One, of your infinites, you are ingrost  
All on destructions File, then let some *Greeke*  
(Despairing life,) a death with honot seek.

Yeelds

73

Yelds our besieged Towne a Nobler spirit  
 Then sixty assembled Kingdomes can produce?  
 That none dares enterpose his hostile merit,  
 But all put off this combat with excuse,  
 Among such infinites will none inherit  
 A name with vs? Feates *Greece* our hand shall slue  
 Their Vniuersall blood? That feare can slue  
 So many Legions with one *Hectors* braue?

74

I beg it of you *Greekes*, let some forth stand  
 To try what puissance lyes in *Hectors* sword,  
 If I be foyl'd by his all-daring hand,  
 The *Spartan Hellen* shall be soone restord,  
 And all the spoyles brought from the fertile Land  
 Of *Cythere*, made good, and he ador'd  
 With these ennobled armes, the sword and crest  
 Of *Hector*, Honors more then all the rest.

75

If I subdue your Champion: *Greece* in peace  
 Shall ease our burden'd earth of this huge weight,  
 Hostility betweene our hosts shall cease,  
 You with your men and armes your ships shall freight,  
 And from our bloud-stain'd soyle free this large prease,  
 So shall illustrate *Hector* reach his height:

When th' Vniuersall world hath vnderstood,  
*Hector* gag'd his, to saue his Citties blood.

76

Oh, let it not in after times be saide,  
 Twice thirty kingdomes could not one man finde,  
 Prince, Knight, or Swaine, durst equally inuade,  
 A *Troian* Prince in Armes, and height of mind,  
 Nor let succeeding time the *Greekes* vpbraide,  
 To heare such lofty spirits so soone declinde:  
 Behold, heere stand I to abide the rage  
 Of his arm'd hand, that dares but touch our gage.

77

These words thus breath'd, a generall shewt is giuen  
 Through al the *Troian* army, which aspires  
 And strikes against the Marble floores of heauen,  
 Where fixed are ten thousand sparkling fires,

The hart of whole *Greece* is asunder riuen,  
Rude tumult springes out of their strange desires :  
A confusde murmur flyes along the shoare,  
Which to the *Troyans* eares, the calme winds boare.

78

The eager Souldiers mutiny : Some say,  
Oh would the Kinges and Dukes were not in place,  
Our Darts through *Hectors* Curace should make way,  
But common-men must not the Peetes disgrace,  
The rage-burnt Kinges their furies cannot stay,  
They fixe their fyrd cies in each others face :  
Yet none presums the Gauntlet vp to take,  
When thus the younger of th' *Astrides* spake.

79

Is it my lot all *Grecia* to excuse ?  
*Greece*, that farre from these powers hath congregated ?  
Shall Pesant cowardise the Campe abuse,  
Whilst *Menelaus* lives a King instated ?  
It shall not : what these Princes all refuse,  
I will take vp, the cause shall be debated  
Twixt me and *Hector*, for the generall hoast,  
(And reason) since the cause concernes me most.

80

With that he ceasde the gage, when his great Brother  
Blaming his rashnesse, makes him let it fall,  
And now the warlike Kinges eying each other,  
The *Spartans* wordes moou'd fury in them all,  
Their shame and rage they can no longer smother,  
Abou: the Gauntlet they begin new brall :  
Toward the ground nine royll Princes b<sup>ea</sup>d,  
And for great *Hectors* gage at once contend.

81

The Archduke first : then great *Andremons* Sonne,  
*Thoas*, King *Diomed*, King *Idomen*,  
*Ajax* the strong, surnamed *Telamon*,  
*Ajax Olaus* : *Eriphilus*, and then  
The warlike *Ithacyan*, that alwaies won  
The praise for eloquence, boue other men :  
*Vlisses* : King *Meriones*, all these  
Stoope to the earth, and would the gauntlet cease.

To

82

To appease their wrath, thus *Nestor* doth devise  
 Three severall Lots into some Helme to throw,  
 And that bold Prince whose hand extracts the prize  
 Betweene the Armies to assault the foe,  
 The Lots are made, and all with ardent eyes,  
 Into the Generals Caske inie&t them so :

*Achilles* was not there, till word was sent  
 Whose the Lot was (that day he kept his Tent.)

83

The souldiers that had prou'd great *Hector's* might,  
 Pray to the Gods the Combats chance may fall  
 To *Ajax Telamon*, that he may fight  
 With *Hector*, for the *Greekes* in generall,  
 If not on warlike *Ajax*, it may light  
 On warlike *Diomed*, broad set, and tall :  
 Or if not these, yet to appease his rage,  
 Great *Agamemnon* may the battaile wage.

84

The Heralds from the generals Helmet drew  
 The first Inscription, which being knowne, was laid  
 At *Ajax* foot, the Prince the Paper knew,  
 Glad of his Lot (as all the souldiers praid)  
 The Kings retyr'd, onely sterne *Ajax* grew  
 Neere to *Dardanian Hector*, nought dismayd ;  
 Arm'd at all points, he struts vpon the plaine,  
 Like angry *Mars*, after an army slaine.

85

His shape was huge, his presence full of feare,  
 An angry Tempest sat vpon his brow,  
 A Sanguine Plume doth from his Helme appeare,  
 Which double armes his backe, and seemes to bow  
 Beneath his Bases : arm'd with such a Speare  
 His right hand was, that none can disallow :  
 Athwart his breast a purple Bawdrick'e fell,  
 Bearing a sword, which many had sent to hell.

86

The scabberd Crimson Velvet, richly embost  
 And chap't with Gold : vpon the hilt was grau'd  
 The battaile of the *Centaures* who were lost  
 In that fierce warre, and whom the conflict sau'd,

This sword was aged *Telamons* and cost  
 A Citties prize, the bright Blade had bin laud  
 In many bosome, many Princes bloods,  
 The handle was stucke round wih Golden stoods.

87

The Pummell wayde a Talent, rarely wrought  
 With Artfull Modules, on that curious round,  
 Grim *Achelous* with *Alcides* fought,  
 And there in all his *Proteus* shapes was found,  
 Thether the prize faire *Deyaneyr* was brought  
 And placst aloft; beneath her, those that sound  
 Vnto the dreadfull charge, with Clarious shrill,  
 Sit with swolne cheekes their lofty pipes to fill.

88

Such Art th'inchacer shewd, to mocke the eye,  
 That some would thinke their Reeds did Musickye yeld :  
 There sat the King her Father Thron'd on hye,  
 With him his Peeres, and round about the field  
 Ih'vnruyl multitude still pressing nye  
 The bounded lists, to see their Champions weild  
 Their dreadfull Armes, and who the pris can win,  
 One with a Club arm'd, and a Lyons skin.

89

The other with his God-hood and his power,  
 To change himselfe to shapes of strange disguise,  
 Sometimes he seemes a Dragon, to deuoure  
 His riuall Prince, who doth his Art dispise,  
 For on his head his Club fals like a Tower,  
 Next like a fire into his face he flies :  
 Ali which the Noble Champion cannot tame,  
 For with a Club he straight beats out the Flame.

90

Then like a grim mad-Bull the halse-God raues,  
 And with his hornes *Alcides* thinkes to gore,  
 But he contemning such inchaunted braues  
 Flyes to his head, and with his rude hands tore  
 One horne quite off (at this the Workman grieues)  
 The conquered Bull in falling seenies to rore :  
 Foure Nymphs descend from a faire sacred hill,  
 And this rich horne with Flowers and fruits they fill.

Which

The combat  
 twixt Arche-  
 lous & Her-  
 cules.

*Cornucopia.*

91

Which of the horne of plenty still beares name,  
 This and much more the hye-pris'd Pummell beares  
 A finer temper'd blade, or of more fame  
 By his proud side no Princely souldier weares :  
 With this arm'd *Ajax* to the combat came,  
 And singly to the *Dardan* Prince appears :  
 On his left arme a ponderous Targe he bare,  
 Quilted with seuen Oxe-hides all Tan'd with haire.

92

*Tycheus* was the Currier drest those hides,  
 Best of his trade that dwelt on *Hyla* then,  
 Accoortred thus, strong *Ajax* with huge strides  
 Stalkes in the field before the best of men,  
 And fixing his bold foot, boldly h'abides  
 Conf.onting him : the *Argive* army when  
 They saw the *Salamine* Prince beare him so proud,  
 Their soules reioyc't, their harts his lot allowd.

93

*Priamides* that neuer was aff'aide,  
 Of ought (saue feare) his Combattant thus greets,  
 Oh thou whose presence to my soule is made  
 More pleasing then the most delicious sweets !  
 Let me pertake his name, who vndismaide  
 In such faire equipage great *Hector* greets :  
 For since mine eye first knew *Apollos* light,  
 I neuer saw a more accomplisht Knight.

94

Nor one whose presence better pleas'd mine eye,  
 (Although my foe) Ile give thee all thy dew,  
 If courage suite, by shape I can esp'y  
 No blemish in thee ; either let me view  
 Thy open Helme, or else thy name discry,  
 When stormy *Ajax* vp his Beauer drew,  
 And thus reply'de : *The Helmet I had on,*  
*Obscur'd the face of Ajax Telamon.*

95

And Coozin *Hector*, know I am the least  
 Of many that our spacious campe containes,  
 Who to thy fury dare oppose their Crest,  
 And on eu'en language charge thee on these plaines,

We come to fight, not brall, then doe thy best,  
 The strongest hate that in thy bosome raignes  
 Powre on my Shield, destruction be my share,  
 If with my Sword or Speare, I *Hector* spare.

96

Gramercies Cooze, the *Troyan* Heroë spake,  
 Thou lou'st me best, to lay it soundly on,  
 These noble thoughts thy mixed byrth did take  
 From vs of *Troy*, and not from *Telamon*:  
 Our *Dardan* bloud thou in thy arme dost shake,  
 But when thou fearest : thy Mothers heate is gon :  
 And onely that remaines to chill thy hart  
 Which *Troy* disclaymes, and yeilds *Greece* as her part.

97

And would to *Ihoue* I knew where that blood ran,  
 Vnto those Veines I would direct my Speare,  
 And those in which our Kindred first began,  
 My hate should spare, as blood to *Hector* deare :  
 Come Noble *Ajax*, beare thee like a man,  
 And one of *Hectors* Kinsmen, scorning feare :  
 (Feare) is a word in *Troy* not vnderstood,  
 A banisht exile from all *Priams* bloud.

98

More, I could wish that I might prooue my rage  
 On some, whose veine no *Troyan* moysture guides,  
*Thetis* arm'd Son, whose heate we must asswage,  
*Tetydes*, or the Elder of the *Atrides*,  
 Saue these liues, none can equall conflict wage  
 With *Hector*: but behold, our fury rides  
 On Horrors wings, our bloud is vp and hye,  
 Then guard thee Cooze, my Iauelin now must fly.

99

His words and speare together cleave the ayre,  
 The Golden-headed-staffe as lightning flew,  
 And like the swiftest Curror makes repayre  
 Whether t'was sent, and doth his message true,  
*Ajax* huge shield hath interpos'd the bane,  
 Which *Hectors* agitacious still pursue :  
 Through sixe tough hydes, it pierst without respect,  
 But the sharp point vpon the seauenth was check't.

The Combat  
betwixt Ajax  
and Achilles.

Ec

Ajax

100

*Ajax* then shakes his Iauelin, forth it flyes,  
 And through the Plates of *Hector's* Target pierces,  
 The toughest Metall that the Anuile tryes,  
 Must at his force relent : a thousand hirces  
 His rage hath fild, and now the Prince applies  
 His Vniuersall power, firy dispierces

Through all his veynes, which to one force ynted,  
 No wonder, *Hector* was so well requited.

101

The Combat is begun, whichto descry,  
 To their full vertues doth surpassee my skill,  
 Their blowes so swift are, they deceiue the eye,  
 The least of thousands are of power to kill,  
 At aduantagious places they loone spy,  
 Both seas and shores with their lowd strokes sound shrill :  
 Were neuer heard such blowes, so sound, so thicke,  
 Or seene such Wards, so cunning, and so quicke.

102

Such that sauie *Hector* and blunt *Ajax*, none  
 On Earth could equall, then muchlesse exceed  
 These two Heroicke spirits, spent and gone,  
 To riuall them, no age the like can breed ;  
 Nor maruell though these two exceld alone,  
 They being both deriu'd from God-like seed :  
 In whom th'Imperiall Dietyes contended,  
 In two such men, to haue two Hoasts defended.

103

Infinite Charges passe from eyther side,  
 From eyther part their nimble Iauelins sing,  
 Both fixe their bold feet, and such stormes abide  
 As with their force tempestuous fury bring,  
 Euen till their Noble blouds the Verdure Dyde,  
 with Echoing rage, their vaulted Helmets ring :  
 Whose deafning Clangor from the field rebowne,  
 Through the best Arches of *Troyes* Marble Towne.

104

Their speares being shiuered in the empty ayre,  
 The Truncheons swelling from their hands they take,  
 with interchange of heate, they madly fate,  
 Till the tough Oake euen to their Gauntlets brake,

And now their hands vnserviceably bare,  
For their bright Swords, their crack't staves they forsake,  
Behold their wrastling Steele's contend on hyc,  
And tug for honor in the empty sky.

105

With lightning such as *Ihoues* Incensemts breed,  
Swifter then thought, or sight, theyr furies meet;  
Both seeming doubly arm'd with such quieke speede,  
Theyr bright swords guard them round, frō head to feet,  
Theyr trusty Armours stand them much in steed,  
For with such wounding strokes theyr Caskes they greet,  
So full of horror, that both armies wonder,  
how Earth-bred men shold make such *Iouiall* thunder.

106

The inuincible *Dardanian* with one stroke,  
Raught *Ajax* Beauer, and vnplum'd his hed,  
The Steely Claspe (deuinely wrought) it broake,  
Which In the *Salmin* Duke sterne fury bred,  
Who striuing now the *Dardan* Prince to yoake,  
His spleene and powerfull Sword together sped,  
The point to *Hector's* breasted Armour flew,  
And from his Bulke Vermillion drops it drew.

107

The *Troian* growes inflam'd, the *Argive* proud  
To see his bright Skeyne in such bloud Imbrude,  
Th'Inuaders showte, and lift theyr cryes aloud,  
To see their Champion with such power inuide,  
For this (great *Hector*) in his Soule hath vowde  
Suddaine reuenge, he growes more fierce and rude:  
His Sword plyde *Ajax* Helme, yet shining bright,  
As Cyclops hammers on theyr Anuiles light.

108

So well t'was tempered, and his strength so hy,  
That his tough mettal'd Blade in pieces flew,  
At selfe-same instant *Ajax* gan apply  
His trusty Steele, and close to *Hector* grew,  
But as he thus pronoun'st (now *Hector* dy)  
And heaues his arme aloft to make it true,  
his Sword vpon his Caske fell as he spake,  
And with the force close by the handle brake.

E c 2

The

109

The Champions both disarmed sauē their shields,  
 First *Hector* with his eye doth round inquire,  
 And findes a scatter'd Rocke left in the fieldes,  
 Neuer till then remou'd, now all on fire,  
 To auenge his wonnd, what no man else could weild,  
 (His mind bouē Mortall puissance gins t' aspyre : )  
 His puissant arme aduanceth at the last,  
 And the huge Massie he towards *Ajax* cast.

110

He takes it on his shield, but with the power  
 Of his comparelesse strength, the seauen tough Hides  
 were all to cruſt and bruſt, he thinkes ſome Tower  
 Of arched ſtone from his high ſtructure ſlides  
 Him to intombe aliue, and to denour,  
 Downe diſpoffes his Targe to earth, and he abides  
 Astoniſht for a ſpace, at length his eye  
 Gianſt on a young tall Oake that grew fast by.

III

VVhoſe ſinnowy ſtrings with shaking to and fro,  
 He ſoone vnloos'd, and by the Earth vp teares,  
 And wauing bouē his Helmet, with one blow  
 ſeekes to giue end to all the *Dardans* feares,  
 ſhould it fail ſteddy, he ſhould lyefull low;  
 The threatning Oake ſtill in the ayre appears :  
 Menacing vengeance, but before it light,  
 Here breath my Muſe, and cheere thy traueld ſprite.

*Achilles* his concealement of his ſex in the Court of *Lycomedes* : *Ouid* thus writeth.

*De Arte Amant.*  
d.i.

*Achilles* and  
*Deiadema.*

**N**ow from another World doth ſaile with ioy,  
 A welcome Daughter to the King of Troy,  
 The whilſt the Graecians are already come,  
 (mou'd with that generall wrong againſt Iſtium : )  
 Achilles in a Smocke, his Sexe doth ſmother,  
 and layes the blame upon his carefull mother,  
 What makſt thou great Achilles, teasing !wooh,  
 When Pallas in a Helme ſhould claffe thy Scull?  
 What doth theſe fingers with fine threads of Gold?  
 Which were more fit a Wartlike Shield to hold.

Why should that right hand, Rocke or Tow containe,  
 By which the Trojan Hector must be slaine?  
 Cast off thy loose vailies, and thy Armour take,  
 And in thy hand the Speare of Pelias shake.  
 Thus Lady-like be with a Lady lay,  
 Till what he was, her belly must bewray,  
 Yet was she forst (so should we all beleue)  
 Not to be forst so, now her heart would greeue :  
 When he should rise from her, still would she cry,  
 (For he had arm'd him, and his Rocke laid by)  
 And with a soft voyce speake : Achilles stay,  
 It is too soone to rise, lie downe I pray,  
 And then the man that forst her, she would kisse,  
 What force (Deiademeia) call you this?

*Antomedon* was Achilles Charioter, and Squire to Pyr-

Ouid de Arte  
Amandis lib. 1.

hus, whose skill Ouid remembers.

By art of Sayle and Oare, Seas are diuided,  
 By art the Chariot runs, by art Loue's guided,  
 By art are Bridles strain'd in, or let slip,  
 Typhis by art did steare th' Hemonian ship :  
 And Tymes succeeding, shall call me alon,  
 Loues expert Typhis and Antomedon.

The reason why Achilles kept his Tent, and was not in the field when Hector breathed his chalenge, is not fully resolued: some thinke he was discontent about a difference betwixt the Generall Agamemnon and him, who kept away perforce Briseis, a beanteous Lady, claimed by Achilles as his Prize, which wee rather follow in our History, then to lay his absence on his Loue to Polixena, whom hee had not yet seene, and the promise which for her sake he made to Hecuba, to keepe himselfe and his Mirmidons from the battaile.

Homer.

Achelous was sonne to Oceanus and Tellus (viz.) the sea and the Earth whence all Riuers are derived, who bee-  
 ing vanquisht by Hercules, hid himselfe in the Riuver, called  
 of himselfe Achelous, a famous floud in Greece, diuiding  
 Ætolia from Acatnauia. This Achelous was before called  
 Thoas, and riseth from the Mount Pindus, but Plutarch  
 calleth

Strabo lib. 10.

Plutarch lib. de  
fluminibus.

calleth it Thestius, of Thestius the son of Mars and Pisidices who had three daughters. Calirhoe, Castalia and Dirce, of whom the famous Greeke Poet

Akeloou thugater diskā, &c.

Eurip. in Bacchis

Oh Acheloi filia, venerande Virgo dierce:  
The Flouds of Achelous were so famous, that all the waters  
used in the deuine sacrifices were by the Oracle call'd Aquæ  
Acheloæ.

Herodotus in  
Euterpe.

The Poets faine him to transshape himselfe in a Bul, because  
Riners plow the earth as Oxen make Furrowes, or because  
Buls draw neare to the brinkes of riners when they bellow for  
fresh pasture: else because wasters breaking violently through  
any fall, make a confused noise, like the roarings of many Buls  
together: He was call'd a Dragon by his many indented win-  
dings and turnings.

Strabo 10.

Hercules being leagued with King Oeneus, undertooke  
to suppress this raging riuer, whose many inundations had  
much damag'd his Kingdome, who extenuating his maine  
streame, by inforsing it into many rinaless, by that meanes  
made the country more fertil, therefore it was moraliz'd that  
Hercules breaking off his horn receiu'd in the same all fruits  
of plenty.

Xanthus in re-  
bus Etolicis.

To this Cornucopia or horne of abundance, Iupiter gaue  
this property, that whosoever heldit, and wisht, should receive  
according to their desire. The varieties of the most choise fruits  
and wines of all kinds, how deliciouſ ſoeuer to tast the Pallat.

Hermogenes lib  
de Phrygia.

This vertue was first prou'd by Amathea daughter to  
Hemonius King of Ætolia, though ſome take Amathea to  
be the Goat that nurſt Iupiter with her milke, when Rhea  
had giuen him to be brought up to Adraſtea and Iude.

The end of the twelfth  
CANTO.



Argumentum

A Chilles dotes on beauteous Polixaine,  
And at her faire request refraines the fielde,  
The Truce expierd, both Hoastis prepare againe  
For battaile, with proud harts, in valour steel'd:  
The Greckes are beate backe, many kild and taine,  
Patroclus don's Achilles Armes and shielde:  
Him Hector, for Achilles tooke and slew,  
Whose Armor gone, his Mother seeks him new.

ARG. 2.

T Ruce after Combat, Hecuba is wonne  
By Paris meanes, to league with Thetis sonne.

CANTO. 13.



Wake soft Muse from sleepe,  
and after rest  
Shew thy selfe quicke  
and active in thy way,  
Thy labouring flight  
and trauell long opprest  
Is comforted, no longer  
then delay,

But with thy swiftest winges fly in the Quest  
Of thy prefixed goale: The happy day  
In which this Kingdome did her wide armes spread,  
To imbrace king James, our Soueraigne Lord & head.  
And

2

And you (great Lord) to whom I Dedicate  
 A second worke, the yssue of my braine,  
 Accept this Twin to that you saw of late,  
~~sib~~ to the first, and of the selfe-same straine,  
 That onely craue the shelters of your state,  
 To keepe it from all stormes of Haile and Raine,  
 Who neither dread the rage of winds or Thunder,  
 whilst your faire rooſe they may be shadowed vnder.

3

Your fauour and protection deckes my phaſe,  
 and is to me like *Ariadnes* clew,  
 To guide me through the Laborinthean Maze,  
 In which my brain's intangled: Tis by you,  
 That euery vulger eye hath leaue to gaze,  
 and on this Project takes free enter view,  
 Which, but t'exprefſe a due debt (yet vnpaid)  
 Had ſtill remain'd vnprefect and vnmade.

4

Proceed we then, and where we left repaire:  
 About his head (the Tree) rough *Ajax* flings,  
 Like to a threatening Meteor in the aire,  
 Which where it lights extiaſſe ruin brings,  
 Such ſeemeſt th'vngrounded Oake, leauelſe and bare,  
 Who ſhakes ore *Hector*'s Crest her rooted strings,  
 And with ſuch rude impetuous fury fell,  
 T'hau'e dingd him through the Center downe to hel.

5

But *Hector* with his broad shield waits the fall,  
 Which ſhiuers all the plates of his ſtrong Targe:  
 The *Gracians* too much fury, ſtrikes withall,  
 The plant from his owne hands, in his rough charge,  
 Vnarm'd once more they grapple, to make thrall  
 Each others strength: their armes ſnowy and large,  
 About their ſides with muuall strength they cling,  
 and wrangling ſtrive, which can each other fling.

6

When loe, the Kings on bothſides much admiring  
 Their neuer equald valour, loth to lose  
 Such Champions, in whose charging or retyring  
 Their ſpring of victory, declines or Flowes,

(Their Conquests droop towards earth, or rise aspiring)  
The generall of each boast his Warden throwes  
    Betweene the Combattants, who still contend-  
        By flight of strength to giue the difference end.

7  
Two Guards from either Army step betweene  
Their heated furies, till their blood rery'd,  
For with fresh breath they both abate their spleene,  
And cease that Combate thousands late admir'd,  
Instead of blowes their friendly Armes are seene  
T' infold each other (with new loues inspyr'd)  
    Ajax his Belt pluckes from athwart his brest,  
        And giues to *Hector* (of all Knights the best.)

An enter-  
chāge of gifts  
betwixt Hec-  
tor and Ajax.

8

Who takes a good sword flesht on many a foe,  
And enter-chang'd with *Ajax* (but oh Fate)  
Two ominous Tokens these good Knights bestow,  
Which to theniselves prou'd most vnfornatune,  
To *Hectors* heeles must *Ajax* Baldricke grow,  
And three times drag him by each *Troian* gate:  
    Whose sight whole *Troy* with clamorous shricks shal  
        With *Hectors* sword, *Ajax*, must *Ajax* kil.     (fit,

9

These passages of friendship giuen and tooke,  
Behold a Herald from the Towne appeares,  
Who greets the proud *Greekes* with a friendly looke  
From *Priam*, (reuerent both in state and yeares : )  
Them, whom but late the *Troians* could not brooke,  
*Troy* now invites, and for a space forbeares  
All hostile hate, betweene both hostas proclaiming  
A day of Iubile for feast and gaming.

A Truce.

10

The Faith of *Hector* as best hostage giuen,  
Th'inuasive Kings in peace the City enter,  
Whom *Priam* feasts, with all that vnder heauen  
Can be found rare, or bred aboue the Center,  
The Dames and Damsels all pale feare bereauen,  
Amongst the dreadfull *Greekes* dare freely venter,  
And they that late did fright themaboue measure,  
Haue liberty to sport and Court their pleasure.

Vnpec-

Dicles.

II

Vnpeered *Hector* (who had neuer seene  
*Achilles*, (but on Horse-backe arm'd) before,  
 Eyes him with pleasure, and forgets all spleene,  
 And *That is* sonne that (but in blood and gore)  
 Stain'd and besmear'd, had neuer *Hector* seene,  
 Freely surueighs his shape : his robes he wore :  
 His bawny Limbes, broad bulk, his face, and stature,  
 Nor can he but appland the pride of nature.

12

To whom *Achilles* thus ? *Hector*, I see  
 A presence I could loue, but his Fame hate,  
 Tis thy renoune alone doth blemish me,  
 And makes me in these warres vnfornunate,  
 I neuer yet dropt blood, but drain'd by thee,  
 For which, my teene is growne inueterate :  
 Nor could I relish pleasure, but still trusting  
 To end thy dayes, by sword-fight, or by iusting.

13

To him the Heroë mildly thus replies :  
*Æacides* pursues a double wrong,  
 That comes from *Greece* our Citty to surprise,  
 And rase our wals that we haue builded strong,  
 Your Loues we hold deere, but your hates despise,  
 (As opposites that dare not front vs long :  
 If more thou wouldst : To armes : referre the rest,  
 Sit, (for th'art welcome) freely tast our feast.

The Greekes  
feasted by  
Priam.

14

*Priam* and *Agamemnon* take chiefe place,  
 The rest are rankt vnto their states or fames,  
*Troylus* and *Diomed*, sit face to face,  
 and gin to brall, for *Diomedes* blames  
*Troylus*, and *Troylus* him, to his disgrace  
 The iarres appeas'd, for see the fairest Dames  
 Of the best bloods of *Troy*, richly attired,  
 Bring in the Queene, whose state the *Greekes* admired

15

*Hellen*, *Troyes* Fire-brand sat at this hye feast,  
 Nor did she blush to see her husband there,  
 Him, *Paris* thinkes a bold vnwelcome guest,  
 and that to *Hellen* he was plac't too neare,

Alone he tastis no dainties, mongst the rest,  
Her very sight hath cloyd him without cheare ;  
On *Hecuba* faire *Pollixene* attended,  
Whose beauty great *Achilles* most commended.

16

Now the reuolte *Calchas* free time found  
Gainst *Troylus*, louely *Cresseid* to perswade,  
With Arguments and words so firme and sound,  
The *Troian* now no more may Court the Maid,  
King *Diomed* must henceforth be the ground  
Of all her passionate Loue, she can be staid  
In *Troy* no longer (though she wisht it rather)  
Shee's but a Child, and must obey her Father.

17

Whilst all the Kingly Leaders had lowd chat  
Of Chiualty, hye Bloods, and deeds of warre,  
(And as their humors led, of this or that)  
Of many a bleeding wound and grisly skarre,  
Whilst some spake much, and some sat mute thereat,  
*Achilles* eye fixt on a brighter starre  
Then any shines, fixt mongst the heauenly fires,  
The rarest *Pollixene* alone admires.

*Achilles* loue  
to *Pollixene*.

18

He neither can dilate of Noble deeds,  
Nor enter-change discourse of slaughtered Kings,  
What comes of peace, or what of warre proceeds ;  
What profit rest, what hurt iuasion brings ;  
His new dissolved heart within him bleeds,  
And from his Rocky brest a Fountaine springs  
Of passion, onely by her sight engendred,  
In place of which, old hate is quite surrendred.

19

It now repents him he hath lift a blade  
Against the Syre, that such a childe hath bred,  
Or to the place that foster'd that sweetmaide,  
His bloody Myrmidons to battaile led ;  
Or that his dreadfull hand did once iuade  
Her Brother (for whose Loue hee's well-nye dead)  
To gaine whose beauty, he could find in hart,  
*Greece* to renounce, and take the *Troians* part.

Queene

20

Queene *Hecuba* obserues *Achilles* passion  
 Thinking to make it vse-full to her good,  
 That the most strong of all the *Argive* Nation,  
 Shall for her daughters sake spare *Troian* blood :  
 By this, the feast and Royall preparation  
 Breakes vp, the Kings that on their honors stood,  
 With bounteous thanks take leaue, bent on the mor-  
 This Truce-full ioy to mix with hostile sorrow. (row,

21

The selfe-same night by *Hecubaes* aduice,  
 Vnto *Achilles* Tent faire *Paris* sends,  
 Offring his Sisters loue (held at hye price)  
 Mixt with the aged Queenes most kind commends,  
 With courteous words the bold *Greeke* they intice  
 To leaue the siege, which *Thetis* sonne intends  
 Her nuptiall bed being promist, with much ioy.  
 Answer's return'd, hee'l warre no more against *Troy*.

22

Now while he rests him in his Idle Tent,  
 And to his amorous Harpe Loue-Ditties sings,  
 Both Armies sundry Stratagems inuent,  
 Great *Hector* to the field his puissance brings,  
 Vpon the plaine appeares incontinent  
 A gallant hoast led by th'incamped Kings :  
 Warres Musick sounds, *Mars* trots vpon his Steed  
 Ore thousand mangled sides, that freshly bleed.

23

Sometime the *Troian* Leaders with their powers,  
 Euen to their *Palladoes* beat the Foe,  
 Whence being repulst, the camp the Champion scowres  
 And sore *Troyes* gates their purple Launces grow,  
 Whom th'yssue from the Citty soone deuoures,  
 Againe the *Greeke* sustaines great ouerthrow :  
 Againe reliu'd, the *Troian* powers they face,  
 Whom to their Tents againe the *Dardans* chace.

24

Full thirty'daies together Fortune striues  
 To make their Conquest doubtfull, in which time  
 Vnnumbred Knights on both parts lost their liues,  
 Some in their waine of yeares, some in their prime,

A battaile la-  
sting 30 daies

Some slaine out-right, some captiu'd put in Gyues,  
Some loose their Fame, and some to honors clime :  
Amongst whom *Hector* in the first ranke stands,  
For deeds of name wrought by his warlike hands.

25

Though farre-fear'd *Ajax* did hye workes of Fame,  
And blacke-hair'd *Agamemnon* boldly fought ;  
Though strong-limb'd *Diomed* his worth proclaime  
By Martiall Acts midst fields of slaughter wrought,  
Though *Nestor* oft-times to the battaile came,  
And (to his strength and age) for honour sought :  
Though *Menelaus* oft in field was seene,  
*Vlisses* too, more full of guile, then spleene.

26

Though these and more among themselues contended,  
With emulation to atchieue most praise,  
Yet when great *Hector* to the field discended,  
Back't by his Brothers, their swift current stayes,  
Aboue them all his glorious worth extended,  
The *Greekes* grow warre-tyr'd after thirty dayes :  
And beaten to their Trenches much decayd,  
They ioyntly flocket t'implore *Achilles* ayd.

Achilles his  
abstinence frō  
battaile.

27

Who with his Myrmidons from field abstaines,  
In hope to gaine the fairest Dame aliue,  
Still through the fields remorselesse slaughter raines,  
The *Greekes* beyond their Parapets they driue,  
Still they intreat, he still their wōrd's disdaines,  
Within the Campes skirts he may heare them striue :  
Yet (all this notwithstanding) he seemes loath  
To Arme him!elfe against a sacred oath.

28

But when he saw the wounded souldiers run,  
Their bleeding heads amongst the Tents to hide,  
Heard, by their swords so many slaughters done,  
Beheld some mangled, that before him dide,  
Found how the foc their Campe had well nye won,  
Perceiu'd the fire burne bright on euery side,  
Himselfe surcharg'd with Flames, in his tent sweating  
And all the princes by his bed intreating.

F f

He

29

He then relents, and at their faire request,  
 Hee keepe his oath, and yet affoord them ayde,  
 For now the man whom he esteemed best,  
 He whom alone his bosome friend he made,  
*Patroclus* don's his armes, his shield, his Crest,  
 And to his thigh girts his victorious blade :  
 And with three hundred Myrmidons attended,  
 He yssues where the Campe was least defended.

30

At his appearance when those armes were seene  
 So well, among the *Troians* knowne and feared,  
 They make him way, *Patroclus* had not beene  
 Long in the place, but all the *Greekes* were cheared :  
 They that before stood like a haruest screeene,  
 Gau backe apace, for not a man appeared,  
*Patroclus* still aduanc't *Achilles* shield,  
 And with his Myrmidons maintaines the field :

31

Now horrid Massacre pursues apace  
 Th' astonisht *Troians* *Paris*, woundes most  
 To see *Achilles* arm'd, makes good the place,  
 And with such rage assault the *Troian* hoast,  
 That not a man dares their Pauillions face,  
 Or against the Myrmidons his valour boast :  
 He cal's him troth-lesse, perjur'd, false, forsworne,  
 And as he speakes (withal) is backward borne.

32

The cry growes great, which *Hector* ouer-hearing,  
 He cal's vpon his men to cease base flight,  
 And spying one aboue the rest appearing,  
 Dreadfull in shape, and all imbrude in fight,  
 His quakefull hand and sword, so often rearing,  
 Hetakes him for the warlike *Pelean* Knight  
*Achilles*, of the *Gracians* great'st in pride,  
 Whom he had oft before in battaile tride.

33

He chuseth from his Page an Oaken speare,  
 Hewed from the hart of *Ithones* relentlesse tree,  
 And couching it, spurres with a full Cartiere  
 Against *Patroclus* : his proud Steed was free,

And like a shot sturre doth his Ryder beare,  
At euery plunge the ground neere kist his knee :  
His constant ayme, that neuer er'd at need,  
Tops the proud Greeke from off his Noble steed.

34

And now *Achilles* armour strowes the field,  
*Patroclus* lyes vpon the Verdure spred,  
Heere lay his sword, and there his trusty shield,  
The Myrmidons (as had their Lord bin dead,  
And neuer more victorious Armes should weild)  
Al in disordred rankes retyr'd and fled.  
*Achilles* armes ceizd, who durst longer stay?  
This was the cause the *Dardan* wan the day.

Patroclus slain

35

When dead by *Hector* was *Menelius* son,  
And that his wounded body strowed the plaine,  
(Quoth *Hector*) Now *Achilles* armes are won,  
These are mine owne, and these wil I maintaine :  
He strips the faire *Patroclus* (new foredone,)  
And thought at first *Achilles* he had slaine :  
But when he saw one not of God-like kind,  
The Armes he takes, the body leaues behind.

36

*Achilles* frantickie with so great disgrace,  
Losse both of friend, and of his glorious armes,  
Torments himselfe with fury for a space,  
Threatning to Princely *Hector* hostile harmes,  
Yet when he thinkes to haue his life in chace,  
And rowse the Worthy with his warres alarmes :  
He now records his friends disgrace in field,  
To combat him, he hath nor armes, nor Shield.

37

The bright-foot *Amphetrite* his fayre Mother,  
Knowing the griefe her sonne conceiuies at hart,  
Her true Maternall pity cannot smother,  
But with her care she seekes to cure his smart,  
Instead of these, she will prouide him other  
Made by Deuine composure, not Mans art,  
And thus resolu'd, to *Lemnos* she doth hie,  
Wher Vulcan workes in heavenly Ferrarie.

*Tethis* other-  
wise called  
*Amphetrite*.

38

She found him with his face all smoog'd and blacke,  
And labouring at his Forge quite hid in smoke,  
The stifling fume kept the faire Goddesse backe,  
About she was her soft steps to reuoke,  
But whilst the Cyclops on their Anuiles thwacke,  
She spies faire Charis, and to her she spoke:

That the Lame Metall-God might understand,  
*That is his friend,* the Seas-Queene was at hand.

Charis.

39  
Charis the hand-maide, grace whose Office still  
Is to strow Venus louely bed with Flowers,  
And to them both Cælestiall Nectar fill,  
As vnto Ihoue-himselfe faire Hebe powers,  
Prayes the bright Goddesse but to stay vntill  
The swetty Smith his face and visage skowers ;  
And whilst she tels the God of her repaire,  
To eashe her selfe in a rich golden Chaire.

Homer Iliad

40  
Charis departs, she mounts the Inamel'd seat,  
The backe of solid Gold richly ingrau'd,  
Cut and inchac'ft, it shewed his skill was great,  
and in the Metall too, no cost was sau'd,  
So though the frame was large, his art was neat,  
The fourre supporters round about were sau'd  
With pillers of white siluer, moulded so,  
That by the worke, the worke-man you may know.

41  
Meane time faire Charis to the Smith relates,  
How faire-foote Amphetrite stayes without,  
at this report lame Vulcan thankes the Fates,  
Who had so well his businesse brought about,  
The Queene whose fauour he so highly rates,  
Should take the paine to finde his Concaue out :  
Of whom, he (falling through the Plannets seauen,)  
More fauour found, then all the rest in heauen.

42  
With that his apron from his brest he takes,  
His airy Bellowes haue surceast to blow,  
He sleekes his Coales, his smoaky Forge forsakes,  
Spunges his hands and face, then gins to throw

A rich Roabe ore his shoulders, and so makes  
On to the Queene, whose mind he longs to know :  
When after many a limping Curtsey made,  
Thus *Amphetrite* doth the Smith perswade.

43

If euer I was held worthy the name  
Of the seas-Queene, vnfortunate alone,  
For of the seed of Gods deriu'd I came,  
Yet (married to a Mortall,) find you none  
*Thetis* except : yet ist to me no shame ;  
Behold my Deuine beauty, I was one  
Euen *Ihouse* himselfe lou'd, whom cause I denide,  
In spight he gaue me to a Mortals Bride.

*Apollodorus.*

44  
Yet am I not esteem'd amongst them least,  
For when my hye espousals were first made  
In the Mount *Pelion*, all the Gods increast  
My glory with their presence ; for none stayed  
Or kept away from th' *Hymenean* feast,  
Sauing the Goddes discord, the Spheares plaid  
Musick to vs ; my *Peleus* me contented  
To grace, whom all the Gods rich gifts presented.

*Staphilus in lib  
de Theffalia.*

*Dai洛chus.  
Pherecides.*

45  
*Ihouse* gaue vs Graces on our bed to wait,  
*Apollo*, Ingots of the purest Gold,  
*Pluto*, a smaragd to be worne in state,  
*Juno*, a lemn worth, more then can be told,  
*Neptune* two Steeds, aboue all Mortall rate,  
*Xanthus* and *Ballia*, whom you may behold  
Still draw my Coach, a rich Knife rarely wrought,  
Mongst other presents you God *Vulcan* brought.

*Zetes b[ea]bo 45.*

46  
But what of these digressions, If my hap  
Hath euer bin to do you any grace,  
When falling from hye Heauen, in my soft lap  
I gently catcht you, See : behold the place  
On which your head fel, which to fold and wrap  
In smoothest silkes, my robes I did vnlace :  
For this, and much more kindness by me done,  
Requite all, with an Armour for my sonne.

*Pyragmon,  
Berountes, and  
Sceropes, the  
three Ciclops  
that attend on  
Vulcan.*

Achilles armor

Achilles shield

47

Inough (quoth *Vulcan* fetch *Pyragmon* straight)  
 A parcell of the best and purest Steele,  
 And you *Berountes* let it finde the waight  
 Of your huge Hammers, and their ponders feele,  
 The *Ciclops* fetcht a Plate six Cubes in haight,  
 So Massie, that the burden made him reele;  
*Sceropes* stain'd with smoake, the Bellowes blew,  
 And all at once themselues to worke withdrew.

48

They forg'd a Helmet with rich Flowers inchac'ſt  
 So curiously, that Art it much exceeded,  
 Borders of sundry workes about were plac'ſt,  
 The precise sight of the best eye they needed,  
 That could discerne the closures, they were grac'ſt  
 With God-like skill (from God-hood it proceeded)  
 For beauty, it was glorious to the sight,  
 For prooſe, no Steele could on this Helmet bite.

49

The Gorget, Vaunt-brace, Backe-peecce, brest, and all,  
 Came from the ſelfeſame ſubſtance, and like ſkill,  
 The Cufhes that beneath the girdle fall,  
 Impenetrable were, and Steele-prooſe ſtill,  
 And though the thickenesſe did appeare but ſmall,  
 The Plates they with ſuch strength of Mettall fill:  
 It hath the force and puiflance to withstand  
 The sharpeſt Speares huri'd from the strongest hand.

50

Aboue them all, his ſhield the reſt ſurpaſt,  
 Maſſie, and onely for his Arme to weare  
 For whom twas made, vpon the ſame was raſt  
 The great world Tripartyte: heauen and each Spheare,  
 Thence all the hye Circumference was plaſt  
 Starres, Moone, and Sun, the ſigues that rule the yeare,  
 The Ram, the Bull, and the Twin-brothers ſigue,  
 The Crab, the Lyon, and the Maid Deuine.

51

The Skale, the Scorpion, and the Centaure fell,  
 Sterne Capricorne, and he that water powers,  
 The Fishes: all these were ingraued well,  
 There *Pbaebus* stood, about him dayes and howers,

With the foure Seasons : First the Spring gan swell  
With sweetest Buddes : Sommer that seldome lowers  
Stood next in ranke, well clad in freshest greene,  
Autumne next her, in ragged Roabes was seene.

52

There stood old Winter in hye Furs attyred,  
On whom the flakes of Snow like Feathers hong,  
He shuying lookes, as if he warmth desired,  
With chattering teeth, hands Palsied, quaking tong  
Below the Earth, with Dales and Hils admired,  
Fields full of Grayne, & Meads with Grasse new sprong:  
Here Citties rarely built, there Hamlets stand,  
Here fallow-fields, besides them, New-tild Land.

53

Betweene the middle Earth, Seas ebbe and flow,  
Whose Billowes in their caruing seeme to moue,  
Here the *Leviathan* huge waues doth throw  
From out his Nostrils to the skyes aboue,  
The Dolphins, of a thousand coullours show,  
Here Whales their heads aboue the waters proue:  
And sayling ships contriu'd by cunning rare,  
On which strange Fish, with wonder seeme to stare.

54

A thousand sundry Obiects made by Art,  
This huge Orbicular Shield in compasse holds,  
What Heauen or Earth, or Seas to vs Impart,  
His Globe-like compasse to the eye vnfolds,  
When *Vulcan* taking the fayre Queene apart,  
(who with much wonder his strange worke beholds :)  
Presents it her, made perfect for her Son,  
In whose rich armes, *Troy* seemes already won.

55

At *Vulcans* Caue she yoakes her Chariot-steeds,  
which o're the Oceans rugged backe make way,  
And as she freely on the Seas proceeds,  
About her Coach the Quicke-ear'd Dolphins play  
At her Sonnes Tent (fam'd for his warlike deeds,  
She lights, and to the Couch on which he lay : )  
Tost those rich armes, which when *Achilles* view'd,  
The halfe-dead spirit within his breast renew'd.

56

He leaps from of his Pallet, to imbrace  
 The beautious Queene, and soone intreats her ayde,  
 To arme his shoulders, and his head to grace,  
 With that iachaced Helme God *Vulcan* made,  
 Who now compleatly furnisht, longs for place  
 Where thus be-seene, he *Hector* may inuade:

He cannot sleepe for gazing on his Shield,  
 In hope t' aduance it in the Morrowes field.

57

*Thetis* departs, when th'early Cocke gaue signe,  
 With his lowd notes *Aurora* to dispose,  
 Who leaues the Bed-rid *Typhon* sunke in Wine,  
 From whom the Gold-hair'd Goddessle blushing rose,  
 To harnessse *Phœbus* Coach-steeds, who in fine  
 About his face, his Beames bright glistring throwes:  
 To dry the Mornings teares, who weepeth still,  
 To see th'unkind Sunne climb th'Easterne hill.

58

A Battaille.

He had not left the forelorne Goddessle long,  
 But from *Olimpus* top he may espy,  
 Plaine-Crested *Hector*, his arm'd Troopes among,  
 Clearing them vp the proud *Greekes* to defy:  
 Next him marcht Noble *Troylus*, *Memnon* strong,  
*Antenor* and *Æneas* mounted hye:  
 Young *Deiphobus* and *Polydamas*,  
*Paris*, whose ayme in Arch'ry doth surpassc.

59

*Sarpedon*, King *Epistropus*: beside  
 Many more Kings that sundry battailes led  
 Against these soone the Curld Inuaders ride,  
 The grim *Atrides* first aduan'st his hed,  
*Achilles* next, past with vaine-glorious pride  
 For his rich armour, *Nestor* next him sped  
*Menon*, whose armes were set with many a stonc,  
 And (he that *Hector* stood) bold *Telamon*.

60

The *Ithacan*, with *Lacedemons* King,  
 The widdowed *Spartan*: ground of all this broyle,  
 These to the fielde their seuerall battailes bring,  
 With thousand followers, bent on death and spoyle,

Their barbed Steeds the earth behind them fling,  
Harnesse and quartered limbis blocke the smooth soyle:

Amongst the rest, *Achilles* loftiest stood,  
and his new armour double-Guilds in blood.

With *Memnon*, sonne to *Typhon* and the Morne,  
Who came from *Egypt* in King *Priams* aide,  
*Æacides* encounters, change of scorne  
Betweene them past ; bold *Memnon* nought dismaide,  
With that strong hand that had the Scepter borne  
Of *Persiaes* kingdome, and did once inuade  
*Susa*, as farre as where *Choaspes* flowes,  
Vpon his Helme thunders two persant blowes.

They stound him in his saddle, make him kisse  
His Steeds curl'd Crest, ere he can Mount his head,  
*Achilles* who esteemes no other blisse,  
But to behold his foes before him spread,  
(Wak't from his sudden trance) espyes by this,  
A *Grecian* Squadron bout King *Memnon* dead,  
And his bright sword still towring ore his Crest,  
Threataining in his third fall, Eternall rest.

The proud *Greeke* sends a blush out of his face,  
as red as that in which his proffe was lau'de,  
he now records his strength, his god-like race,  
and his rich armour with such art ingrau'de,  
He knowes it ill becomes his Name or Place,  
By any Mortall puissance to be brau'de ;  
He doubles strength on strength, and stroak on stroak,  
Euen till he mistis himselfe in his owne smoake.

*Auroraes* Darling prooues to weake a Foe  
For him, on whose tough Shield no Steele can bite,  
His conquer'd Sword and Armes the field must strow,  
*Achilles* is too strong an opposite,  
His Red-cheek't Mother ouercharg'd with woe,  
Laments her Son vntimely slaine in fight :  
In griefe of whom, a Dusky Roabe she weares,  
And fils the whole world with her dew-drop teares.

*Apollodorus lib.  
30*

*Hesiodus in  
Theogonia.*

*Simonides Poeta*

*K. Memnon  
slain by Achil-  
les.*

The

65

The death of *Memnon* euen to *Hector* flies,  
That Tragicke newes cost many a Princes life,  
Incest, he seemes all safety to dispise,  
And where he spurs, he makes red slaughter rise,  
For every drop of bloud, a bold *Greeke* dies :  
Him *Troylus* seconds in his purpled strife :  
And (if as for a wager) they contend,  
Whose Sword most pale Soules can to *Orcus* send.

66

They breake a Ring of Harness, making way  
Into the Battayles Center, where they see  
a Noble Knight maintaine a gallant fray,  
Gainst many *Troian* Knights (in valor free)  
Yet of them all, this Champion gets the day,  
The strongest cannot make him cringe his knee :  
*Polydamus* against him brauely sped,  
Yct still his gaz'd at Shield, safeguards his hed.

67

Against which *Paris* many arrowes spends,  
But all in vaine, they shiuer gainst his Targe,  
and whom he best can reach his force extends  
as far as life, the prisoned Soule t'enlarge,  
Young *Deiphobus* to that place descends,  
and with his Speare in reast, doth gainst him charge :  
But the *Dardanian* fayles in his intent,  
And from the Noble Knight is bleeding sent.

68

Victorious *Hector* at such deeds amaz'd,  
But more at the rich Armor that he ware,  
Mannadge and shape in heart he highly prayd,  
and in his honors longes to haue a share,  
*Hupon Larissaes* King, that long had gaz'd  
Vpon his valor, sees him fight so fayre :  
A pointed Staffe against his breast he prooued,  
But from his Steed the bold *Greeke* was not mooued.

69

Vnhappy *Hupon* could not stay the force  
Of his keene Sword, but soone before him fals,  
King *Philos*, next against him spurd his Horse,  
And (turne thee valiant *Greeke*) aloud he cals,

King *Hupon*  
slaine.

King *Philos*  
slaine.

But he was likewise slaine without remorse,  
It seem'd he was inv'r'd to such hot brals :

*Hector* no longer can his rage forbear,  
But against the vnowne Knight aymes a stiffe Speare.

70

Who when he *Hector* from a far espide,  
As if he had but sported with the rest,  
and that was he aginst whom he shold be tryde,  
He thrild a Iauelin at the *Dardans* brest,  
T'was terror to behold these Champions ride,  
and skorch the Plumes that grew in eithers Crest,  
With fire that from their Steele in sparkles flew,  
No sooner dead, but still they forced new.

71

Ther's for *Patreclus* death, the proud *Greeke* sayes  
Ther's for my armes, which thou didst basely win,  
and as he speakes vpon his shoulders layes,  
at euery dint his bruise armes pincht his skin,  
*Hector* now knowes his Champion by his phrase,  
and by his stroake (he thinkes his armes too thin : )  
Such puissant blowes, whose weight he scarce can like,  
None but *Achilles* hand hath power to strike.

72

A well knowne Knight, in vknowne armes he sees,  
against whose force he gatheris all his might,  
His hye-stretcht arme contendes to make him leese  
All fore-past Fame, and hazard dreadfull fight,  
But now the multitude like Swarmes of Bees  
Betweene them flocke, who farre from all affright :  
Vex in their heated bloods to be so parted,  
So with their Steedes mongst other rances they started.

73

Three puissant Kings beneath Prince *Hector* fell,  
*Archilochus*, a Souldier of hye Fame,  
*Prothenor*, who in battailes did excell,  
And with th' *Atrides* to the field then came :  
King *Archelaus* too, a Champion fell,  
Who mongst the *Greekes* had won a glorious Name :  
And whilst halfe tyerd, he from the throng withdrew,  
King *Diomed* the *Sagittary* slew.

Three Kings  
slaine by Hec-  
tor.

The Sagittary  
slaine by Dio-  
med.

Thos

King Polixenes slaine.

74  
*Thoas* tooke Prisoner, to the Towne was sent,  
 Whom *Paris* with his arrowes had surprisde,  
*Antenor* likewise to *Vlisses* Tent  
 Was Captiue led (whom he before depisde)  
*Epistropus*, his hostile fury bent  
 Gainst *Polyxenes*, in rich armes disguisde ;  
 They part, when *Polyxenes* full of pride,  
 Crost-*Hectors* course, and by his valor dyde.

75  
 Once more the dauntlesse *Troians* have the best,  
 The night comes on, both Hoasts themselues withdraw,  
 The Cities Captaines take them to their rest,  
 But th' *Argive* Kings (that naught but ruine saw  
 Impendent still, whilst *Hector*s able brest  
 Bucklerd large *Troy* from each tempestuous flaw)  
 At *Agamemmons* Tent a Counsell call,  
 To find some traine, by which the Prince may fall.

76  
*Achilles* oft-times Mated, vowes in heart  
 With his blacke *Mirmidons* to guirt him round,  
 And neuer from a second field depart,  
 Till *Hector*s length be measured on the ground,  
 Th' assembled Kings, whose bleeding wounds yet smart,  
 Vow by all meanes his puissance to confound :  
 For well they know whilst Noble *Hector* stands,  
 In vaine against *Troy* they reare their armed hands.

77  
 Night passeth on, and the gray Morne appeares,  
 The *Greekes* a six-months Truce of *Troy* demaund,  
 In which the Campe bloud-staynd *Scamander* cleares  
 Of Bodies slaine by warres infernall hand,  
 A Herald to the Camp King *Thoas* beares,  
 Receiuing backe *Antenor*, Nobly man'd,  
 The Truce expires, both parties now prouide  
 To haue their Armes tight, and their Weapons tride.

Andromaches dreame.

78  
*Andromache* this night dreamp't a strange dreame,  
 That if her Husband tryde the field that day,  
 His slaughter should be made the generall Theame  
 Of *Troyes* laments, she faine would haue him stay,

She woos him, as he loues the populous Realme,  
Her Life, his Honors, safety, or decay:

1 The ayde of *Troy*, their Vniuersall good,  
To save all these in keeping still his blood.

This (*Hector* censures) spoake from Womanish feare,  
He armes himselfe in hast and calst to Horse,  
Takes in his hand a bright Brasie-headed Speare,  
Longing for some on whom to proue his force,  
*Andromache* spends many a ruthfull teare,  
His thoughtes were fixt, they bred no soft remorse:  
Hearmes for field, she to the Kings proceeds,  
and tels his thus: If *Hector* fight, he bleedes.

80

Her drieinge and feare she to the King relates,  
and praies him to entreat her Husband fayre,  
Or if soft speech his purpose naught abates  
To vse his power: This said, she doth repayre  
Where *Hecuba* and *Hellen* kept their states,  
and where the rest of *Priams* Daughters are:

To whose requests she knowes hee'l soonest yeild,  
Still vrging them to keepe him from the field.

81

The *Greekes* Imbattayld are, and from the Towne,  
The *Troians* Issue the Mid-way to meet,  
When from the loftie Pallace hastning downe  
*Andromache*, prostrate at *Hectors* feet  
Throwes her fayre selfe: and by King *Priams* Crowne,  
His Mothers loue, her owne imbracements sweete:  
his Brothers, Sisters, and his litle Sonne,  
Coniures his stay, till one daies fight be done.

Astianax Hec-tors Sonne.

82

*Hector* bids one: she mingles words with teares,  
and once more casts her selfe to stop his way,  
(That he shall backe) she begs, she woos, she sweares,  
and shun the battaile for that ominous day,  
her horrid dreame hath fild her heart with feares,  
And hill she hanges on him, to haue him stay:  
She weepes, intreats, clinges, begs, and Coniures stil,  
(In vaine) hee's arm'd, and to the battayle will.

King

83

King *Priam* by *Antenor* mouth desires  
 To vnarme him freight, and to the Court returne,  
 For should his life fayle: *Troyes* fayre Sons and Sires,  
 Matrons and Damsels, for his death shoule mourne,  
 The Prince inrag'd, his Eye-bals sparkle fires,  
 With inward rage his troubled Entrails burne:

He knowes from whence these Coniurations spring,  
 And that his Wives dreame hath incenst the King.

84

Yet will he forward: when the aged *Queen*  
 This heating: with the *Spartan* makes swift speede,  
 They ring his Horse: Intreat him cease his spleene,  
 And for one day to act no warlike deed,  
 The more they pray, the more they rouse his teene,  
 a purpose irremoueably decreede:

Hee'll put in action though they kneele and pray,  
 and compasse in his Steede to haue him stay.

85

This *Priam* vnderstanding, he descends,  
 And in his face a gracefull reverence brings,  
 He stayes his Courser by the Raines, and ends  
 The difference thus: Oh! Thou the awe of Kings,  
 Death to thy Foes, supporture to thy Friends,  
 From whose strong arme our generall saftey springs:

Refraine this day, tempt not the Gods decree,  
 Who by thy Wife this night forwarneth thee.

86

The discontented Prince at length is wonne,  
 Yet will he not vnarme him for them all,  
 But to expresse the duty of a Sonne,  
 With *Priam* and the rest he mountes the wall,  
 To see both Armies to the Skirmish ronne,  
 Where some stand hye, and some by slaughter fall:

King *Diomed* and *Troylus* from a farre,  
 Wafts to each other, as a signe of warte.

87

They meet like Bullets, by two Souldiers chang'd,  
 Their way as swift, their charge as full of Terror,  
 Their Steedes keepe eu'en, they neither tript nor rang'd,  
 Both Man and Horse are free from any Error,

No art of Warre was from these Knights estrang'd  
In *Troylus*, might be seene a Souldiers Mirror,  
In *Diomed*, the patterne of such skill,  
as they desire that would their Foe-men kill.

88

The fayre-browde Sky shrinkes vp her Azure face,  
Least their sharpe splinterd Staues should race her brow,  
Both couer honor in this warlike race,  
and in their hearts they eythers ruine vow,  
But *Menelaus* happily came in place,  
With him three hundred Knights that well knew how  
To manage battaile, these betweene them grew,  
and they to further ranks perforce withdrew.

89

*Miseres* (King of *Phrigia*) met by chance  
The *Spartan* King, and shooke him in his Seat,  
Against Duke *Ajax*, *Paris* charg'd a Launce,  
and him, the *Sal'mine* did but ill intreat,  
At the first blow he stounds him in a trance,  
Then midst the *Troian* rankes doth toyle and sweat:  
Striuing behind, on both sides, and before,  
Euen till his armes with bloud were vermeil'd o're.

Ajax Telamon

90

Prince *Margareton*, vnto *Hector* deare  
Knowing the slaughter Noble *Ajax* made,  
against his Vaunt-brace brauely prooues his Speare,  
and to their vanquisht *Phalanx* brings fresh ayde,  
*Ajax* is forst his fury to forbear,  
The *Troians* powers on all sides him inuade,  
Till *Agamemnon* comes with fresh supply,  
at whose approach, th' astonish *Troians* fly.

91

Yet Noble *Margareton* keepes his stand,  
Nor can the strongest arme of *Greece* remoue him,  
He feeleth the strength of *Agamemmons* hand,  
Grim *Ajax* sword with a towers weight doth proue him,  
Yet shrinkes not, till the place was Nobly man'd  
By *Paris* and *Polydamus* that loue him:  
These hearing *Margareton* much distrest,  
Rescue the Prince, who brauely guards his Crest.

Gg 2

It

92

It ioyes the King and Ladys, that on hy  
 Stand on the Torras to behold the field,  
 To see the Prince so full of Chiualry,  
 And with such power to vle his Sword and Shield,  
*Achilles* (in a place where thousands lye  
 Besmeard in bloud, as if he meant to build  
 a wall of Limbes and Quarters) brauely fought,  
 And bout himselfe a siedge of bodies wrought.

93

Where issuing after much effuse of blood  
 To calme himselfe, remotely from the throng  
 (Retyerd alike) young *Margareton* stood  
 Striuing for breath, he had not rested long,  
 But spyes *Achilles* with a purple flood  
 Powerd o're his armes, a Iauelin light and strong  
 The valiant *Troian* Prince against him bent,  
 Whom the proud *Greeke* receiuies incontinent.

94

From broken Speares they come to two-edg'd Steele,  
 Oh ! How stont *Hector* yernd to be in place,  
 His very Soule doth all the puissance feele  
 Of him that hath his Brothers life in chace,  
 No stroake that makes Prince *Margareton* reele,  
 But (as he thinkes) it tingles on his face :  
 And from the wall in Armour he had lept,  
 Had not the King and Queene perforce him kept.

95

By this the youthfull *Priameian* tyerd  
 With oddes of might, he wauers too and fro,  
 Doubifull which way to fall, the *Greeke* admierd  
 To find so young a gallant plunge him so,  
 and therefore with his ancient rankor fierd,  
 He doubles and redoubles blow and blow :  
 Till he (whose deere life was to *Hector* sweet)  
 Sinkes from his Horse beneath his ruthlesse feete.

96

Who with his barb'd Steede tramples o're his Coarse,  
 Whose Iron hoofe the Princes armor raceth,  
 This *Hector* seeing, breakes from all their force,  
 He claps his Beauer downe, his Helme fast laceth,

Prince Margareton slaine.

With nimble quicknesse vaults vpon his horse,  
(And yssuing) where he rides, the enemy cheareth:  
For Margaretons death, he vowes that day,  
*Achilles* with a thousand more shall pay.

97

Two Noble Dukes he chargeth, and both slew,  
Duke *Coriphus*, *Bastidius* big and tall,  
And forth like lightning mongst their squadrons flew,  
Where such as cannot flye before him fall,  
*Leocides* an Armour fresh and new,  
(He was amongst the *Greekes* chiefe Admirall)

W ould proue gainst *Hector*, but in his swift race,  
The *Troians* Speare brake on the *Gracians* face.

98

A splinter strooke the *Greeke* into the braine,  
And downe he sinkes, *Achilles* full of yre,  
Spyng so many bold *Pelasgians* slaine,  
Prickes on with *Polyceus*: both desire  
To proue themselues with *Hector* on the plaine,  
The bold assaylants need not farre inquire  
For the sterne Prince: In that part of the host,  
Th'are sure to find him where the cry growes most.

99

Both Menace him, gainst both he stands prepared,  
Duke *Policenus* to *Achilles* deare,  
(Whose Sister he was promist, had warre spared  
His destin'd life) drew to the *Troians* neare,  
At the first stroke his Beauer'd face he bared,  
But with the next his sparrled braines appeare,  
*Achilles* mads at this, and sweates on hye,  
For *Polyceus* death, *Hector* shall dye.

100

His thteatned vengeance *Hector* did soone quaile,  
For through his thigh he quivers a sharpe Dart,  
*Achilles* feeleth his bleeding sinnowes faile,  
And with all speed doth to his Tent depart,  
Where hauing bound his wound vp, wan and pale,  
With fury, and the rancor of his hart;  
Three hundred Myrmidons that all things dar'd,  
he leads to field his person to laue-gard.

D. *Coriphus* &  
Duke *Basti-*  
*dius* slaine.

*Leocides* slaine.

*Policenus* slaine

*Achilles* wo-  
ded.

101

Swearing them all theyr ioynt-rage to bestow  
 On *Hector*, and on him sterne vengeance power,  
 And sauing him t'intend no *Dardan Foe*,  
 That Heauen with him may on his Conquests lower,  
 They listen where the clamors loudest grow,  
 And there spy *Hector*, wald in like a Tower  
 With heapes of men, that bout him bleeding lay,  
 For not a litting *Greeke* durst neere him stay:

102

Now tyrd with slaughter, he was lean'd vpon  
 The Pomell of his bright victorious Blade,  
 and for his strength and breath was almost gone,  
 His Armour he had slackt, it loosely playde  
 about his shoulders (for he dreaded none:)  
 Him now the bloody *Myrmidons* inuade:  
 In three-fold rings about him they were guided,  
 To take the Noble Heroë vnprouided.

103

Oh! Where is *Paris* with his Archers bow ?  
 Where's youthfull *Deiphobus* now at need ?  
 Where's the inuinc'd *Troylus*, to bestow  
 His puissant stroakes before Prince *Hector* bleed ?  
 Where is *Aeneas* to repulse the foe ?  
 You *Troyes* confedered Kings, where do you speede?  
 Bring rescue now, or in his Mountaine fall  
 Beneath destruction, he will crush you all.

104

All these are absent, naught save death and ruine  
 Compasse the Prince, a tripple ring of blades  
 Ingiurts him round, who still their rankes renewing,  
 Threaten to send him to th' infernall shades,  
 With bloody appetites his fall pursuing,  
*Achilles* as they shrinke, on hye perswades  
 With promises: and some with threats, he swears  
 To pay the base shame of their dastard feares.

105

A hundred *Myrmidons* before him lyce  
 Drownde in their owne blouds, by his strong arme shed,  
 The rest renew the charge with frelh supply,  
 and thunder on his shoulders, armes, and head,

*Achilles* strongly arm'd and horst, spurres by  
To see the hunger of his Blood-hounds fed:

Was never Mortall, without might of Gods,  
That stood so long against such powerfull ods.

106

They hew his armour peece-meale from his backe,  
Yet still the valiant Prince maintaines the fray,  
Though but halfe-harnest, yet he holds them tacke,  
And still the bloody Slaues vpon him lay,  
Armour and breath at once the Prince doth lacke,  
Stor'd with nought else sauie wounds (alacke the day:)  
Yet like a stedfast rocke the worthy stood,  
From whom ran twenty severall springs of blood.

107

This, when the fresh-breath'd *Greeke* beheld, and saw  
So much effuse of blood about him run,  
He chargd his warlike Myrmidons withdraw,  
And crying out alowd: Now *Troy* is won,  
(With shamefull oddes against all Knight-hoods law)  
Gainst naked *Hector*, well-arm'd *Thetis* son  
Aymes a stiffe Iauelin, and against him rides,  
The ruthlesse staffe through-pierst his Royall fides.

The death of  
*Hector*.

108

With him King *Priam* and whole *Aisaes* glory,  
Queene *Hecuba* with all her daughters faire  
Sinke into *Lethe*, euen the Gods are sorry  
To see the man they made without compare,  
So balely fall, to make *Achilles* story  
Reproachfull to all ears that would not spare  
So great a Worthy, but with oddes strike vnder,  
Him that atchieud things beyond strength & wonder

109

*Hector* thus falne, the *Trojans* (whose whole power  
Lay in the arme of *Hector*) flye the field,  
And now th'incourag'd *Greekes* *Scamander* scower,  
(The head subdue, the body needs must yeild,) Behold the Prince that aw'd within this hower,  
Millions of *Greekes* lies dead vpon his shield,  
He gone, whose *Atlas* Arme vpheld their states,  
Amazed *Troy* rams-vp her sieged Gates.

At

110

At sight of which *Achilles* sweld with rage,  
 From *Hectors* breast, the Belt *Ajax* him gauē  
 Snatcheth in hast, and his sad spleene t' asswage,  
 Fetteris his Legges, and like a conquerd slauē,  
 Voyde of all honor, ruth, or Counsell sage,  
 at his Horse-heeles he drags him like a slauē :  
 Hauing *Troyes* wall first three-times circled round,  
 hurdling the *Dardan* Heroē on the ground.

111

To thinke so braue a Peete should basely bleede,  
 A Prince t' insult vpon a slaughter'd Foe,  
 and gaist a worthy act so base a deede,  
 Makes my soft eye with Springs of Sorrow flow,  
 Nor can I further at this time proceede,  
 The *Greekes* blacke practise doth offend me so,  
 Heare therefore I desist my Tragick verse,  
 To mourne in silence o're Prince *Hectors* hearse.

*Æacides*, a name we sometimes giue to Achilles, is a derivative of *Æacus*, and is as much as to say, the Grand childe of *Æacus*, sometime we call him *Pelias* Issue (viz.:) the Sonne of *Peleas*, the Sonne of *Æacus*.

*Patroclus* a Noble Greeke, sonne to Menetius and Stheucl, he was brought vp vnder *Chiron* the Centaure with Achilles, who euer after entirely loued him.

*Chiron* likewise, whom we haue before in some places mentioned, is thought to be Sonne of *Saturne*.

Vt *Saturnus* Equo geminum *Chirona* creauit.  
*His Mother* was cald *Philyra*:

Ad mare descendit montis de parte suprema  
 Chiton Philerides.

*Saturne* deflowring the faire *Philiris*, Daughter to the old *Oceanus*, and fearing least his Wife *Rhea* (otherwise cald *Sibilla*) shoulde discouer his wantonnesse, transhapes himselfe into a Horse, and then begat in the Islands Philerides, Chiton the Centaure, from the Nauell upwardes having the perfect semblance of Man, the rest downewards the shape of an Horse.

Others haue thought him to be the Sonne of *Ixion*, & Brother to the race of the Centaurs. He taught *Æsculapius* Phisi ke,

Ouid. Metamorpho. 6.  
 Apollonius lib. 1  
 Argonauticon.

Apollo lib. 2.

Suidas.

sick, Hercules Astronomy, and Apollo to play on the Lute or Harpe. Of Thetis, otherwise cald Amphitrite it is thus reported, that she was the most beautifull of all the Goddesses, & when Apollo, Neptune, and Jupiter, contended about her which should injoy her bed (being all frustrate) Jupiter in rage, doom'd her to be a mortals Bride, because shee had so peremptorily despised their God-hoods. The Goddess much aggrieved to be so abiectly beflowed, despised Peleus, who extremely doted on her beauty, and still when hee would haue comprest her, she metamorphised her selfe sometimes to a flame of Fire, sometimes to a Lyon, then a serpent, so dreadfull, that he was still deter'd from his purpose, till after by the aduice of Chiron the Centaure, (neglecting all terror) she helde her fast so long, till having run through all her Protean shapes, he wearied her in her transformation, till she return'd into her owne shape of the most beautiful Goddess, of whom he begat Achilles.

Homer.

### *Facies,*

Tython for his beauty beloved of Aurora the morning, is said to be the son of Laomedon, and Brother to Priam, though by divers mothers, he got Priam of Leucippe, and Tython of Strima, or else of Rhoea the daughter of Scamander: Aurora begd of the Fates for her Husband Tython Immortality, which being immediately graunted her, she had forgot with his length of life, to beg withal that he should never wax old and decrepit, wherefore he is said to be euer bed rid, till the Gods pityng his feeblenesse, turn'd him after into a Grasshopper.

**Longa Tithonum minuit senectus.**

Susa a chiefe City in Persia, where the great Sophies keepe  
their Courts, it is seated neare the famous riuver Choaspes,  
and was builded by Tython.

*Horatius lib. 2  
Carmen.*

Pelasgians are an auncient people of Greece dwelling in Peloponelus in the edge of Macedonia, of whom the generall Græcians sometimes haue usurpt that name.

## The end of the thirteenth

## CANTO.

## Argumentum

**T**roylus, Achilles wounds, and is betraid  
By his fell Myrmidons, which being spread,  
The bloody Greeke still loues the beauteous Maid  
Pollixena, and for her loue is lead  
To Pallas Church, whom Paris doth innade,  
And with an Arrow in the heele strikes dead:  
Penthisilea with her valiant Maydes,  
Assists sad Troy, Greece lofty Pyrrhus ayds.

### ARG. 2.

**I**n this last fight, fall by the Argiue spleene,  
Paris, Amphimachus, & Scithiae Queene.

### CANTO. 14.

I



O whom, *Andromache*  
may I compare  
Thy Funerall teares ore  
*Hectors* body shed,  
If mongst late Widdowes  
none suruiue so rare  
To equall thee, lets search  
among the dead,  
The *Carian* Queene that was as chast as faire,  
Bright *Artimesia* a wonder bred:  
*Galathian Camna* did likewise constant proue,  
And riuall'd her in firme Coniugall Loue.

2

What Fathers griefe could equall *Priams* teares?  
Who lost a sonne, no age, no world could match,  
Whose arme vpheld his glory many yeares,  
Whose vigilant eye did on his safety watch,

*Artimesia*  
*Camna*.

Englands third Edward in thy face appeates  
Like griefe, when timelesse death did soone dispatch o<sup>m</sup>  
Thy braue sonnes life, Edward Sicham'd the blacke,  
By whom Spaine flag'd, and France sustained wracke.

Edward the 3.

Not Margaret, when at Teuxbury her sonne  
Was stab'd to death by Tyrant Glestes hand,  
Felt from her riueld checkes more Pearle-drops ronne,  
Then Hecuba, when she did vnderstand  
The thred of Hectors life already sponne,  
Whose glories stretcht through Heauen,aire,sea,& land  
Though he of semblant hope to England were  
With him, whom Asia did account most deare.

Q. Margaret  
wife to Henry  
the 6.

Nor could the Countesse Mary sorrow more,  
To heare her Brother (the braue Sidney wounded,) q<sup>o</sup>s  
Whose death the seuentene Belgian states deplore,  
Whose Fame for Arts and armes the whole world soun-  
Then did Cassandra, who her garments tore, (ded,  
Creusa who with extreame griefe confounded,  
With whom Polyxena bare a sad straine,  
To heare a third part of the earth complaine.

Ladie Mary  
Countesse of  
Penbrooke,&  
Sister to Sir  
Phillip Sidney.

Not when the hopefull youth Prince Arthur dide,  
Leauing his Brother both his life and Crownc,  
Could the prince Henry lesse his sorrowes hide,  
Then Hectors Brothers who still guard the Towne,  
The vniersall Citty doffes her pride,  
The King himselfe puts on a Mourners gowne:  
The Queene and Ladies with their leagued Kings,  
Bury with him their best and costliest things.

Prince Arthur  
elder brother  
to Prince Hen-  
ry, after Henry  
the 8.

6  
So when from Rome great Tully was exild,  
Full twenty thousand Citizens the best,  
In garments Tragicke, and in countenance wild,  
For twelue sad Moones their loues to him profest,  
But Troy euен from the Bed-rid to the Child,  
From Crutch vnto the Cradle, haue exprest  
A generall griefe in their lamenting cryes,  
Looke, gestures, habits, mournefull harts and eyes.  
Now

M.F. Cicero.

7

Now when the Fountaine of their teares grew dry,  
 And Men and Matrons him bewayld their fill,  
 With one Ioynt-voyce for iust reuenge they cry  
 On him, that did the Prince by Treason kill ;  
 They lay their sad and Funerall Garments by,  
 The souldiers long to proue their Martiall skill,  
 And try their strengths vpon *Scamander* plaine,  
 Thinking themselves too long Inmurd in vaine.

8

Tis Questionable whether greater woe  
 In *Troy*, then glee within the Campe abounded,  
 They hold themselves free from that late dread foe,  
 Who with his Steed had oft their trenches rounded,  
 And neuer but to th' *Argives* ouerthrow  
 appear'd in field, or to the battaile sounded  
 With shrill applause, they proud *Achilles* Crowne,  
 And with Brauadoes oft-times front the Towne.

9

Thus when re-spirited *Greece* had Dominear'd  
 and braud the sieged *Troians* at their gates,  
 Old *Priam* for his age now little fear'd,  
 With *Troylus* and the rest, of warres debates,  
 For *Hectors* slaughter (to them all indeer'd)  
 They vow reuenge on those hyc Potentates  
 That were spectators of the ruthlesse deed,  
 When *Hectors* coarse thrice round the wals did bleed

10

And yssuing with their power, the aged King  
 Puts acts in execution, much aboue.  
 His age or strength, he youthfully doth spring  
 Vpon his Steed, and for his *Hectors* loue,  
 Amongst the throng of *Greekes* dares any thing,  
 Himselfe gainst *Diomed* he longs to proue,  
 and scapes vntoucht, then gainst *Vlisses* rides,  
 and still his age doth equipage their prides.

11

Forthwith gainst *Agamemnon* he contends,  
 and on his Beauer raught him many a blow,  
 Who like a souldier his renowne defends,  
 amazd that weake age should assault him so,

The battaile.

The valour of  
King Priam.

The King his puissance further yet extends,  
Against the *Spartan* King (an equall foe)  
Whom with his speare he did so ill intreat,  
Faire *Hellenes* husband sits beside his seat.

12  
From them he further to the throng proceeds,  
And deales about great Larges of grim wounds,  
Admir'd alone for his renowned deeds,  
Some with his sword vpon the Caske he stounds,  
This day old *Nestor* by his Iauelin bleeds  
With many more, and still the field he rounds :  
Against old *Priam* not a *Greeke* dare stay,  
Who soyl clai mes the honour of that day.

13  
Yet the meane tyme the King was in this broyle,  
Bold *Deiphbus* kept the rest in fee  
With bloods and death, whilst *Paris* made great spoyle  
Of such as in their valour seem'd most free,  
*Eneas* strongly mounted, gaue the foyle  
Vnto th' *Athenian* Duke, whose warlike knee  
Bended to him, yet in an vpright hart,  
*Achilles* in his rescue clai mes a part.

14  
The King *Epistropus* amongst them fought,  
So did *Sarpedon* gainst th' incamped Kings,  
The stout *Pelasgian* strength they dreaded nought,  
Now mongst their renged squadrons *Troylus* flings,  
And on their soyl'd troopes much effusion wrought,  
In him the life and spirit of *Hector* springs ;  
Twice he *Achilles* met, and twice him feld,  
Who all the other Kings of *Greece* exeld.

15  
A hundred thousand *Troians* were that day  
Led to the field to auenge Prince *Hectors* life,  
Double their number on *Scamander* stay,  
To entertaine them in their æmulous strife,  
Duke *Ajax Telamon* then kept in play  
*Troylus*, whilst murder through the field grew rife,  
The sterne *Polydamas* did Nobly fight,  
And was the death of many a gallant Knight.

16

But *Troylus* that succeeds *Hector* in force,  
 In courage, and in all good Thewes beside,  
 Whom ere he met that day did brauel vnhorse,  
 Till his white Armour was with Crimson dide,  
 For *Hectors* sake his sword vſd no temorse,  
 His warre-steel'd spirits to slaughter he applyde :  
     No man that saw him his bright weapons weild,  
     But sware another *Hector* was in field.

17

This day is *Troyes*, and now repose they borrow  
 From the still night, to giue the wounded cure,  
 And such of note as dide, t'intombe with sorrow,  
 They that suruiue, themselues with armes assure,  
 And so prepare for battaile on the morrow,  
 Some to besiege, the rest the siedge t'indure :  
     Or if they can, to their eternall praise,  
     The forren Legions from their Trenches raise.

18

Six Moones gaue nightly rest to th' Hostile paines,  
 Ofiust so many dayes, for full so long  
*Troy* without respight the proud Campe constraines,  
 Howerly to proue whose puissance is most strong,  
 Blood-drops by Plannets on *Scamander* raines,  
 Horrid destrucion flyes the Greekes among ;  
     *Troylus* still held the Nobleſt Armes professor,  
     And *Hector* ſequall, though his late ſuccellor.

19

T'omit a thouſand Combats and Contentions,  
 Hostile Encounters, Oppoſitions braue,  
 Such as exceed all human apprehenſions,  
 Where ſome win liuing honour, ſome a graue,  
 With Stratagems and fundry rare inuentions,  
 The Towne to forrefie, the Campe to ſaue :  
     And contrary, to ſtretch all human reach,  
     The Hoaſt t'indamage, and the Towne t'impeach,

20

In all which, *Troylus* wondrouſ Fame atchieued,  
 His ſword and Armour were beſt knowne and feared,  
 Aboue the rest the *Argive* Dukes he grieued,  
 By his ſole valour were the *Troians* cheareed,

In a gling wonders scarce to be beleued,  
The life of *Hector* in his blood appeared:  
*Priam* and *Troy* now thinke themselues secure,  
So long as *Troylus* mongst them may indure.

21

*Achilles* by his valour mated oft,  
And (as he thinkes) much blemisht in renowne,  
To see anothers valor soare aloft,  
But his owne bruitfull fame still sinking downe,  
His downy bed to him appeares vnsot,  
He takes no pleasure in his regall Crowne:  
The best delights to him are harsh and sower,  
Since in one arme rests a whole Citties power.

22

The *Greekes* thinke *Hector* in this youth aliue,  
To stop whose honors torrent they devise,  
For since by force of armes in vaine they striue  
To catch at that which soares aboue the skies,  
They to the depth of all their Counsels diue,  
How they by cunning may the Prince surprise:  
Being well assur'd that whilst his honors grow,  
In vaine they seeke *Troyes* fatall ouerthrow.

23

The sonne of *Thetis* feeles his armes yet sore,  
By the rude stroakes that from his fury came,  
His armour heere and there besprinkt with gore  
Of his owne wounds, that he is well-nye lame  
With often iustles: and can no more  
Indure the vertue of his strength or Fame:  
For since his brest's in many places scard,  
He'll flye vnto the rescue of his guard.

24

Since neyther the broad-breasted *Diomed*  
Can in the course his rude encounter stay,  
Since last when *Telamon* against him sped,  
He was perforc't to giue his fury way,  
Since all those Princes *Agamemnon* led,  
Though Martial'd in their best and proud'st array,  
Could not repell his swift and violent speed,  
he by his guard his ruine hath Decreed.

Troylus.

25  
 The selfe-same charge that he against *Hector* vsd,  
 Gains't *Troylus* he his Myrmidons perswades,  
 Behold where he with *Hectors* spirit infus'd,  
 The warlike *Thoas* in euен course inuades,  
 Him, whom his strength of armes might haue excus'd,  
 The *Troian* sends vnto th' *Elisian* shades:

The *Athenian* Duke against him spurres his horse,  
 But quite through-piercst, the *Greeke* drops downe a

26 (corse.)

Foure Princes in as many coarses tasted  
 Like Fate, yet still the *Dardan* Prince sits hye,  
 No coarse, no towring blow he vainly wasted,  
 (In his great heart an hoast he dares defie)  
 King *Diomed* once more against him hasted,  
 And long'd with him a warlike course to try:  
 But horse and man were in the race ore-thrownce,  
 (Nor maruell) now the princes strength was growne.

27  
 The elder of th' *Atrides* next him grew,  
 And tryes the vigour of his arme and Speare,]  
 Him likewise *Troylus* brauely ouerthrew,  
 And forth (vnshooke himselfe) he past on cleare,  
 Now well-nigh breathlesse he himselfe with-drew,  
 Whom then the spleenefull *Pelean* watched neare:  
 And as he lights to rest him on the ground,  
 Him the blacke Myrmidons incompaſſe round.

28

With mercilesse keene glaues they siege the youth,  
 Whom all at once with fury they assaile,  
 In them is neither Honourde grace nor ruth,  
 Nor is one *Troian* neere the Prince to bale  
*Achilles*, with the rest his blood purſuith,  
 (Thousands against one man must needs preuaile)  
 Who seeing nothing else sauie death appearing,  
 Euen against all oddes, contemnes despaire, or fearing.

29

But through their squadrons hewes a bloody trackt,  
 And lops the formost that before him stands,  
 Had *Desiphebus* now his Brother backt,  
 Or had the place bin by *Sarpedon* mand,

Or had *Epistropus* (whom he now lackt)  
Vpon his party, tear'd his conquering hand,  
Had their bright Faulchions brandisht by his side,  
The Myrmidons had fayl'd, *Troylus* not dide.

30  
But hee's alone rouud guirt with death and ruin,  
And still maintaines the battell, though in vaine,  
On euery side a bloudy passage hewing,  
To worke himselfe out through a dismall Lane  
Of Myrmidons : *Achilles* still pursuing,  
Who keepes the hindmost of his tough-hair'd traine :  
Yet had Prince *Troylus* markt him where he stood,  
And almost wroughto him through death and blood.

31  
But ods preual'd, he sinkes downe the mid-way,  
Euen in his fall his sword against him darting,  
That did both *Hector*s and his life betray,  
Boasting a Noble spirit in his departing  
By *Troylus* death the *Greekes* obtaine the day,  
The Myrmidons their many wounds yet smarting,  
Cure in their Lords Tent : whom the *Greekes* aplaud,  
For *Troylus* death (gaint honour) wrought by fraud.

The death of  
*Troylus*.

32  
Now the dejected *Trojans* dare no more  
Enter the field, the *Greekes* approach the gates  
And dare them to grim warre, who still deplore  
*Hector* and *Troylus* in their Tragick fates,  
Queene *Hecuba* yet keepes reuenge in store,  
Of which at length with *Paris* she dabates,  
Vowing to catch his life in some flye traine,  
That by like fraud her two bold sonnes had slaine.

33  
She calcs to minde the great *Achilles* pride,  
Withall, the loue he to her Daughter beares,  
A thing in zeale she can no longer hide,  
Since in *Polyxena* likeloue appeares,  
*Troyes* weake deiection she makes knowne besides,  
Disabled by a siege of many yeares :  
Therefore intreats him to accept her loue,  
And in a generall truce the *Argives* moue.

34

The lofty *Greeke* proud, by so great a Queene  
To be sued to, when he records withall  
How much hees fear'd, he gins to flake his spleene,  
And the Maids beauty to remembrance call,  
What can he more? Since he hath dreaded beene,  
And seene his ablest Foes before him fall :

But yeild to beauties soft inchaunting charme,  
Knowing weake *Troy* dares not conspire his harme.

35

The day drawes on, a peace hath bin debated,  
To which *Achilles* the proud *Greekes* perswades ;  
Somethinke it needfull, others, hyer rated  
Their honours, and this Concord much vpbraides,  
Alone *Achilles* longs to be instated  
In her faire grace (the beautifulst of Maids)  
And with the sonne of *Nestor* makes repaire,  
Where *Priam* with his sonnes and Daughters are.

36

Truce is proclaim'd, the Damsell richly clad,  
And by the *Troian* Ladies proudly attended,  
Whom none that saw, but admiration had,  
As at a Goddesse from hyc heauen discended,  
The innocent Maide was still in count'rance sad,  
For losse of those that *Troy* but late defended :  
Yet guiltlesse in her soule of any spleene  
Dreampt against the Prince, by *Paris* or the Queene.

37

Vnarm'd *Achilles* to the Temple goes,  
Whom *Nestors* sonne attends to *Pallas* shrine,  
and all the way with Gold and Jewels strowes,  
Prising them Earthy, but his Bride Deuine,  
and nothing of their Treacherous act he knowes,  
When *Paris* from a place where he had lie

With arm'd Knights yssues, and a keene shaft drew,  
Which in the heele the proud *Achilles* flew,

38

Who when he sees himselfe and friend betrayd,  
and wounded to the Death, whilst he could stand,  
Brandisht his sword, and mongst them slaughter made,  
But now he wants his Myrmidons at hand,

*Archilochus*  
the sonne of  
*Nestor.*

and his strong armour *Paris* to inuade,  
Alacke, the Temple was too strongly man'd :  
his strength that cannot bandy gainst them ali,  
at length must sinke, and his hye courage fall.

The death of  
Achilles and  
Archilochus.

39

There lies the great *Achilles* in his gore,  
and by his side the Sonne of *Nestor* slaine,  
Amongst the *Trojans* to be feard no more,  
His body to the *Greekes* is sent againe,  
Whom they for *Hectors* change, and long deplore  
his death (by Treason wrought:) vpon the plaine  
For him a Monumentall Toombe they reare,  
and for his death a ioynt revenge they sweare.

40

The siedge still lasts, vpon the part of *Troy*  
*Penthisilea* with a thousand Maydes,  
Vowes all their *Amazonian* strength to employ,  
and for the death of *Hector*, *Greece* vpbraides,  
Whilst in the Campe with much applausiue ioy,  
Grim *Pyrrhus* is receiu'd, *Pyrrhus* that trades  
In gore and slaughter, with revenge pursuing,  
Euen to the death, *Troy*, for his Fathers taine.

*Penthisilea.*

*Neoptolemus*

41

No longer time he will delay, but streight  
Date them to battaile by the Mortowes Sunne,  
The *Scythian* Damsels long to shew their height,  
and imitate theyr deedes before-time dunne,  
They knew they enterprise a worke of weight,  
and long for Signall, now to battaile runne :  
The vnfleſht *Greekes* that were of *Pyrrhus* traine,  
Whom th' *Amazonians* loone repulse againe.

42

*Penthisilea*, was not that fayre Queene  
Of *Amazons*, of whom we now intreate,  
That made a Law, what Man so'ere had beene  
Within her Court, to make a byding Seate  
aboue three dayes, he might not there be seene,  
Though his power mighty, and his State were great :  
For if within her Court he longer dwelt,  
The penall Law was, he shoulde sure be gelt.

A tale of a  
chaste Queene  
amongst the  
Amazons.

So

43

So much she feared the supposed traines,  
 With which soft VVomen-kind vs men accuse,  
 That our society she quite disdaynes,  
 Nor shall our fellowship her Ladies vse,  
 To this decree she their applause constraines,  
 Because false men their weaker Sex abuse :

From which her words, nor warning can restrain the  
 She chusd this way, the onely meanes to tame them,

44

This strickt decree kept many from her Coast,  
 That else had flockt as Suters to the place,  
 Their Angell-beauties which men couet most,  
 Must from the eyes of man receiue no grace,  
 Many too bold their dearest Iewell lost,  
 And were made Eunuches within three dayes space :  
 Else they were thought vnfit for the Queens dyet,  
 Who held that the first way to keepe them quiet.

45

Some that could well haue ventur'd their best blood,  
 Were loath to hazzard what they needs must pay,  
 The Queene so much vpon this Edict stood,  
 That she had driven her Suters quite away,  
 And still (to be at rest) she held it good,  
 Vowing t' obserue it to her dying day :

Hauing this prou'd, those men that came most bold,  
 Their forfeit pay, none more submisse and cold.

46

So that in processe few approacht their shore,  
 But such as had no meanes to liue else-where,  
 Whom their owne Countries did esteeme no more,  
 But pay theyr fine, they may be welcome here,  
 And haue good place, and Lands, and liuings store,  
 Nothing the Court hath, can be held too deere :

Amongst the rest that held a Soueraigne place,  
 Their liu'd a Baron of a Noble race.

47

He that was from his Native Countrey fled,  
 For some offence that questioned his life,  
 and as a refuge to secure his head,  
 He shund the deadly Axe to tast the Knife,

But time out-wearis disgrace, his course he led  
Among the Damsels, free from femenine strife :

Doubtless the Woman that's suspitious most,  
Would be resolu'd to see what he had lost.

48

The Noble Eunuch left a Sonne behind  
In his owne Countrey, who being growne to yeares,  
Grew fairely featurd, of a generous mind,  
and in his face much excellency appeares,  
He vowes the world to trauell, till he find  
His banisht Father, whose estate he feares:

At length by search, hee's made to vnderstand,  
Of his late sojourne in the *Scithians Land.*

49

Thither he will, for so his vow decrees,  
But when he knowes an Edict too seuere,  
Hee's loath to pay vnto the Land such Fees,  
Whiche he hopes better to bestow else-where,  
In this distraction, loe from farre he sees  
A nimble Fayry, tripping like a Decre :  
and as he lies strowde on the grassie playne,  
With swiftest speede she makes to him amaine.

50

And greetes him thus: (Fayre Youth) boldlie proceede,  
I promise thee good Fortune on thy way,  
Amoeng the *Scithian* Dames thou shalt not bleed,  
Onely obserue and keepe still what I say,  
My counsell now may stand thee much in steede,  
and saue thee that, thou wouldest be loath to pay :  
Receive this Handkercheife, this Purse, this Ring,  
The least of them a present for a King.

52

These vertues they retaine : when thou shouldesteate,  
Vpon the Board this curious Napkin spred,  
It streight shall fill with all delicious meate,  
Foule, Fish, and Fruits, shall to the place be led,  
With ali delicious Cates, costly, and neate,  
Which likewise shall depart when thou haft fed :  
This Ring hath a rich stone, whose vertue, know  
Isto discerne a true Friend, from a Foe.

In

52

In this thou mayst perceiue both late and early,  
 Who flatters thee, and who intends thee well,  
 Who hates thee deadly, or who loues thee deereley :  
 The vertue of this Iewell doth excell,  
 Out of this Purse if I may iudge severely,  
 and in few words the worth exactly tell :

Valew it rightly, it exceeds the rest,  
 and of the three, is rated for the best,

53

So oft as thou shalt in it thrust thy hand,  
 So oft thy Palme shall be replet with Gold,  
 Spend where thou wilt, trauell by Sea or Land,  
 The riches of that Purse cannot be told,  
 Vse well these guifts, their vertues vnderstand,  
 Thanke my deuineſt Mistresse and be bold :  
 Adde but thy will to her auspicious ayde,  
 Shee'lle ſure thee that which others late haue payde.

54

In courag'd thus, he pierces theyr cold Clime,  
 Where many hot Spirits had beene calm'd of late,  
 And enters the great Court at ſuch a time,  
 When he beheld his Father ſit in State,  
 They that ſuriew the Youth now in his prime,  
 Not knowing his decree, blame his hard Fate :  
 And wiſh he might a ſafer Countrey choose,  
 Not come thus far, his deerſt things to looſe.

55

For not a Ladys eye dwells on his face,  
 Or with iudicall note viewes his perfection,  
 But thinkes him worthy of theyr dearest grace,  
 They prayſe his looke, gate, stature, and complection,  
 And Judge him Issu'd of a Noble race,  
 A person worthy of a Queenes election :  
 Not one among them that his beauty ſaw,  
 But now at length too cruell thinke their Law.

56

After ſome interchange of kindest greeting  
 Betwixt the Father and the ſtranger Son,  
 Such as is uſual to a ſuddaine meeting,  
 With extasies that Kindred cannot ſhon,

To omit their height of ioy, as a thing fleeting,  
For greatest ioyes are oft-times loonest don:

The Father realous of his Sonnes ability,  
Askes, If he brookt his late losse with facility.

For well he knowes, he cannot anchor there,  
Or soiourne on that rude and barbarous Cost,  
But his free harborage must cost him deare,  
(Censuring his Sonne) by what himselfe had lost,  
The gentie Youth, whose thoughts are free from feare,  
Sayth he is come securely there to host:  
and spight the Queene and Ladies (with oaths deepe)  
Sweares to his Father (what he hath) to keepe.

By this th' *Amazonian* Princesse heares  
Of a young stranger in her Court arriu'd,  
She lends to know his Nation, Name, and yeares,  
But being told his Father there suruiu'd,  
A reuerent man, one of her chiefest Peeres,  
She will not as the custome haue him gyu'd:  
But takes his Fathers promise, oath, and hand,  
To haue his Sonne made Free-man of her Land.

59  
Three dayes she limits him, but they expierd  
As others earst, he must the Razor try,  
all things determin'd, the fayre Queene desierd  
The Stranger to a banquet instantly,  
Who at his first appearance much admierd  
Her state, her port, proportion, face, and eye:  
Nor had he (since his Cradle) seene a Creature  
So rich in beauty, or so rare in feature.

60  
Downe sat the Queene and Damsels at the board,  
But the young Stranger stands by, discontent,  
They pray him sit: He answeres not a word,  
Three times to him the Queene of *Scithia* sent,  
But still the Youth would no reply affoord,  
The rest not minding what his silence ment:  
Leau him vnto his humor, and apply  
Themselves to feede and eare deliciously.

But

61  
But when he saw the Ladies freely eate,  
and feede vpon the rude Cates of the Land,  
At a with-drawing board he takes his seate,  
and spreads his curious Napkin with his hand,  
Streight you might see a thousand sorts of meate,  
Of strangest kinds vpon the Table stand :

What Earth, or Ayre, or Sea, within them breeds,  
On these the Youth, with lookes dildainefull feeds.

62  
The Queene amaz'd to see such change of cheare,  
Whose beauty and variety surpast,  
Longing to know the newes, could not forbeare,  
But rose with all her Damsels at the last,  
To know from whence he was supplyde, and wheare,  
With Cates so rich in shew, so sweete in tast :  
The like in Scithia she had neuer seene,  
The least of them a service for a Queene.

63  
For now she hath in scorne her owne prouision  
And cal's her choysest banquet, homely fare,  
Her dainty Cates she hath in proud derision,  
Since she beheld the Strangers foo de so rare,  
The Youth, who hopes by this t'escape incision,  
Tels her (if so she please) he can prepare  
A richer feast (yet not her Treasure wrong)  
With any dish, for which her grace may long.

64  
She growes the more Inquisitiue, and streight  
Sweares, if he will her royll Cater be,  
She'l in her Kingdome rayse him to the height  
Of all high state, and chiefe Nobility:  
For well she knowes, it is a worke of weight  
To furnish her with such variety :  
Since her cold Climat, with ten Kingdomes more,  
Cannot supply her board with halfe that store.

65  
When vp the Stranger ryseth, and thus sayes :  
Madam, for your sake was I hither guided,  
Whom I will freely serue at all assayes,  
For you this dyet haue I here prouided.

Sit then, and as you like, my bouny praise,  
These no illusions are to be derided,  
But meats essentiall, made for your repast,  
Sit downe and welcome, and wher't please you tast.

66

The more she eats, the more she longs to know  
Whence this strange bounty of the heauens proceeds,  
They proue as sweet in tast, as faire in shew,  
The more she wonders, still the more she feeds,  
The more she eats, the more her wonders grow,  
She vowes her Land shall Chronicle his deeds:  
And make him Lord of all his present wishes,  
Excepting Loue, and what belongs to kisses.

67

The stranger then his Napkins vertue tels,  
What wonders it affoords when it is spred,  
Without all charmes or *Negromantickē* spelis,  
Or inuocations made vnto the dead,  
Onely in natiue Vertue it excels  
(A secret power by inspiration bred)  
This he'l bestow with all their Vertues stote,  
To sauе his forfeit but for three dayes more.

68

Th'ambitious Queene loath her Decrees should slacke,  
More loath to loose a Iewell of such prize,  
That can affoord her all things she doth lacke,  
To make a feast as with the Dieties,  
Vowes for three dayes he shall sustaine no wracke,  
But then her law of force must tyranize:  
Meane time her Court is for the stranger free,  
Upon these firme conditions they agree.

69

Glad was the Queene, more glad the amorous stranger,  
For neithet at their bargaine was aggrieved,  
She for her guift, he to escape such danger,  
Having his Man-hood for three dayes reprim'd,  
In her faire Parke he longs to be a ranger,  
Where fed such store of Deere (scarcely belieu'd)  
Till he by tride experience had beheld,  
How many beauties in the Court exceld.

70

Now trusting to the vertue of his Ring,  
He longes to proue ; who hate, who meane him good,  
Who onely to his eare smooth flatteries bring,  
Who with the Queene vpon his party stood,  
For flattery is like an oyly Spring,  
Whose smooth soft waters waxing to a flood :

Entyce fond men, his Siluer stremes to crowne,  
But he that proues to swim, perforce must drowne.

71

Among the rest, one Beldam neere in place,  
Vnto the lustelssie Amazon, he knowes  
Perswades the Queene to his especiall grace,  
and stands in pleabettweene him and his Foes,  
With her he growes acquainted in small space,  
And in her lap a liberall Treasure throwes :

He giues her Gold in euery place he finds her,  
And by large bounty to his Loue he binds her.

72

The time weares on, his three-dayes Lease expires,  
In which he rentes the things, to which hee's borne,  
His owne Fee simple, yet the Queene requires  
To haue the forfeit since, the day's outworne,  
But still his precious guifts the Youth inspires  
With chearefull hope, he shall not liue forlorne :

But trusts by promise of the fayry Dame,  
A Man to part thence, as a Man he came.

73

The day fore th' Execution, he was viewing  
His precious Ring, the like was never scene,  
Finding the time so neare, he sits still rewring  
His rashnesse, for he feares the Knife is keene,  
Each man he thinkes a Barbar him pursuing  
To haue him Enunch't ; when in comes the Queene  
And spyes this glorious Ring vpon his Finger,  
(The Beldam,to this troubled youth did bring'er.)

74

Of this she fals in Question, much admiring  
The Splendor, and besides she longs to know  
What vertue't hath, with urgency desiring  
If it be rare in worth, as rich in show,

The Youth into his former hopes rety ring,  
Recounts to her what Soueraigne Vertues grow  
From this bright Loue, a meanes ordaind by Fate,  
Onely by which she may secure her State.

74

In this her Friendes she may discerne and try,  
On whom she may relye her certaine trust,  
Who in her charge their vtmost wils apply,  
Who in her Seate of Iudgement proue most iust:  
Next, she by this all Traytors may descry,  
Such as against her vertues arme their lust:  
Such as intend their Soueraigne to depose,  
Briefly, it points her Friends out from her Foes.

75

No maruell if the Queene were much in loue  
With such a Iewell, and for it would pay  
What he would aske, as that which much behooues  
To keepe her doubtfull Kingdome from decay,  
To buy it at the dearest rate she proues,  
He onely craues but respight for one day:  
That she but one day more his Youth woulde spare,  
Eare he came bound vnto the Barbers Chayre.

76

The match is made, his guifts are knowne abroad,  
and from all partes they come this man to see,  
The multitude esteeme him as a God,  
That to their Soueraigne Queene hath beene so free,  
A stately S:eede he moues, and thereon road  
About the Court, wher ethrongs of people be:  
and from his Purse, of Gold whole handfuls flings,  
A bounty that is seldome seene in Kings.

77

A thousand times his arme abroad he stretcht,  
as oft the figured plates of coyn'd-Gold fly  
about theyr eares, still to his Purse he reacht,  
And still to his applause the peoply cry,  
The more they showte, the greater store he fetcht  
From his deuine vnending Treasury:

The newes of this vnto the Queenes soone came,  
Wondring whose praise her people thus proclaime.

79

In comes th'admired Stranger and alighting,  
 The Queene him meets, and takes him by the hand  
 To lead him vp : he by the way reciting  
 The Proie & she much longs to vnderstand,  
 The *Scithian* Queene in his discourse, delighting  
 Vpon the vertue of this Purse long scand :

Thinking if this third Prize she might inioy,  
 She by her wealth might all the Earth destroy.

80

But Treasure cannot gaine it, for tis Treasure  
 Euen of it selfe, in vaine she offers Gold  
 aboue all wealth, the Youth esteemes his pleasure,  
 One thing will doo't, that in her eare he told,  
 The couetous Queene's, perplexed aboue measure,  
 To buy the price that will be cheaply sold :  
 Only to bed with her, he doth desire,  
 But till two Peares be roasted in the fite.

81

Oh ! Gold, what canst thou ? Long she doth pause,  
 How great's the Wealth, how easie tis to buy  
 She knowes, besides she is aboue her Lawes,  
 And what she will, no Subiect dares deny,  
 Why should she loose this Iewell ? What's the cause  
 She to her owne Land should proue Enemy ?

Whose weale, since she may compasse with such ease,  
 Why should she not her selfe somewhat displease ?

82

The time's but little that the Youth doth aske,  
 Besides, shee'l cause her Maide her charge to hast,  
 If she compare her wages with her taske,  
 She knowes her time will not be spent in wast,  
 The friendly night will put a blushesse Maske  
 Vpon her brow, then how can she be trast ?

The fire is made, the Peares plast, both agreed,  
 To Bed they goe, good Fortune be their speed.

83

The trusted Hag, he knowes to be his friend,  
 and one whom he had bribed long before,  
 It please'd her well, that his desires haue end,  
 To haue had him Eunuch't, would haue griu'd her sore,

In bed meane time the louing payre contend,  
To proue the game she never triide before,  
And still she cals to make a quicker fire,  
And pretthy sweet Nurse let the Peares be nyer.

84

They shall (quoth she,) yet let them roast at Measute,  
The way-ward Queene yet thinkes the tyme too long,  
And that she payes too sweetly for his Treasure,  
(For yeeld she must) the stranger prooues too strong)  
Yet still she cals (not yet ?) Tis out of measure,  
Nor yet, nor yet, she sings no other song,  
Alacke the Beldams slacknesse quite betrayes her,  
(The onely meanes to keepe him from the Razer.)

85

The youth preual'd, the Quene's somewhat appeasd,  
And for there is no helpe the vtmost tries,  
Since her the stranger hath by wager ceald,  
Before the watch-word giuen she must not rise,  
The Beldam thinkes at last the Queene t'have pleasd,  
Oh Madam they are rostid now (she cries : )  
Are they indeed ? Let them rost on (quoth she,)  
And pretthy Nurse put in two more for me.

86

I know not what effect this wager tooke,  
But the next day she canceld her strict Law,  
She that men hated : *Eunuchs* cannot brooke,  
Command was giuen that all such should withdraw,  
And not presume within her Court to looke,  
That could be found toucht with the smalles flaw,  
And this Decree among the *Scithians* grew,  
Till the sad day that they their husbands slew.

87

For when their flying men were quite disgracst,  
And fayl'd in battaile, they disdain'd their yoke,  
And scorning all subiection, proudly facst  
Their foes themselves with many a boysterous stroke,  
From *Scithiaes* bounds all men they cleane displacst,  
And strongly arm'd, through many Regions broke:  
Thus raign'd successiuely many a bold Dame  
In *Scithia*, whence *Penthisiles* came.

Li 3

Their

88

Their Pollaxes, whose vse the *Greekes* neare knew,  
 Thunder vpon theyr lofty Caskes and fell them,  
 The *Greekes* st.ll guard the field, although some fewe  
 Perisht at first, and striuing to excell them,  
 Being but *Womēn*, they some Damsels flew,  
 And with the oddes of number they repell them,  
 But when the *Queene* into the battaile flings,  
 VVhere eare she comes, she bloody Conquest brings.

89

King *Philomines* Combats by her side,  
 VVith many a bold Knight brought from *Paphlagone*,  
 Gaint whom the King *Cassilius* fierce can ride,  
 Striuing that day to haue his valour knowne,  
 Betweene them was a fayre and cuen course tryde,  
*Amphimacus* to *Priam* deare alone  
 Since *Troylus* death, thrust in amongst the *Greekes*,  
 Forcing their flight with many clamorous shrikes.

90

Him *Ajax Telamon* encounters then,  
 And stayes the fury of his barbed Steede,  
 Acting that day, deeds, more then commen men,  
 Such as through both the Armies wonder breed,  
 Whom Noble *Deiphobus* meetes agen,  
 The youthfull Prince, whose valour doth exceed,  
 The fearefull slaughter of his puissance stayes,  
 Whose discipline his Foes could not but prayse.

91

And had not wrathfull *Pyrrhus* now led on  
 His Fathers Myrmidons, and quite forsooke  
 His vntryde Knights, the day had sure beene gon,  
 But where they march't, the Earth beneath them shooke,  
 And to withstand theyr vigor, they found none,  
 Till *Paris* with his Archers that way tooke:  
 and now began a fierce and Mortall fray,  
 In Emulation who should fly, who stay.

92

*Paris* preuailes, his forces gaine the best,  
 And *Lycomedes* Grand-child must retire,  
 Behold, where gainst the *Troians* *Ajax* Crest  
 Seemes aboue all his Souldiers to aspyre,

His huge seauen-folded Targe still guards his brest,  
For *Paris* through the field he doth inquire :

Whom as the *Sal'mine* fighting, spyes from far,  
He heares a Steele-shaft from his Crosbow iarde.

93

It aymes at him, and where his Armour parted  
Betweene the Arme and Shoulder, there it fell,  
*Ajax* obseru'd the man by whom he smarted,  
And pressing forward, vowes to quite him well,  
Through the mid-throng the neatest way he thwarted,  
No opposition can his rage expell :

Till he had past through Groues of growing Speares,  
To come where thousand Shafts lung by his eares.

94

Yet past them all, euен till he came where fought  
The amorous *Troian*, and to him he makes  
His guard of Archers, the *Greeke* dradded naught,  
But o're his Helme his recking Glaue he shakes,  
Which in his fall assured ruine brought  
Vpon the Earth, the dying *Troian* quakes :

And in his death leaues all terrestriall ioy,  
Faire *Hellen*, *Priam*, *Hecuba*, and *Troy*.

The death of  
*Paris*.

95

Oh ! Had the *Raptor* in his Cradle dide,  
Millions of liues had in his death beene sau'd,  
and *Asias* glory, that late sweld in pride,  
Had not with siedge and death so long beene brau'd,  
O're his dead Coarse the warlike *Greeke* doth stride,  
and workes his way throught harnesse richly ingrau'd :

Whose curious workes he blemisht where he stood,  
Blurring their Fingers with wide wounds and blood.

96

The *Dardans* fly at *Brute* of *Paris* fall,  
The *Greekes* with dreadfull march their flight pursue,  
Euen to the very skirts of *Troyes* fayre wall,  
But betweene death and them the *Scithians* grew,  
Squadrons of *Greekes* before the Damsels fall,  
Now the re-spirited *Troians* fight renew :

Twice fore the *Scithian* Queene did *Pyrrhus* stand,  
Yet twice by her repulsed, hand to hand.

Night

97

Night partes the bataile vpon equall oddes,  
 In *Paris* death, the *Troians* haue the wurst,  
*Hellen* and *Troy* bequeath him to the Gods,  
 His death lesse mourn'd, then hath his life bin curst,  
 The morning comes, the *Greekes* make their aboad  
 Before the gates, through which the *Scithians* burst :  
 And scorning to be Coopt, each with her shielde  
 Brauely aduanst, make roomth into the field.

98

Them *Desiphebus* followes with his traine,  
 The Sole-remainder of King *Priams* race,  
 By whom at first a valiant *Creeke* was slaine,  
 That in the Campe inioyde a Soueraigne place,  
*Amphimachus* next him spurs on the plaine,  
 With *Philomines* who rankes on apace :  
*Aeneas* and *Antenor*, these contend,  
 With all their powers to giue the long sledge end.

99

In vaine : for loe, vpon the aduerse part,  
 Guirt with his Fathers Myrmidons appeares,  
*Sterne Pyrrhus*, whose late bleeding woundes yet smart,  
 Next him *Pelides*, with a band of Speares,  
 Then marcht *Tysander* with a Lyons hart,  
*Vlisses*, *Stenelus*, and (proud in yeares : )  
*Nestor* : the two *Atrides* well attended,  
 The two *Achiaces* next the field ascended.

100

These with the other Princes proudly fare,  
 Disordred ruine, ruffles on each side,  
 Thousands of eyther party slaughterd are  
 In this encounter, *Desiphebus* dide,  
 And braue *Amphimachus*, forward to dare,  
 And able to performe (a Souldier tride)  
 And now on *Priams* party onely stand,  
 The *Scithian* Damsels to protect his Land.

101

*Troy* droopes, and *Greece* alpyres full soureteene dayes,  
*Penthisiles* hath vpheld her fame,  
 Both Campe and City surfeit with her prayse,  
 and her renowne deseruedly proclayme,

The death of  
*Desiphebus* and  
*Amphi-*  
*machus*.

The best of *Greece* her hardiment assayes,  
Yet shrinke beneath the fury of the Dame:

None can escape her vigour vnrewarded,  
*Troy* by this sterne *Virago's* soly guarded.

102

But destiny swayes all things : *Troy* was founded  
To endure a third wracke, and must fate obey,  
Therefore euен those that with most might abounded,  
Cannot reprieue her to a longer day,  
The *Scythian* Dames (by many Princes wounded)  
Were with the Queene at length to *Greece* a pray,  
Her too much hardinesse her selfe inmur'd,  
Admidst her foes, in Armour well assur'd.

103

And when her Launce was splinter'd to her hand,  
Her warlike Pollax hew'd to pieces small,  
Her selfe round guirt with many an armed band,  
Euen in her height of Fame she needs must fall,  
The warlike Wench amongst the *Greekes* doth stand  
Vnbackt by *Troy*, left of her Damsels all,  
The battery of a thousand swords she bides,  
Till her yron plates are hew'd off from her sides.

104

Thus breathlesse, and vnharnest, (fresh in breath  
And strong in armor,) *Pyrrhus* her invades,  
At these aduantages he knowes tis eath  
To cope with her quite scuered from her Maids,  
His balefull thoughts are spur'd with rage and death,  
Close to her side in blood of *Greekes* he wades:  
(Blood sluc't by her) and naked thus assayles her,  
Whilst a whole Campe of foes from safety railes her.

105

After much warre th' *Amazonian* falle,  
Whom *Pyrrhus* lops to pieces with his Glaue,  
And hauing peccce-meale hew'd her, lowd he cal's  
To haue her limbes kept from an honoured graue,  
But to be strow'd about the sieged wals:  
She dead, the *Troians* seeke themselues to saue  
By open flight, her Virgins fighting dye,  
Scorning the life, to gaine which, they must flye.

The death of  
Penthisea.

Now

106

Now *Troy's* at her last cast, her succors fayle,  
 Her souldiers are cut off by ruthlesse warre,  
 Her Sea-ports hemd in with a thousand fayle,  
 In her land fledge two hundred thousand are,  
 They close their Iron gates their lives to baile,  
 And strengthen them with many an yron barre :  
 After that day, they dare no weapons weild,  
 Or front the proud *Greekes* in the open field.

107

*Eneas* and *Antenor* now conspire,  
 (As some suppose) the City to betray,  
 And with the *Greekes* they doome it to the fire,  
 But whilst the rich *Palladium*'s scene to stay,  
 In *Pallas* Temple, they in vaine desire  
 King *Priams* ruin or the Lands decay :  
 Therefore the flyc *Vlisses* buyes for Gold,  
 The Iewell that doth *Troy* in safety hold.

108

Oh cursed Priest, that canst thy selfe professe,  
 Seuere in habit, but in heart prophane,  
 WOULD of thy name and Order, there were lesse,  
 That will not sticke to sell their friends for gaine,  
 Who (but that knowes thy Treason,) once would gesse  
 Such treacherous thoughts should taint a Church-mans  
 But many to the Gods deuoted soly, (braine,  
 In harts are godlesse, though in garments holy.

109

Whether by purchase, or by stealth, (Heauen knowes,) )  
 But the *Palladium* now the *Greekes* inioy,  
 And by a generall voyce the Campe arose  
 From their long siege, their shaps againe t'inioy,  
 The *Greekes* vnto the sea themselues dispose,  
 And make a shew to bid farewell to *Troy* :  
 But of this Stratagem, what next befell,  
 This Canto will not giue vs roome to tell.

**A** Rtimesia *Queene of Caria*, and wife to King Mansolus, she is famous for her Chastity & the loue to her husband, after whose death she made so royall a Sepulcher for

Dares.

The Palladiū  
bought by V-  
lisses of the  
Priest of Pal-  
las for a great  
sum of mony.

for him, that it was helde of the Vonders of the world, and of that, all stately buildinges haue since then beene called Mansolea.

Camna a beautious maide borne in Galatia, the wife of one Sinatus, she was religiously deuoted to the chast Goddesse Diana, whom her Countrey held in great reverence, whome when Synorix had often sollicitid with loue, but coulde not preuaile, he treacherously slew her husband Sinatus, and after inforsed her to his Marriage-bed, to whom by the urgent instigation of her friends, and the promotion expected by the greatnessse of Synotix, she seemed willingly to yeild, (he persuading her, that for his loue to her, he wrought the death of her beloved Sinatus.) When before the Altar of the Goddesse they were to be espoused, she drank to Synotix (as the custom was) a Bowle of Wine, in which when he had pledged her, shee told him with a joyfull countenance, that in that draught they had both caroused their deaths, being extreamely oner-joyed, that before the chast goddesse Diana, & in the face of so great a people, she had iustified her owne Innocence, and reuenged the murder of her husband, which incontinently appeared, for the potion being commixt with poysone, they both expired before the Alter.

When Achilles was slaine in the Temple by Paris, it is remembred of him that the Græcians could not purchase his bodie of the Troians till (to ransome him) they waighed them downe ass much Gold as poysed the body of Hector. Tis sayde that for his death all the Muses & Nymphes wept exceedingly

Rursus redempto pro altero cadavere  
Par pondus Auris splendidi partolij  
ferent.

The Isle Botisthenes was called Achilleides of Achilles that was there buried, besides it is Poetised of him that in the Elysian field, after his death, he espoused Medea.

Paris that slew Achilles, and was after slaine by Ajax, was sent into Greece with two and twenty saile, whence hee brought the faire Hellen. His Shipmaister, or he that built his shippes, was called Phereclus. Some thinke he pierst Greece first by the Commandement of Venus, and hauing ransomed Hellen, carried her into Ægypt, where he first lay with her.

Others

Plutarchus lib.  
de virtutibus  
Mulierum.

Antimachus.

Lycophron in  
Alexandra.

Ibiclus.

Herodotus in  
Euterpe.

Diogenes in  
rebus.

Smernais  
Harmonidas.

Andretus.  
Buris Samius.  
Europides.

Alexander in  
rebus phrigijs.

Pausonius in  
rebus laconicis.

Apollodorus  
lib. 3.

*Others are opinioned, that he bedded with her in Athens, and had by her these four Sonnes, Dunichus, Carithus, Aganus, and Ideus. Others thinke, he first lay with her in Cranae, one of the Sporad Islands, which when Paris had done almost by violence, and after many teares shed for the leauing of her Husband, it is said, that of her teares grew the Hearbe Helenium, which if women drinke in wine, it pronokes mirth and Venerie.*

*Of Helena it is thus recorded, Menelaus being dead, after their returne to Grecce, for her former luxuriosnes, she was expulſed from Lacedemon by her Sonnes, Nicostratus and Megapenthe. She fled to her Cozen Polixo, the Wife of Clepolemus, who governed Rhodes, where ſhee ſoioured for a ſpace, but Polixo after remembring, that her Husband was by reaſon of the Adultery of Hellen, ſlain in the wars of Troy, ſhe came upon Hellen ſuddainely, as ſhe was bathing her ſelfe amongſt her Maids, and huryng her unto a tree, uppon the ſame ſhe strangled her.*

*Others report, that Hellen waxing old, & ſeeing her beaſty wrinkled, and quite faded, in griefe therof hanged her ſelfe, as a iust reward of her former incontinence.*

*Some thinke the Palladium to be bought by Ulisses of the Priest of Pallas. Others, that it was ſtole by Ulisses and Diomed, others that it was Merchandized by Aeneas and Antenor, In which ſale, the famous City of Troy was betrayed to the Greckes. These opinions are uncertaine, but when Ilus was to build the Pallace of Iſlion, following a party-coulored Oxe, he praied to the Gods, that ſome auspicious ſigne might ſatisfie him from the Heauens, that his buildinges were pleaſing to the dietyes: then to him descended the Palladium, an Image of three Cubits height, which ſeemed to haue motion, and to walke of it ſelfe; in the right hand holding a Speare, in the left hand a Distaffe, or Rocke and a Spindle, and where he further proceeded to the Oracle to know the vertue of this Palladium, it was then aunſwered him, that as long as that was kept free, in violacie, and unprophaned, ſo long Troy ſhould be in peace and ſecurity, which accordingly happened. For till Uliſſes had either bought or ſtolne away the Palladium, the Greckes had neuer any opportunity or meanes to uſe any violence upon the Citty.*

The end of the 14. Canto.

*Argumentum*

*O*n th' Hellesponticke Sands Epeus reares  
A brazen horse : the Græcians hoise up saile  
And feigning to depart : Synon with teares  
Tels to the inuaded King an ominous tale,  
The Fleete returnes by night : After ten yeares  
Troy is surprisde, and the proud Greeks preuaile,  
The City's burnt, and after tragicke broyles,  
The Greekes returne, laden with Asias spoyles.

**A R G U M E N T U M**

**L** Aocon and Polites, Hectors Ghost,  
K. Priams death, Troyes Fate, Crevla lost.

I  
Reason, whose horrid front I must vnmaske,  
And pluck the Vizor from thy Fiend-like face,  
To paint thee out in coulours is my taske,  
And by thy clouen foote thy steps to trace,

In which (I still Divine assistance aske)

Hell gaue thee Byrth, and thou detiust thy race  
From the grand Prince of darkenesse, in whose Cell  
Thou first tookst life, and shalt returne to dwell.



Kk

Troy

2

Troy thou wast strong, and thy defence was good,  
But Treason through thy strength made bloody way,  
Hadst thou not harbour'd Traitors, thou hadst stood,  
And to thy age annexed the longest day,  
But Treason that most thirsts for Princes blood,  
And of the hyest kingdomes seekes decay,  
Enters thy Court, and couets to destroy  
With thy proud buildings (euen the name of Troy.)

Q Elizabeth.

Doctor Parry.

Babington &  
his colederates

Percy and  
Catesby with  
their Confe-  
derates.

Guido Vaux.

3

Thy envy stretcht to our Chast Maiden-Queene,  
Whose Vertues, euen her foes could not but praise,  
Yet against her graces didst thou Arme thy spleene,  
Thinking by Parries hand to end her dayes,  
But God and Truth (whose Patron she was seene,)  
Against their Cannons did hye Bulwarkes raise,  
Such Bullet-proofe, that neither priuate Traine  
Could reach her, nor the open arme of Spaine,

4

What Parry mist, fourteene fierce Traitors moc  
Stir'd vp by Rome, tooke Sacramentall vowes,  
That God that kept her from th'invasive foe,  
Against these bloody Butchers knit their browes ;  
Heauen gaue them all a fatall overthrow,  
(For heauen no such vnnatural act allowes :)  
But to all them a blacke end hath appointed,  
Whose bold hand dares to touch the Lords anointed.

5

If such Aeneas and Antenor were,  
That would for Coyne their King and Country sell,  
Like plots with them our late Arch-traitors beare,  
To whom for aye they may be ranked well,  
And thou (Guido Vaux) that never yet foundst peere  
(For a damn'd purpose) bred in Earth or hell :  
Hewhom all pens with most reproaches taint  
Synon, (with thee compar'd) is found a Saint.

6

He told a forg'd tale to a forraigne King,  
With hope his King and Countries fame to raise ;  
But thou, from strangers didst thy complots bring,  
He a strange Countrey, not his owne betraies,

The poylons from the head of Treasons spring,  
False Guido suckt, which fed him many dayes;  
Treasons, Milkt, tasted, seemes to quench the thirst,  
But once tooke downe, it swels men till they burst.

That fate which he and his confederates had,  
May all receiue that beare their Treacherous mind,  
Their purpose cuill, and their ends were bad,  
A Fate to all men of their ranke assynd,  
And that great King whose safety hath made glad  
The hearts of three great Kingdomes, scarce confind;  
Long may he raigne, still guarded by those powers,  
Whose hands Crowne Vertue, & her foes devowers

8

That the same state that was in hazard then,  
May in this peacefull Kingdome long endure,  
The King to guide his Peeres : Peetes, Common men :  
Whose summon'd Parliaments may plant secure  
Brittaines faire Peere, for many a worthy pen  
To Chronicle : These acts black and impure,  
We cannot iustly on Æneas lay,  
In whose reproach we must our Censures stay.

Since some, whose hy works to the world are deere,  
Whose grauity we reuerence and admire  
His Fame, vnto posterity would cleare,  
And in his Innocent applause desire,  
T'were pity he that two New-Troyes did rearre,  
As famous as that one consumde by fire :  
(Rome and our London) for the double gaine  
Of one lost Troy, should weare a Traytors staine,

The bruised Greekes tyerd with rough stormes of War,  
By Pallas art, erect a Timber-steede,  
Whose Backe, Tree, ribs, of such huge vastnesse are,  
That they in all Spectators wonder breed,  
The Mountaine structure may be seene from far,  
Which finishit, they amongst them haue agreed:  
To stuffe his hollow Cauernes with great store  
Of Harnest men (to leave it on the shore.)

Virgils Eneids.

The horse of  
Troy.

Kk 3 This

II

This done, their new-calkt Nauy they windē thence,  
 As if they to Mycene would backe repaire,  
 Beneath a promontory not farre thence,  
 They Anchor East, where they concealed are,  
 Now *Troy* secure and dreadlesse of offence,  
 Looseth her selfe from her *Diurnall* care :

Wide stand the Ports, the people yssue free,  
 Th'vnsouldierd fields and Deserts, plaine to see.

12

Where *Hector* did *Aeacides* inuade,  
 Where *Nestor* pitcht, where *Troyas* wan the day,  
 Where grim *Achilles* log'd, where *Ajax* made  
 His hot incursions, hewing out his way,  
 Where *Agamemnon* with his forces plaid,  
 Where with his *Dolopes Vlisses* lay :

Where such men fought, and such their valours tride,  
 Where some men conquered, others brauely dide.

13

Some wonder at *Myneruaes* stately piece,  
 Saying t'were good to place it in her fawne,  
 Since the *Pelasgians* are return'd to *Greece*,  
 Their brazen horse may through their wals be drawne,  
 Other more staide know they are come to Fleece  
 And pillage them, this leauing as a pawn

Of some strange Treason, whose suspected guile,  
 Seemes to stowne inward, though it outward smile.

14

Thus is the multitude in parts deuided,  
 Some wonder at the Module being so rare,  
 Others, whose braines are with more iudgement guided,  
 would rip his wombe, which some desire to spare,  
 Ardent *Laocoen* thinking to haue decided  
 This generall doubt (as one that all things dare)  
 Is seene from top of a high Tower discending,  
 A threatening speare against the *Machiae* bending.

15

Crying from farre, you foolish men of *Troy*,  
 Oh, can you trust the presents of a foe ?  
 Who came from *Greece* these high wals to destroy,  
 And ten whole yeares haue wrought your ouerthrow,

What can you in the *Danaish Treasons ioy?*  
Amongst you all, doth none *Vlisses* know?

Either this swelling wombe is big with childe  
Of armed *Greekes*: or against your wals compild.

16

These brazen hoofes are made to spurne your mure,  
The trusty pale that hath so long defended  
Your sonnes and wiues, where they haue liu'd secure,  
Maugre the ruine by the foe intended,  
Against your trusty Guards no wrong endure,  
Whose Bulwarkt strength you haue so oft commended:  
This said, against the brazen Steed he flung  
A steele-head speare which through his entrailes rung

17

The trembling Mole from forth his Cauernes gauε  
A horrid grone, a noyse of armor iar'd  
Through his transfixd brest, (if ought could saue  
Ill-fated *Troy*) this had their ruin bard,  
And they had ript the bowels of that graue,  
From which the sad confused sound was heard:

Behold the *Dardan* shepheards with lowd cries,  
Before the King bring bound a *Greekish* pris.

18

Dispersed *Troy* assembles, and attend  
Some vncouth Nouell, manacled now stands,  
The surprisid *Greeke*, his eyes to heauen extend,  
To heauen he likewise would exalt his hands,  
Whilst showers of teares downe by his cheekes descend,  
And thus he sayes: Haue I escapt the bands  
Of armed *Greekes*, to perish heere in *Troy*?  
And whom my foes haue spar'd, must foes destroy.

19

Relenting *Priam* is soone mou'd to ruth,  
His misery and teares woo him to passion:  
He thinkes such lookes, such teares should harbor truthe,  
And pitties him, disguised in wretched fashion,  
With comfortable words he cheares the youth,  
Askes him of whence he is, and of what Nation  
When to the passionate king he thus replide,  
*Priam* commandis, and I will nothing hide.  
Kk 3 Who

20

Who hath not heard of the Duke *Palimed*,  
 By the *Pelasgian* Princes doom'd to dye,  
 Whom false *Vlisses* to the scaffold led,  
 Him aboue all the rest most loued I,  
 He was my Kinsman (but alas hee's dead)  
 With that, swift watry drops dril from his eye :  
 Him when I guiltlesse saw, condemn'd of *Treason*,  
 I mourn'd my Kinsmans death, (as I had reason)

21

Not could I keepe my tongue (vnhappy man)  
 But priuate whispering haue I breath'd agaist those,  
 That sought his death, to threat them I began,  
 Who to my friend had bin opposed foes,  
 Fox-like *Vlisses* first, obseru'd me than,  
 Whom *Calchas* seconds (why should I disclose  
 My miserable state) vnhappy wretch ?  
 Since their reuenge as farre as *Troy* doth stretch.

22

I had but dide there, and I heare am dying,  
 (Griefe stopps his speech, he can no further speake)  
 Still what he wants in words, with teares supplying,  
 Till they with interruptions silence breake,  
 When after farre-secht sighes himselfe applying  
 To further processe, (he proceeds :) the wreake  
 They threatened then, since now I must not flye,  
 (VVitnesse you *Troians*, *Synon* cannot lye.

23

Oft would the warre-tyr'd *Greekes* haue left this Towne,  
 But still the Morrow tempests them restraine,  
 Threatning their Navy in the *Abisme* to drowne,  
 And they attempt their wiht returne in vaine,  
 But most the angry *Neptune* seemes to frowne,  
 When old *Epeus* had vpon this plaine,  
 Builded this Monumentall Steed, of late  
 To the Deuinest *Pallas* Consecrate.

24

*Euriphilus* is straight to *Delos* sent',  
 To know the Oracles aduice heerein,  
 He thus returnes : A Virgins blood is spent  
 To appease the tempests when these warres begin,

And in their end the Gods haue like intent,  
That you with sacrifice shall purge your sin:

In your pursute they humaine bloud desire,  
and you with bloud must purchase your retyre.

25

This when the vulgar knew, not one but feares,  
Whose dreaded life offended *Phæbus* craues,  
Oh! Hence proceedes the force of all my teares,  
All prophesie his ruine, that depraves  
The Oyle-tong'd *Greeke*: *Vlisses Calchas* cheares,  
To point him out that must appease the Wvaues:  
Ten dayes he scilence kept, as loath to name,  
His destin'd life, whom *Phæbus* seemes to clayme.

26

Scarce with *Vlisses* clamors is he won  
To sentence any: till with vrgence great,  
He doomes me to the flames, the people ron  
To see him that must last the Alters heate,  
all glad that this denounced doome is don,  
That I th' offended God-hood must intreat:  
And that my bloody slaughter answers all,  
Which each one feard, vpon himselfe might fall.

27

The day was com, my brows with wreaths wer crown'd,  
and I made ready for the sacred fire,  
My hands behind (as you behold them) bound,  
The Priest in his Pontificall attyre,  
Ready to strike, and I incompast round  
With fire and death, (yet Mortals life desire)  
The truth Ile tell, alasse sinne cannot lie;  
I leapt from of the Altar, thence I fly.

28

Pursude in vaine, feare gaue my body winges,  
In a deepe saggy couert, I obscure me,  
Vntill the night had with her airy stringes  
Drawne her blacke vaile o're Heauens face, to affuse me,  
Hoping to hide me, till the *Argive* Kings  
Had sayld from thence, but thinking to secure me:  
Poore wretch, I from the *Gracians* fled away,  
and now (alasse) am made the *Troians* pray.

Whom

29

Whom neither Heauen, nor Earth, nor *Greece*, nor *Troy*,  
 nor ayre, nor Sea, will take to their protection,  
 But all conspire poore *Synon* to destroy,  
 Then ayre, Come lend me part of thy infection,  
 Heauen, Earth, and Sea, all your ioynt powers imploy,  
 and like confederates meeet in my deiection :  
 and then he beateth his breast, weeps, sighes, & grones,  
 Whose griefe King *Priam* and all *Troy* bemones.

30

The good old *Priam* bids his hands ynbond,  
 and cheares him thus : Of *Greece* thou art no more,  
 Thou shalt be ours, thy Countrey hath resign'd  
 Thy life to vs, which freely we restore,  
 Then say ; What meanes this Monster we here find  
 Vpon our Beach ? Whom should this guift adorke ?  
 Or what Religion's int ? Whence is he bred ?  
 Or for what cause doth he our Confines tred ?

31

When with his new loosed hands to heauen vpread,  
 Thus *Synon* : Witnesse you eternall Fires,  
 Thou reverent altat, which but late I feard,  
 and all you powers to whom our zeale aspyres,  
 That I hate *Greece*, and *Troy* that hath me cheard  
 I am ingraist too, *Troy* hath my desires :  
 I am a Child of *Troy*, *Greece* I defye,  
 Witnesse you Gods, that *Synon* cannot lye.

32

The false *Pelasgians* in great *Pallas* trust,  
 Her : *Diomed* and *Ithaca* offended,  
 By stealing from her charge with guile vniust,  
 Her rare *Palladium* for which she extended  
 Reuenge against *Greece*: they to appease her, must  
 By some Oblation see their guile amended :  
 That her commynsed spleene may be withdrawne  
 From them, whose violence spard not her fawne.

33

And now to make the *Ihave*-borne *Pallas* smile,  
 Whose anger made the Tempests gainst them war,  
 Chalchas deuise the high Equinall pile,  
 That his huge vastnesse might all entrance bar,

Through your percullist Gates (such was his guile)  
For should you on this Horse print the least scar  
Of an offensive hand (being for her made)  
You by your rashnesse haue your liues betrayd.

34

If you deny it entrance through your wals,  
Or this vnweildy frame in ought despise,  
Well guarded *Troy* by *Pallas* anger fals,  
The *Greekes* returne, and long-liu'd *Ilium* dies :  
But if this Steede for whom the Gaddesse calls  
Pierce through your Fortress mure, or if it rise  
And mount aboue your wals, to *Pallas* shpine,  
*Troy* still shall stand, and *Greece* the wracke is thine ?

35

*Priam* and his confederate Kings shall then  
To *Sparta*, and *Meceane* the *Greekes* pursue,  
Devast their lofty spyring Citties, when  
The clamorous Land shall their destruction rue,  
Loosing by *Troy* whole infinites of men,  
Witnesse you Gods, poore *Synons* words are true,  
Such lookes, such teares, such protestations chiefe,  
Wins in all *Troy* remorse : the King beliefe.

36

What many a well-rig'd barke, and armed Keele,  
What not the bloody siedge often whole yeare,  
To make *Troy* tast inconstant Fortunes wheele,  
*Vlisses* wisedome, nor *Achilles* Speare,  
What not King *Diomedes* through piercing Steele ?  
All this did periurd *Synon* with a teare ;  
Behold (whilst all the towr on *Synon* gaze)  
a dread portent that doth all *Troy* amaze.

37

Along the troubled Billowes towards the shore,  
Two Blacke-scal'd Serpents on their bellyes glide,  
at whose approach the foaming Surges rore,  
These fiery Serpents to the Beach applyde,  
and in *Laocons* cloud who that time wore  
The Priest-hoods robes, their arming Scales they dide :  
Their winding traines, they with loud hissinges roule  
About his breast, till they inlarg'd his Soule.

The

38

The Monster-multitude before dismayd  
 At the recourse of thefe infernall Snakes,  
 Thinke bold *Laocoon* to be iustly payd,  
 Because he yet his harmefull Iauelin shakes,  
 Some Cables fetch, some with their Leauers stayd  
 The Pondrous Engine which deepe furrowes rakes  
 Along the Earth : others the Wals hurle downe  
 To giue the Horse free paſſage to the Towne.

39

Wide stand the yron-bard gates, whilſt all the rout  
 Buckle to worke, the fatall Muchine climes,  
 Th' inthronged Bulwarkes (big with Souldiers stout)  
 Ready to be deliuered : hallowed rimes,  
 The Virgins ſing, and nimblly dance about,  
*Mynerua*as Steed, the wonder of theſe times:  
 Thinking themſelues boutie others highly bleſt,  
 That can be more officious then the reſt.

40

Foure times the Brazen Horse entring, ſtuck fast  
 Anenſt the ruinde guirdle of the Towne,  
 Foure times was armour heard (yet vnagift)  
 The fatall Beast with ſacred wreathes they Crowne,  
 (Sunke in blind ignorance) and now at laſt,  
 Before *Minerua*es ſhrine, they place it downe:  
 In Himnes and Feaſts the ominous day they ſpend.  
 Offring to her that muſt their liues defend.

41

Meane time heauen turnes : night from the Ocean falleſt,  
 Inuoluing with blacke darkenesſe, earth, and ayre,  
 And call the *Gracian* craft about the wals,  
 The ſcattered *Troians* ſlumber, far from care,  
 and now his Pilots (great *Atrides* cals.)  
 Who backe to *Tenedos* with ſped repayre:  
 The Vniuersall *Phalanx* lands in laſt,  
 And through the ſilence of the Moone are paſt.

42

Now startles *Synon*, and a flaming-brand,  
 He waſts from top of one of *Illiums* Towers,  
 Which like a Beacon in the night muſt ſtand  
 To guide the *Greekes*, and their nocturnall powers,

Then with a Key grapt in his fatall hand,  
Fearelesse, he through the palped darknesse scowres  
To the big bellied Stallion, turnes the spring,  
and through the doore the Harness Grecians fling.

*43*  
First, blacke-hayrd Pyrrhus fixes in the ground,  
His Oaken Speare, and from the loft he flydes,  
*Vlisses* next, yet halting of his wound,  
and then the younger of the two *Atrides* :  
*Tysandar* from the structure next doth bound  
*Thoas* and *Athanas*, two warlike guides :  
With *Stheuelus* downe by a Cable fall,  
and bruilde with leaping, on the Pauement sprall.

*44*  
*Pelidus* followes these, and then the man  
That in his braine first cast this fatall mould,  
*Epeus* th' enginer, whom *Synon* than  
Did in his blacke and periurd armes in fould  
Their sweaty browes, they with the darknesse fan,  
Each clearing vp his Mate with courage bould :  
Strip their bright Swords, by whose quicke glimering  
They find their way in the darke star-lesse night. (light,

*45*  
The Citty sunke in Wine and Mirth they'nuade,  
Slaughter the Watch that on the ground lie spred,  
Then through the broken Wals (but late decayde)  
The Generals Army is by *Synon* led,  
And *Agamemnons* coulours are displayde,  
Now tumults and confusions first are bred :  
Hauocke begins, loude shrowtes and clamors rise,  
Lifting their Tragick vprore through the skyes.

*46*  
Heauens lamps were halfe burnt out, t'was past midnight  
Wh'en to *Aeneas* in his bed appear'd  
Sad *Hector*, pale and wan, full of affright,  
His hayre clotterd with bloud, his ruffled Beard  
Disordred, all those deepe caru'd wounds in sight,  
Which in defence of *Troy* and his indeard :  
Were graude vpon his flesh, behind him fall,  
Those thongs, that drag'd him round about *Troyes* wall.

Hectors ghost

Ob

47

Oh, how much from that great King-killer chang'd,  
 Hye spirited *Hector*, when being proudly deckt  
 In great *Achilles* spoyles, he freely rang'd  
 Through guards of Steele, whilst from his Helme reflet  
 Tropheies of *Greece*: Oh me! How much estrang'd,  
 From him that did all *Asias* pride protect,  
 Euen to their Fleet the *Achiae* Kings pursue,  
 And mongst their shippes round Bals of Wild-fire flew.

48

When to the sleeping Prince approaching nye,  
 He with a sigh from his deepe intrailles fetcht,  
 Thus sayes. (Thou Goddesse sonne, *Eneas* flye)  
 And from these burnings, that by this are stretcht  
 Quite o're your glorious buildings, climbing hyc,  
 Deliuer thee: the Arme of warre hath retcht  
 Euen to the Crest of *Troy*, and with one blow,  
 Giuen it a sad and certaine ouerthrow.

49

*Greece* hath your wals, the Vniuersall roofe  
 Of *Troy* is sunke and fayne, her bearers fayld,  
 Destruction that hath houered long aloofe,  
 Hath ceaz'd her towers, and her spires auayld,  
 Could might haue kept her, by the manly proofe  
 Of this right hand, the Prisoner had bin bayld:  
 But *Troy* (alas) is sentenc'd, and must dye,  
 Then from her funerall Flames (*Eneas* flye.)

50

To thee her Gods and Reliques she commends  
 Thee, that must her posterity reviue,  
 For though her glory heere in seeming end,  
 Yet dying *Troy* in thee is kept aliue,  
 Now cleaves the earth, and the sad Ghost discends,  
*Eneas* with dull sleepe begins to striue:  
 And waking, heares a noise of clattering Warre,  
 And many confus'd Clamors, ncere and farre.

51

When mounting on a Turret, he might spy  
 The Citty all on Flame, and by the light,  
 A thousand severall Conflicts: sparkles flye  
 As farre as to the Sea, the waues shine bright,

And now at length he sees, *Synon* can lie,  
His Treasons manifest, still this blacke night  
Clamors of men, and Trumpets, clangors grow,  
Whilst with warme recking blood the channels flow.

52

*Aeneas* armes in hast, grasper in his hand  
A two-edg'd Semiter to guard his life,  
Knowes not to whom to run, or where to stand,  
In euery streete is danger, rage, and strife,  
Yet longes for skirmish : and on some proud band  
To proue his strength, now whilst the tumults rise :  
For since th'Achiue fires such splendor giue,  
To dye in armes, seemes sweeter then to liue.

53

Behold, where from the forraine slaughter flying  
*Panthus Otriades*, Priest of the Sunne ?  
Scoures through the streetes : *Aeneas* him espying,  
Cals to him thus. Whether doth *Panthus* run ?  
What meane these flames, these grones of people dying ?  
This frightfull iarte of battailes new begun ?  
When *Panthus* thus : *Aeneas* lets away,  
Of *Troy* and vs, this is the latest day.

*Panthus Otriades.*

54

*Troy* was, and *Illiium* was, but they are past,  
Great *Ihone* hath from th'earths bosome swept vs all,  
Th'insulting *Greekes* haue conquerd vs at last,  
And forraine Steele now menases our wall,  
The Brazen Horse that midst our Meure stickes fast,  
Hath powrd an army forth : whole thousands fall  
And drop downe from his sides, whilst *Synon* stands  
Warming amidst the flames his treacherous handes.

55

The Gates are ceasd, the broken wals made good  
With bright Death-pointed Steele, Irruption's bard,  
Behold my passage was Knee-deepe in blood,  
Crossing the streete from great *Atrides* guard,  
Such as escape this purple falling flood,  
Fyre or the Sword consumes, our choile is hard :  
Ruine beguirts vs, and what most we feare  
We cannot fly, death rageth euery where.

L1

Now

56

Now hurries strong *Eneas*, madly faring,  
 Through flames, through swords, whether *Erinnis* calls,  
 Eg'd on by rage and fury, no man sparing,  
 On euery side are fires, wounds, Clamors, brals,  
 To him arm'd *Ripheus* ioynes (and wonders dater)  
*Iphilus*, *Hypanis*, and *Dimas*, fals

In the same tanke : youthfull *Chorebus* tride,  
 Doth likewise glister by *Aeneas* side.

57

*Chorebus*, who for faire *Cassandraes* Loue,  
 Came from *Megdomia* to the *Dardan* broyles,  
 These seeking, flying death, all dangers proue,  
 And taske their valours to all desperate toyles,  
 To places of most slaughter they remoue,  
 Euen where the *Greekes* commit most horrid spoyls:

Arm'd with this Saw ; This onely Captiues cheares,  
 When safetie flyes, all-resting death appeares.

58

Thus seeke they certaine death amidst the hart  
 Of Flame-guilt *Troy*, whilst the blacke fatall night  
 Flyes hood-winkt twixt the poles, her yron Cart  
 Rusty with darkenesse, oh what Mortall wight  
 Can halfe the terror of that houre impart,  
 Such howles, sighs, grones, wounds, slaughterers & afright:  
 In euery street, Liues-blood, death, murder, feare,  
 The reeking Faulchion, and the fatall Speare.

59

Androgeos.

With Arm'd *Androgeos* they encounter first,  
*Androgeos* who mistakes them for his mates,  
 And cheares them thus, we haue already burst,  
 and made irruption through the batterd Gates,  
 Now let your Swords that for their liue-blouds thurst,  
 Glut them with purple healths, behold their Fates :  
 But when from them he lookes some fyre apply,  
 With armed hands vpon his traynes they fly.

60

And put them all to massacre : the whiles  
*Chorebus* sayes. Some comforts in despaire,  
 Fortune vpon our first endeouours smiles,  
 The Foes are vanquisht, and we victors are,

Then come; Make vse of their Pelasgian guiles,  
Put on their armes, and to their Guards repayre:

Their proper armes shall gainst them selues contend,  
Where vertue fayles, vse fraud, (to God and friend.)

61

With that he dons *Androgeos* shining Caske,  
Which like a Bearded Coommet glisters farre,  
The rest in foraine Helmes theyr faces maske,  
And mingled with the *Greekes*, began new warre,  
Still Fortune smiles on their Nocturnall taske,  
Where *Greekes* with *Greekis* armes confounded are:  
And mongst their frighted guards, great vprore growes,  
Since from their Friends, they cannot ken theyr Foes.

62

A thousand fall to Hell, a thousand fly,  
Some to the Nauy, others to the shore,  
and many Pale-fast *Greekes* affrayde to dye  
Run to the Horse where they were lodg'd before,  
and in his darke conceited Entrayles lye,  
See fayre *Cassandra* from the Temple dore,  
Drag'd by blacke *Myrmidons*: her Son espyes  
Frightfull *Chorebus*, and that way he flyes.

63

They after him, adismall conflict now  
Growes in the entrance of the Temple, when  
Theyr friends mistaking theyr disguised brow,  
Route from the battayle, meetes by strength of men  
Huge stones, and Webs of Lead stounding below  
Their *Greece*-arm'd Friendes, whose craft's deceiu'd agen:  
(By Ignorance) they call theyr friends on hye,  
and by theyr tongues the *Gracians* them descry.

64

For now rough *Ajax* reuels in the place,  
The two *Atrides* with their armed Bands,  
And fly *Vlisses* too: yet in the face  
Of all theyr guards the bold *Chorebus* stands,  
Till number o're swayes might: *Migdoniae* race  
Is now extinct by force of thousand hands:  
Then *Ripheus* falleth, then is bold *Dimas* brest  
Through-pierc't: so one by one decliue the rest.

L. 2 Alone

The death of  
*Chorebus*.

65

Alone scapes bold *Eneas* by a cry  
 Raisde at King *Priams* Pallace, whether hying  
 More Mutiny and broyles he may espy,  
 More Tragick sight of wretched *Troians* dying.  
 The massacre seemes dreadfull in his eye,  
 Before the assaulted Gates are thousands lying :

The hauocke did so violent appeare,  
 as had their bin no place of death but there.

66

The vntam'd *Mars* vpon his Altars grones,  
 Hyc crown'd in bloud : some *Greekes* tho Pallace scale,  
 The Laders cleave vnto the Letting Stones,  
 Whose Marble Collumns bend, and seeme to faile  
 Beneath the weight of fire and Steele at ones,  
 and still the Batticadoed Gates the assayle :  
 Where able armed *Pyrrhus* stands before,  
 Th'inflamed Porch (his armor slack't in gore )

67

The inclosed Princes bryole, doubly pend in  
 With flames and steele, inclosde on euery side  
 With eminent death, yet no irruption win  
 Though they diuolue, the hye roofe beautified  
 With Gold and figures (which to touch were sin)  
 The Geometrick ridge of Siluer tride :

Fires o're their heads, and drils downe by the wals,  
 Which scalds the Princes as it melting fals.

68

Sterne *Pyrrhus* sweats, and with *Antomedon*  
 His fathers Charioter assaults the place,  
 Scarce able to endure the armes they haue on,  
 So ouer-heat with Flames, in whose bright face  
 They stand with naked swords to gaze vpon  
 Those shrinking Monuments the fires imbrace :  
 at length with beames shocking by strength of hand,  
 They shake the wals, vnable to withstand.

69

Which tumbling in, like a Bay-window showes,  
 Whose gaping mouth seemes vast, (oh) now appeares,  
 The gorgeous Courts, whose floore each Lady strowes  
 With her torne garments, haire, and pearly teares,

Still, still, their shrikes and feminine clanger growes,  
as the Breach waxeth, so increase their feates ;  
Their cries pierce heauen, slake Fire, and soften stones,  
Yet moone not *Pyrrhus* and his *Mymidons*.

70  
For neyther *Priams* Guard, the doore of Brasse,  
Nor trusty Matble can withstand the Foe,  
But through them all by force of armes they passe  
The heauy Gates, they from the henges throw,  
Shiuering theyr plated leaues like paines of Glasse :  
Which with the fury of theyr burnings glow :  
and breaking in, the spacious Courts they fill  
With bloody Souldiers, who on all sides kill.

71  
King *Priam*, when he saw his Towne inuaded,  
His *Troy* sitting in fire, not to be freed,  
and all those Gods that long had *Illiom* ayded,  
Shrunke from his helpe, and in his fall agreeed,  
That his farre shining beames at last were faded,  
and the Vniuersall hart of *Troy* must bleede :  
The larum Bells of death on all sides ringing,  
His shrieking wife and Daughter bout him clinging.

72  
Expecting helpe from him in whom remaind  
No helpe at all, he first dissolues in teares,  
But castynge vp his eye to haue complainyd  
His griefe to Heauen, his Sword and Helme appeares,  
Hung by the Walles, with rust and Canker staynd,  
Now burdens to his arme, in former yeares  
Easy as Silkes, his griefe conuerts to rage,  
He dons those armes, forgeifull of his age.

73  
To whom the sad Queene with wet eyes thus sayes :  
What meanes my wofull Lord in his weake hand  
To tosse this burdenous Steele ? There is no prayse  
For men to fight, when the high Gods withstand,  
Liu'd puissant *Hector* in these Fatall dayes,  
Yet could not his stronge Limbs protec<sup>t</sup> thy Land :  
Much lesse these Saplesse branches, poore and bare,  
Then let the reverent *Priam* keepe his Chayre.

74

Heere at these holy Altars let vs cling,  
 The Gods, if they be please, our liues may guard,  
 If not, we all will perish with the King,  
 and die at once, there shall not one be spard:  
 Behold, where broken through th' all-slaughtring ring  
 Of *Pyrrhus Myrmidons*, Slaves rough and hard:

The young *Polytes* well-ny breathlesse rons,  
*Polytes*, one of *Priams* best-lou'd Sons.

75

Through many an Entry and blind-turning path,  
 The burning *Pyrrhus* hath the Lad pursude,  
 Longing vpon the Youth to vent his wrath,  
 now both at once before the King intrude,  
 The slaughterd-thoughted *Greeke*, all bale and scath  
 In the Childs bloud his fatall Blade imbrude  
 Which plucking from his wounds: in the same place  
 Sparkled the Sons bloud in the Fathers face.

76

To whom the arm'd King thus: You Gods aboue,  
 Whose divine eyes all deeds of horror see,  
 as you are iust, and aetes of pitty loue,  
 Behold how this rude man hath dealt by me,  
 What God (worthy Heauens Pallace) can approue  
 So blacke a deede as this, that's done by thee?  
 Before the Fathers eye the Child to kill,  
 and in his face his Innocent bloud to spill.

77

Thou art a Bastard, not *Achilles* Son,  
 Of some she W olfe, or *Hyrcan* Tygresse bred,  
 not (to be shrin'd in Heaven) would he haue don  
 So horrible a deede, so full of dred,  
 The shame and scandall thou this night hast won,  
 More then *Achilles* honors shall be spred:

Thy Father honor'd, liude and dide in fame,  
 Dishonored thou, shalt perish in thy shame.

78

With that the Iauelin in his hand he threw,  
 Th' unprofitable strength of his weake arme,  
 Though it had art to guid the W eapon true,  
 It wanted power to doe blacke *Pyrrhus* harme,

The death of  
*Polytes*.

Against the long skirt of his Targe it flew,  
But the round Bosse, as if compoſd by charme,  
Shooke off the ydle Steele, which on the barre  
That tooke the blow, scarce left the ſmalleſt ſcarre.

79 Inflamed *Pyrrhus* thus to him replies :  
*Priam*, thy loule ſhall ſtraight diſcend to hell,  
Euen to the place where great *Achilles* lyes,  
And my ſad deeds vnto my Father tell,  
With that (all wrath) in *Priams* face he flies)  
The proſtrate King at *Ihones* hye Altar fell :  
With ſuch hot rage he diſ the King purſue,  
That though he miſt, the whiske him ouerthrew.

80 When being groued in *Polites* gore,  
Grim *Pyrrhus* with his leſt hand takes the king,  
By his white lockes (neuer prophand before,  
His reverent head againſt the ground to ding,  
His proud right hand a ſmoaking Curtlax wore,  
Which to perpetuall reſt muſt *Priam* bring :  
With which againſt the good old King he tilts,  
Till his hart bloud flowed much aboue the hilts.

The death of  
*Priam*.

81 This was old *Priams* Fate, his fatall end,  
And ending glory, he that *Aſis* ſwayed,  
Whose ſpreading Fame did through the earth extend,  
Liu'd till he ſaw both him and his betraide,  
Euen till he had no ſubieſt, Sonne, or friend,  
And ſaw *Troyes* ſpyres euen with the groundſils laid,  
Who now before *Ioues* golden face lyes dead,  
A nameleſſe coarſe, a Trunke without a head.

82 All thiſ, when good *Eneas* ſaw from farre  
The ends of *Troy* and *Priam* : burnt, and ſlaine,  
And no abatement yet of heat, or warre,  
To hiſ owne Pallace he returnes againe,  
Where gathered on a heape together are,  
Hiſ wife *Creuſa* showring teares amajne :  
Hiſ ſeruants : old *Anchises*, and hiſ ſonne  
*Askanius*, theſe about *Eneas* ronne.

After

83

After some short discourse of their affaires,  
 Æneas on his backe Anchises takes,  
 For young Ascanius he his left hand spares,  
 In his right hand his guardant sword he shakes,  
 Creusa followes close, with teares and Prayers,  
 So through the fire and foc Æneas makes :

He with his sonne and Syre, the right way choose,  
 But in the darkenesse they Creusa loose.

84

Creusas death

Whom missing, they Creusa call alowd,  
 Creusa, for whose safety they'l returne,  
 But somē blacke Fate doth her in darkenesse shrowd,  
 Either Troyes Funerall fires the Lady burne,  
 Else is she stifled in the Hostile crowd,  
 For her, the Father, sonne, and husband mourne :

Helenus.

And seeking her amidst the wrathfull flames,  
 They encounter Helenus; who thus exclaims.

85

Keep on Æneas to the Seān shore,  
 The heauens on Troy and vs haue vengeance powred,  
 Onely thy ruind fortunes they restore,  
 They smile on thee, that haue on Priam lowred,  
 The faire Creusa thou shalt see no more,  
 Her, the none-sparing slaughter hath deuowred:  
 But in her stead, the Gods to thee shal giue  
 A wife, in whom deceased Troy shall live.

86

Follow yon starre, whether his Bearded beames  
 Directs thy Nauigation : on the sand  
 Thousands attend thy conduct through the stremes,  
 Whom ruin spares, for thee and thy command,  
 Obserue yon blazing Meteor, whose bright gleames  
 Points thee vnto a rich and fertile Land :

Where, after many strange aduentures past,  
 Storme-driu'n Æneas shall arriuue at last.

87

Italy

They to a spacious Climate thee restore,  
 A Prouince which the Gods and fates hold best,  
 The Meditteren Sea beats on the shore,  
 With the Scicilian waters, South and East,

The Adriaticke Billowes North-ward rore,  
With the hye Alpes incompast on the West:

These Countries it containes, *Latinum Liguria,*  
The Climates of *Campania* and *Hetruria.*

With Fertill *Istria* and *Calabria,*  
Full peopled *Craunia* and *Apenium,*  
*Aemilia*, else cald *Rhomandsola,*  
With *Gallia*, *Cisalpina*, and *Pycnum,*  
*Iapidia*, *Vmbria*, and *Venetia,*  
*Flauinia*, *Apulia*, *Sumnum:*

All these are *Italy*, with great *Lucania*,  
Which shall in times to come be cald *Romania.*

Farewell and thrieue, but leauue vs to our Fates:  
This saide, the Deuine *Helenus* retires,  
And shuts himselfe within those fatall gates,  
Where none commands but foes and raging fires,  
*Aeneas* hastes to meet his promist Mates,  
And on the Coast their fellow-ship desires,  
Who through the street hewes out a bloody tracke,  
With old *Anchises* hanging at his backe.

Still *Ilium* burnes, nor are the ruthlesse Flames  
Yet quencht, shoues sparbled Alters liche the blood  
Of sllaughtred *Priam*, the bright vestall Dames  
Are puld from *Pallas* Statuē where they stood,  
About their golden lockes (with lowd exclaimes)  
Rough souldiers wind their armes, and through a flood  
Of gore and teares, in which the paument flowes,  
Drag them along, that faint beneath their blowes.

The young *Astianax* from that hyc Tower,  
On which his Fathers valour oft he saw,  
Is tumbled headlong on the rough-pau'd flower,  
His all to bruised limbes lye broke and raw,  
To wofull *Hecuba*, in thrust a power  
Of blood-staind *Greekes*, without regard of awe,  
and from her aged armes, snatched by rude force  
*Polixena*, whose beauty begs remorse,  
Shee's

The death of  
Astianax.

The death of  
Polyxena.

Polymnestor  
K. of Thrace.

The death of  
Polidore.

The death of  
Hecuba

The number  
of Greekes &  
Troians slaine  
at the fledge.

Shees hurried to *Achilles* tombe, where stands  
Sterne *Neptolemus*, from top to toe  
Satued in blood and slaughter, in both hands  
Wauing a keene glaue, Crimsond in the foe,  
To bind with Cords her soft armes he commands,  
That more red liues may on his Faulchion flow:

There the bright Mayde that bands did ill become,  
He piece-meale hewes vpon *Achilles* tombe.

Thus is King *Priam* and Queene *Hecuba*s race,  
Extinct in dust, young *Polidore* alone,  
The youngest Lad is with the king of *Thrace*  
Left in great charge, with Gold and many a Stone  
Beyond all rate, but *Polymnestor* base,  
Hearing the pride of *Troy* was spent and gone,  
Falle to the world, and to his friend vntrew,  
To gaine that wealth, the louely Infant slew.

VWhose death when *Hecuba* reuenged had,  
By tearing out the perjur'd Tyrants eyes,  
First she records the beauty of the Lad,  
Then all the glories she beneath the skies  
Posset before, which makes her Franticke-mad,  
On her slaine husband, daughters, sonnes, she cries:  
*Troy* she bewaile, and fatall *Greece* she cursit,  
Till her great heart (with griefe surcharged) burst.

Ten yeares, ten months, twelue dayes this siege indured,  
In which of *Greece* before the Towne were slaine,  
Fourescoure hundred and sixe thousand, all inured  
To steely warre: of *Troians* that maintaine  
The honour of their City, well assured,  
(Besides the number that were prisoners tane)  
Six hundred fifty, and six thousand tride,  
Omitting those that in the last night dide.

Chiualrous *Hector* voyd of fraud or slight,  
Eightene great Kings slew by his proper hands,  
No aduantagious oddes he vsd in fight,  
Therefore his fame spreds farre, through forraigne lands,

Three Kings to do the amorous *Paris* right  
 Fell by his Bow, next rankt *Achilles* stands :  
 Who (besides *Troylus* and great *Hector*) slew  
 Seauen puissant Kings at *Troy* (if Fame speake true)

97  
 Foure Kings beside the *Sagitary* fell  
 By *Diomed*, two by *Aeneas* lost  
 Their precious liues, though many moe fought well,  
 Their warlike deeds are not so farte ingrost,  
 Blacke *Pyrribus* acts aboue the rest excell,  
 Who thinking mongst them to be praised most  
 Three Royall liues his Tragickwrath obayd,  
 An aged King, a Woman, and a Mayd.

98  
 Not how two worthy *Greekes* in words contended,  
 Who should the rich *Vulcanian* armor haue,  
 Now how from *Ajax*, who had *Greece* defended,  
 Th' impartiall Judges to *Vlisses* gaue,  
 To proue that Counsell aboue strength extended,  
 And had more power the *Argine* Campe to saue  
 In griefe of which great losse, *Ajax* grew mad,  
 Slaine by the sword that he from *Hector* had;

99  
 Nor of *Vlisses* trauels twice ten yeares,  
 Nor of his loue with *Circe* the faire Queene,  
 Who by her spels transform'd him and his Peeres,  
 And kept him thence, where he desird t' haue beene,  
 With faire *Penelope*, Fam'd mongst the spheares  
 In liuing chast : though Princes full of spleene  
 Posset her kingdome, and her pallace ceaz'd,  
 VVhom (wanting power) she by delaies appeasd.

100  
 Nor how he after twenty winters came,  
 And in disguise his constant Lady proued,  
 How he by armes releaste the beautious Dame,  
 And all her suiters from his Land remoued,  
 Nor how *Telegonus* won with the Fame  
 Of him whom most the witch *Calipso* loued:  
 From his faire Mother *Circe* himselfe vvith-drevv,  
 And vniavvares his Royall Father slevv.

*Ironie.*

*Ouid metamorph.*

The death of  
*Ajax.*

Telegonus  
 son to *Vlisses*  
 and *Circe*, o-  
 therwise cald  
*Calipso*.

*Vlisses* slain by  
 his Bastard son  
*Telegonus*.

Nor

101

Nor how King *Naulus* laide Traines on the Seas,  
 To auenge him on the *Gracians* for his sonne  
*Palamides*, whose death did much displease  
 The aged Prince, since twas by treason donne,  
 Nor how such wandering *Greekes* as he could ceaze,  
 Who on his shores their ship-wrackt vessels ronne,  
*Naulus* destroyd, and vnto ruine brought,  
 Since they his sonnes deere life esteemed noight.

102

Nor how King *Agamemnon* home returning,  
 Was by his faire wife *Clitemnestra* slaine,  
 How false *Egistus* in the Queenes loue burning,  
 Plotted with her to shorten the Kings raigne,  
 Nor how *Horestes* for his Father mourning  
 Grew mad, and slew *Egistus* that had laine  
 With his faire Mother, who when he had caught her,  
 Vnchild-like he did with his owne hands slaughter.

103

Nor how blacke *Pyrrhus* *Hellen*s daughter stale  
 The faire *Hermione*, she that before  
 Was to *Horestes* troth'd, and should *Sance fayle*,  
 Haue bin espousd to him, who at the doore  
 Of *Delphos* Temple slew him without bale,  
 Staining *Apollo*s shrine with *Pyrrhus* gore :  
 Nor how that face for which the whol world wrangled  
 To see it chang'd with age, her selte she strangled.

104

Nor how the *Greekes* after their bloody toyles,  
*Antenor* left to inhabit rased *Troy*,  
 And after th' end of their sad Tragick broyles,  
 All *Asias* wealth within their fleet inioy,  
 Robbing the Towne of all her richest spoyles,  
 Whose hye Clowd-peircing spyres the flames destroy,  
 nor how *Aeneas* doth his forces gather,  
 And ships with his young son, and aged Father.

105

Rigging to sea these two and twenty sayle,  
 That fetcht the fire-brand that all *Troy* inflam'd,  
 The selfe-same shippes in which the *Troian* stale  
 The *Spartan* Queene, gainst whome all *Grec*; exclaim'd,

The death of  
*Agamemnon*The death of  
*Cletemnestra*The death of  
*Pyrrhus*The death of  
*Hellen*.

Nor of Queene Didoes loue and Tragickē bate,  
Nor of Æneas trauels nobly fam'd:

Nor how *Andromache* was Captaine led,  
Left to the hot lust of the Conquerors bed.

106

With whom *Cassandra* was inforst to goe  
With *Helenus* that kend deuineſt things,  
And al these ſad proceſſings diſfore-ſhow,  
and prophēſide to *Troyes* confedered Kings,  
Nor of King *Diomedes* ſad ouerthrow,  
Of *Albions* Iſle firſt knowne, my Muſe next ſings,

Her Chariot now I can no further driue,  
Brittaine from conquerd *Troy*, we next deriuē.

Dolopes are a people of Thessaly, in the borders of Phthi-  
olis, out of which Prouince Ulisses made choyce of his Guard.

Pallas whose name we haue often uſed, ſome take to be the  
Daughter of Neptune and Tritonis, and liued in the time of  
Giges. Others hold her to be ſprung of Ihoues braine, as wee  
haue before remembred.—Palluda quandam

Cum patris ē capite exiliit Clarissima paruam  
lauerunt Tritonis aquæ.

The like many others affirme, as alſo that when ſhe leapt out of  
Ihoues braine, at the ſaide time it rained a shower of Gold on  
the Earth. Of her birth many writers differ, ſome affirme her  
to be the Daughter of Triton: others to be rather the Daugh-  
ter of Jupiter & Thetis: Others of Craunus, differing from  
their opinions, therfore I hold with Cicero, who auers, that  
there were more of the names. One of the Mother of Apollo,  
a ſecond borne by Nyle, and adored of the Egyptians, a third  
of the braine of Jupiter, a fourth of Jupiter and Ceriphe, the  
Daughter of Oceanus, whom the Arcadians call Cerin, and  
the Inuentor of the Chariot. A ſift that was ſuppoſed to kill her  
Father, to perſerue her virginity.

Pallas and Minetua were one, ſhe was alſo by ſome called  
Tiloma. Ihouis filia gloriola Tritonia.

Both Greece and Troy highly honored her, ſhe is ſaide to  
inuent Armes, and to haue aided her Father Jupiter in the  
deſtruction of the Tytanoyes, which the Poets call Gigo-  
mantichia. Of whom it is thus remembred.

Palludabellorum ſtudijs Cautanus amicam  
ē Ihoue progenitam magno quæ deſtruit urbes. Mm

Pausa. in Atti-  
cis Herodotus in  
Melpom.

Apollonius lib.  
4. Arg. nanc.

Stesichorus  
Lucianus.

Strabo. lib. 14.

Apollodorus.  
Athenodorus  
Bzantinus.  
Zezes  
Cic. de natura  
deorum.

Callimachus in  
Hymn.  
Homer.  
Simonides Cæ-  
sus 2. geneal.  
Isacius.  
Horatius L.  
Carvium.

Stesichorus.

*And of another thus:*

*Callimachus.*

Sed prius illa fugis fumantia soluit equorum  
Colla lauans alti fluib'bus Oceani.

*And so much of Pallas or Minetua, to whom the Troians dedicated their chiefe Temple.*

Migdonia is a part of Phrigia, next Troas by the Riner Rhindacus, of this Countrey Prince Chorebus, that loued Cassandra, was called Mygdonides.

The Scæan shore: Scæa is a gate of Troy, opening to the West, where Laomedon was buried, of that Gate the Sea & shore adiacent, beare the name of Scæa.

The Names of the 18. Kinges slaine by Hector, are thus, though somewhat corruptly by ancient Writers remembred:  
K. Archilochus, K. Protesilaus, K. Patroclus, K. Menon,  
K. Protenor, K. Archimenes, K. Polemon, K. Epistropus,  
K. Ecedius, K. Doxius, K. Polixenus, K. Phibus, K. Anthiphus,  
K. Cenutus, K. Poliberus, K. Humerus, K. Fumus,  
K. Exampitus. Achilles slew 7. Kings, K. Cupemus, King Yponeus, K. Plebeius, K. Austerus, K. Cymonius, K. Memnon, K. Neoptolemus, besides Hector, Troylus, and Margareton, with other of Priams Bastard Sonnes.

Some likewise, contrary to the assertion of Ouid and others, affirme that Paris slew the Emp. Palumides, Ajax and Achilles. Æneas slew K. Amphimachus, and K. Mereus, the faire Greeke whom Homer so much loued. Pyrrhus the son of Achilles, slew K. Priam, an aged man, Queene Penthesilea, a warlike woman, Polytes a young Lad, and Polyxena a beauteous Maide. K. Diomed slew the Sagittary, K. Antipus, K. Escorius, K. Obstincus, and K. Protenor. Many others were slaine in the disordred battailes, but how, or by whom, it is not particularly registered. Of Ullises loue to Circe Ouid in divers places toucheth it, part whereof I haue thus Englisht. (Calipso as they on the sea banke stood,

Casting her eyes vpon the Neighbour flood,  
Desires the acts and bloudy deeds to heare,  
Done by th' Odriean Captaines sword and speare,  
When holding twixt his fingers a white wand,  
What she requestes he drawes vpon the sand,  
Heres Troy (quoth he) (for here the Towne is ment)  
Thinke Simois that, Imagin this my Tent,  
Here Scithian Rhesus Tents are pitched hie,  
This way his Horsemen slaine, returned I.

*2. De Arte Am-  
mand.*

*Ullises & Circe*

Here Dolon dyde, when on the suddaine loe,  
 A climbing Wawe the shewers doth ouerthrow,  
 And as the drops upon his worke doth fall,  
 It washt away his Tents, his Troy, and all:  
 To whom the Goddesses dares Vlisses trust  
 These sencelesse violent wauers that are so curst,  
 And dareſt thou with these waters be annoyd,  
 By whom ſuch great Names are ſo ſoone destroyd?  
 How could her magickē potions Circe please,  
 When wiſe Vlisses Ships float on the Seas,  
 All exorcisms the louing Witch doth try,  
 To stay the Greekes, whilſt he away doth fly.  
 All Spels and Charmes the louing Witch affaide,  
 That ſuch hot flames might not her thoughts inuade,  
 But ſpight the cunning Hag, and charme her beſt,  
 Vlisses flies, Loue ſcornes to be ſuppreſt:  
 She that Mens ſhapes could from themſelues eſtrange,  
 Had not the power her owne deſires to change.  
 Tis ſayd, that when Vlisses would away  
 With ſuch like words ſhe did intreat his stay:  
 What I hop't earſt, I doe not now intreat,  
 That you with me would make a lasting ſeate  
 And be my Husband, yet if I my race  
 Call but to minde, I might deserue that place.  
 Despising me, a worthy Wife you ſhunne,  
 A Goddess, and the Daughter of the Sunne,  
 All that I beg, my humorous Loue to feede,  
 Is onely this: you would not make ſuch ſpeeđe.  
 Stay but a while, it is an eaſie taske,  
 What leſſe thing can you grant? What leſſe I aske?  
 Behold, the deepe Sea rageth: Neptune feare,  
 Stay till a Calme, and then begin to ſteare,  
 Why ſhouldſt thy fly? Thy foreſheate, and thy Mizen,  
 Why ſwell they with the Wind? No Troy is riſen,  
 For thee againe to ſacke, heare are no brals,  
 No man thy Mates, and thee to battaile cals:  
 Heere true Loue raiſes, heere peace is firmly grounded,  
 In which my ſelfe, and onely I am wounded,  
 My heart is thine, and ſhall be thine for ay,  
 And all my Land is in thy Kingly ſway:  
 She ſpeakes, he lancheth, and the ſelfeſame wind,

*De remedio Amoris lib. I.*

Zezes histor. 16.  
Chil. 5.  
Hesiodus in  
Theog.  
Homerus libr.  
odiss.  
Dionysius Mile-  
tus.

Hesiodus in  
Theogonea,  
Lycephron.

Strabolib. 9.  
Tymenus siculus

De arte Aman-  
di. 2.  
De remedio A-  
moris. I.

That fils his sayles, blowes thence the words and mind.  
Of Circe, otherwise cald Calisso, hee begot Telegons, who  
afterward unswares slew his Father Vlisses. Shee was the  
Daughter of the Sun and Perse. Others haue imagined her the  
Daughter of Hecate, or of Æeta: others to bee the Daughter  
of Asteripes and Hiperton, as Orpheus in Argonautis.

Æetae affinis coniunctaque sanguine, solis  
filia quam proprio dixerunt nomine Circen  
Astropey, patruus Hiperiony est auus, illa, &c.

She had by Vlisses these sons, Agrius & Latinus: Telegons  
and Auson, of whom Ausonia (alias Italia) bears the Name,  
with Casiphon, with Marsius, of whom the Marsiaus tooke  
Name, and Rhomanus: Her Toomb was in one of the Phar-  
macusan Islands, not far from Salamine.

Diomedes, the manner of whose death wee haue not tou-  
ched in our History, was kild by Danaus, whose Countrey hee  
had before freed, and in the same slaine a huge Dragon, vvh  
threw his body with all the statues that were reared to his ho-  
nor (Ingratefully) into the sea where they perished.

Of Clitemnestraes Adultery Ouid saith:

Whilst Agamemnon lind with one contented,  
His Wifeliude chaste, and neither it repented.  
His secret blowes her heart did so prouoke,  
VVanting the sword, she with the Scabberd stroke:  
She heares of Criseis, and the many Iarres  
About Lyrnefis, to increase the warres,  
And therefore meere reuenge the Lady Charmes,  
To take Thicesters in her amorous Armes.

And in another place;

VVhy could not his blind lusts Egistus bridle?  
will you needs know, th' Adulterer was still Idle,  
When others laboured Iſlion to annoy,  
And lay strong sedge about the wals of Troy,  
Abroad he war'd not, nor at home he law'd,  
His thoughts no nauall office could applaud:  
what he could doe he did, (for so it prou'd)  
Leaſt he ſhould nothing doe, he therefore low'd,  
So is this loue begot, ſo is he bred,  
So cheriſht, ſo at length he gathers head,

The end of the 15. Canto.

## Argumentum.

**H**auing the sight of our wiſht harbor gaind,  
The yeares from Brute to Christ: what famous  
Gouernd in Britan, & how long they raignd, (Kinges  
From Christ to Norman William, and what things  
Of ſpeciall note were in their daies containd,  
In a briefe Chronicle, our Muse next ſings:  
Much moſter in few words: ſwift runs our Glaffe,  
We many Ages in one instant paſſe.

## ARG. 2.

**A** Genealogie exactly found,  
From the firſt man, so Norman Willia crownd.

## CANTO. 16.

I



Dam got Seth:  
Seth, Enos: Enos, Cayne,  
Cayne, got Melaliel:  
Iareth next begon,  
From Iareth Enoch,  
that to Heauen was tane,  
He got Methusalem,  
whose line doth ron  
To Lamech: of him Noah, and from Noah came  
Iapheth: then Cichem, who was Iapheths Son:  
Cichem got Cipre: Cipre, Creete, and so (grow.  
Creete, Saturne: from whose braunch great Iboue doth

Dardanus Son  
to Jupiter and  
Electra.

**2**  
*Dardanus* is immediate Heyre from *Ioue*,  
 And by *Candame*, got *Erichthonius*,  
*Erichthon Tros*: *Tros Ilion*: next him stroue  
*Laomedon*, and he got *Priamus*,  
 And when the *Greekes* from *Troy* *Aeneas* droue,  
 He by *Creusa* had *Askanius*:  
 Who after (*Carthaginean Dido* past)  
 Vp through the Riuell *Tiber* layles at last.

Turnus King  
of Tuskaine

**3**  
 At *Hestiae* Port (the place the Gods behight)  
*Aeneas* Landes: *Euander* him receiuies  
 The *Latines* King, whose Daughter at first sight  
*Aeneas* loues, and for her sake, bereauies  
 The *Tuskayne* King of life in single fight,  
*Turnus* being dead, the fayre *Lavinia* leauies  
 Her virgine vowes, by whom the *Troian* Prince  
*Silvius* begot: and *Silvius*, *Brutus* since.

Innogen  
Daughter to  
Pandras.

**4**  
*Brutes* Mother in her painefull throwes deceast,  
 (Hunting) his glancing Shaft his Father flew,  
 For which with melancholy grieses infest  
 From *Italy*, the Prince himselfe withdrew,  
 Ten thousand voluntary men vnprest,  
 Consort him, strange aduentures to pursue:  
 Whom *Corineus* with many *Troians* more  
 Meetes, and assists, new Countries to explore.

**5**  
*Brute* (*Grecian Pandras* who denide him way,  
 And through his spacious Kingdome passage free)  
 O're-comes in battaile, but denyes to stay  
 Till he more Coasts and various Clymats see,  
 Fayre *Innogen*, a Virgin fresh as May,  
 He marrieth, and with *Pandras* doth agree,  
 For her rich Dower to haue a royll fleete,  
 Well furnishit for his Trayne: with all things meete.

**6**  
 He past *Alcides* Pillers, even to *Guall*,  
 Landing in *Guien*, Guffor the proud King  
 Denyes prince *Brute* to hunt, but (*Manger all*)  
 He chac't his Deere, and made his Buckes to spring,

Thence, *Albion* he discries, like a white wall  
Washt with the sea, and longs his fleet to bring  
To a safe Harbour, where he might surray,  
The long sought Isle where he his bones must lay.

When *Ayoth* iudged *Israell*, in the yeare  
Threescore and twelue, of his command and state,  
*Egyptian Danaus* daughters landed heere  
After long search, who for they had of late,  
Theyr nine and forty husbands by th'austere  
Iniunction of their Sire, brought to sad Fate :  
Were in a Mastlesse ship to exile throwne,  
And landinghe heere, cald this Isle *Albion*.

Some say of these *Viragoes* spirits begot  
Gyants, that were of huge and monstrous size,  
Who when they grew to stature, spared not  
Affinity, for Sonne with Mother lies,  
Brother with Sister : so the learned *Scot Marian*, doth in his Chronicles comprize :  
And of these lustfull Ladies, in small while,  
Twelue thousand Gyants peopled this large Ile.

*P*rince *Brute* with *Corineus* doth *Albion* enter,  
At *Totnes*, thirty monstrous Gyants kils,  
And after much and dangerous aduenter,  
Builds *London*(cald new *Troy* :) his Throne he fils  
Twenty fourte yeares, then payes his last debenter  
To Nature ; *Brittaine* he to *Locrine* wils :  
*Scotland* to *Albanact*, *Wales*, *Camber Iwayes*,  
*Israell* was iudg'd by *Samuell* in their dayes.

*Locrine* raign'd twenty yeares, his wife him slew,  
Becaule he *Sabrine* lou'd, and her forsooke,  
Mother and Child bold *Guendolina* threw  
Into the *Seuerne* streames, who there name tooke  
From *Sabrine* : In his dayes young *Dauid* grew,  
And with a Sling the great *Goliah* strooke :

At *Locrines* death, sterne *Guendoline* begun,  
Her husband she succeeds ; and her, her Sonne.

Hugh Genesis  
and Harding.

Albion of Al-  
bania the el-  
dest Sister.

The yeare of  
the world ab-  
oute the line.

The yeare be-  
fore Chri: un-  
der the line.

*Brute.*

2855.  
—  
1108.

2878.  
—  
1085.

*Locrine.*

2889.  
—

1074.

2889.  
—

1704.

*Guendoline.*

*Midan*

*Madan.*

2916.

1047.

*Memprisius.*

2954.

1009.

*Ebranke.*

2972.

991.

*Brute Green*

3033.

930.

3034.

929.

*Leill.*

3046.

917.

*Lud Hurdibras.*

3071.

892.

3097.

896.

*Bladud.*

3109.

854.

*Leir.*

3123.

840.

3

**M**adan rul'd forty yeares, and in his dayes  
Was beautious *Absalom* by *Iacob* slaine,  
*Memprisius* twenty yeares the Scepter swayes,  
Procuring first his Brother *Manlius* bane  
Whom *Madan* lou'd, and had intent to raise:  
In Lust and ryot he consum'd his raigne, (powred,  
For which iust heauens their righteous vengeance  
*Memprisius* hunting was by *Wolues* devoured.

4

Him his sonne *Ebranke* in the Throne succeeds,  
Who gouernes threescore happy Summers thorow,  
Famous for many charitable deeds,  
He builded *Yorke*, *Dunbar*, and *Edenborowe*,  
Next him *Brute Greene*. shield don'd th'Imperiall weeds,  
After twelue happy yeares his subiects sorrow  
For his vntimely Fate, and in his raigne,  
*B'Elias* prayer the Priests of *Ball* were slaine.

5

**L**eill, Brutes sonne, raignd fife and twenty yeares  
And *Carleil* built, then did his seat resigne  
To young *Lud Hurdibras*, lou'd of his Peeres,  
Who gouernd Britaines Scepter twenty nine,  
He *Winchester* and *Canterbury* reares,  
With *Shafts.bury*, then seekes a Throne deuine:  
Whole Obits were in *Brittaine* long bemoned,  
The prophet *Zachary* in his dayes was stoned.

6

**B**ladud, *Luds* sonne raignd next, and *Bath* erected,  
A Sorcerer, and did attempt to flye,  
And hauing twenty yeaire the Realme protectcd,  
He brake his necke downe from a Steeple hic,  
*Amos* and *Amazia* were directed  
In those dayes by the spirit of Prophesie.  
*Leir* next him, in whole time (as Bookes say)  
*Jonas* three dayes in the Whales belly lay.

7

*Leir* built *Leicester*, forty yeares was Crowdnd,  
Famous in his three Daughters and their Loue,  
The youngest most suspected, faithfull found,  
And they that promist most, least thankfull proue;

Kindest *Cerdeilla* that did most abound  
In filiall zeale next *Leir* sits aboue:  
*Morgan* and *Cunedadgius* two false Peeres,  
Depose their Aunt after fwe vnhappy yeares.

8

They ioyntly raigne, till *Cunedadgius* flew  
His Brother *Morgan* in *Glamorgan-sheere*,  
(From whom the Title of that Country grew)  
And after gouernd three and thirty yeares,  
Now *Naum* preacht: *Rinallo* doth pursue  
The Kingdome next, a Prince that had no peere:  
In his dayes Propheside, *Esay*, *Micheas*,  
The Prophets *Adad*, *Amos*, and *Oseas*.

9

Forty six yeares he gouernd: In his raigne  
*Rome* was first built, wise *Sibell* gaue forth *Sawes*,  
*King Ezechy* by God heald of hisspaine,  
Had fifteene yeares life promist: for some cause  
The Sun full ten Degrees, turnd backe againe:  
*Thales Milesius* to the *Greekes* gaue Lawes:  
In *Brittaine* it raind blood, *Rinallo* wained,  
And eight and thirty yeares *Gurgustius* raigned.

10

Now *Joel* taughts, his *Iliads* *Homer* wrate,  
And *Glauces Chius* Sodering first inuented,  
*Sicilius* next *Gurgustius* takes the state,  
Forty nine yeares he gouernes well contented,  
*Amon* in *Iuda* raind: *Zaleucus* fate  
Judge on his sonnes eye: *Ieremylamented*  
For the sad Tragedy of King *Iosias*,  
Now flourish *Olda*, *Barnch*, *Sophonius*.

II

Now *Phalleris* in *Agrigentine* swayde,  
And thrust *Perilles* in his brazen Bull,  
To tast the torment he for others made,  
*Iago* next *Sisillius* makes vp full  
Twenty fwe yeares, then in his Tombe was laide,  
*Nabuchadnezar* sought to dilanull  
The *Hebrew* Lawes. *Susannaes* fame increased,  
By th'Elders wrongd, by *Daniels* doome released.

<i>Cerdeilla.</i>	
1358.	
805.	
<i>Morgan.</i>	
<i>Cunedadgius</i>	
3162.	
801.	

<i>Rinallo.</i>	
3196.	
767.	

<i>Gurgustius.</i>	
3242.	
721.	
3252	
711.	
<i>Sisillius.</i>	
3279.	
684.	
3295	
668.	

<i>Iago.</i>	
3327:	
636	

3351.  
612.  
*Kinimachus*

Fifty four yeares *Kinimachus* was knowne  
After *Iago* in the Brittish Chaire,  
*Arion* with his Harpe was o're-Boord throwne,  
Whom through the Seas the pittious Dolphin bare:  
*Bell* was cald God, and sore him trumpets blowne,  
And the three Children in the robes they ware  
Cast in the fiery Furnace, now I gesse,  
*Liud Solon*: *Sapho* the sweet Poetesse.

3369.  
594.  
*Gorbodug.*  
3404  
559.  
3417.  
546.  
3430.  
533.

*Ferrex*  
*Porrex*

3467.  
496.  
3475.  
488.

3515.  
450.

3522.  
441.

*Mul-*  
*mutius.*

12  
Annaximander th' *Horoscope* first made,  
*Æsope* in Birds and Beasts, first figured men:  
Next King *Kinimachus*, *Gorbodug* swayde  
The Brittish Scepter: In the Lyons den  
*Daniell* was cast. Now *Cyrus* did inuade  
*Cressus* of *Lydia*, t'was the season when  
*Zacharias*, *Aggeus*, *Malack* Propheside,  
And the chast *Lucresse* by her owne hand dide.

13  
Next *Gorbodug*, *Ferrex* and *Porrex* raigned,  
After fife yeares, bold *Porrex* *Ferrex* slew.  
For which their Mother *Porrex* much disdained,  
And in his blood did her blacke hands imbrew,  
After their death sedition was maintained  
Full one and fifty yeares, whilst no man knew  
Th' imiediate heyre, and whilst these wars were norisht  
*Darius*, *Xerxes*, and Queene *Hestor* flourisht.

14  
Th' Athenian *Sophocles*, a Tragick Poet,  
*Plato*, *Cratinus*, *Aristarchus*, were  
All Commicke Writters, as their workes best shew it:  
*Empedocles* of *Athens*, did acquirre  
Musickes full ground, and made the world to know it,  
*Parmenides* made Lodgicke first appeare:  
Which in Mount *Caucasus* he first devised,  
*Esdras* the Scribe the Scriptures now comprised.

15  
**M**ulmutius Dunwallo, sonne and heyre  
To Cloeten Duke of Corweyle's next instated,  
He did the foure broad High-wayes first repaire,  
First Crown'd: *Paules* Church first built and consecrated,

And after forty yeares from *Brytaines Chaire*  
To a new Throne in heauen he was translated,  
Now *Socrates* th' Athenian hearers charmes,  
*Demosthenes*, famous for Arts and Armes.

3550.  
413.

**17**  
**B**eline and Bren the Brittish Crowne deuide,  
Being by their Mother (after wars) attoned,  
Whilst Bren in forraigne Armes his valour tride,  
*Beline* built *Belinsgate*: all *Denmarke* grond  
Beneath his yoake, *Bren* (to the *Galles* alide,) .  
Sackt *Rome*, burnt *Delphos*, and was after stoned,  
With Hayle and Thunder-stroke, much blood was  
In *Italy* ten stately Townes he built. (spilt,

*Beline.*  
*Bren.*  
3563.  
400.

**18**  
Twenty sixe yeares betwixt them they supply  
The Crowne and Sceptre: *Dionissus* raigned  
In *Sicily*, *Damon* and *Pythias* try  
Their inuituall friendship. *Xenophon* maintained  
His schoole in *Athens*, *Plato* prized higher  
His *Accademy* reard: Now was ordained  
For King *Mansolus*, by the *Carian* Qneene,  
A stately Tombe rankt mongst the wonders nine.

3568.  
395.

**19**  
**G**virgintus, Belins sonne, nineteen yeares made  
The *Brittaines* homagers, by euuen Tradition,  
*Aristotle* liu'd, whose Fame shall never fade,  
Sonne to *Nichomachus*, a great Physition,  
Now *Macedonian* Phillip gan t'inuade  
His neighbour-Kings in many an expedition,  
The Noble *Marcus Curtius* for *Romes* sake,  
Arm'd at all points, leapt in the *Curtian* Lake.

*Gvirgintus.*  
3588.  
375.  
3595.  
368.  
3604.  
359.

**20**  
**G**uintheline six and twenty yeares made good  
His right in *Brittaine*, *Mercia* his faire wife  
Deuisde the *Mercian* Lawes: by *Tibur* flood  
The clouds raind stones: after *Darius* strife,  
Which ended in effusion of much blood,  
By poyson *Alexander* lost his life:  
Next *Guintheline*, seauen yeares *Cecilius* raigned;  
Next him three yeares *Kimar* the state maintained.

*Guintheline.*  
3607.  
356.  
3628.  
311.  
*Cecilius.*  
*Kimar.*  
3633.  
330.

*Elanius.*  
*Morindus.*

3652.

311.  
*Gorbomanus.*

3660.

303.  
*Archigall.*

3671.

292.

*Elidure*

3676.

287

*Archigallo.*  
3681.

282.

*Elidure.*  
3691.

272.

*Vigenius.*  
*Peridure.*

3692.

270.

*Endure.*  
3702.

261.

3684.

279.

3705.

258.

*Gorboman.*  
*Morgan.*

*Emerianus.*

Nine yeares *Elanius* raign'd, *Morindus* eight,  
Deuour'd of a Sea-monster: In their dayes  
*Omas* sonne of *Taddus*, reacht the heighth  
Of the Priests Office: *Gorbomanus* swayes  
Eleauen full yeares, a Prince assynging right,  
(*Symon Onyas* sonne) the *Habrewes* raigne  
To the Priest-hood, next iust *Gorboman*,  
Fierce *Archigall* to Tyranize began.

21

After ffeue yeares depos'd, his second Brother  
Succeeded in the stile of *Elidure*,  
A vertuous Prince, there sat not such another  
In *Brittaines* Chaire, in life leuere and pure;  
Ffeue yeares himselfe did *Archigallo* smother,  
And his deposing patiently endure:  
At length by *Elidurus* met and knowne,  
To *Archigallo* he resignes his Throne.

22

Ten yeares the twice-Crown'd *Archigallo* now,  
Gouernes the State in Honour, and then dying,  
To *Elidure* againe the *Brittans* bow,  
After two yeares his Brothers him defying,  
Keape him in bonds: the *Brittaine* Peeres allow,  
Their double rule, nine yeares their Conquest trying:  
*Vigenius* and *Peridure* are past,  
And *Elidure* the third time Crown'd at last,

23

Raigning foure yeares. In this forepassed state  
Liu'd *Epyre Pyrrhus*, and *Lisimachus*,  
The High-priest *Eleasar* chus'd of late,  
Receiuers th'Egyptian league: Now breath *Selencus*  
And *Ptolomy*; now by the *Roman* Senate  
Siluer was coyned first, *Theos-Antiochus*  
In *Syria* raign'd, blood sprang out of a Well,  
And from the Clowds Milke in abundance fell.

24

**M**anasses liu'd high Priest among the *Jewes*,  
Ten yeares ruld *Gorboman*, *Morgan* fourteene,  
*Emerianus* next to him, pursues  
The Diadem: a Tyrant full of spleene,

After seauen yeares deposd : In all infues,  
A temperate Prince, who twenty yeares was seene  
In Brittaines Throne : Amilchar Carthage swaide,  
Illyrian Teuca did proud Rome inuade.

26

Rimo raignd sixteene yeares, bold Hanniball  
And Scipio fought, Wise Cato liu'd in Rome:  
Next Rimo King Geruntius they install,  
Him after twenty yeares his Lords intoome,  
The lofty Spaniards from Romes Empire fal,  
And after stand to Fulvius Flaccus doome:  
Ten yeares Casellus raign'd : the Jewes were foyl'd,  
And by Antiochus Gods Temple spoyld.

27

The Mother and her seauen sonnes Martird were,  
The worthy Judas Machabeus fought  
Gods batailes, Coill raignd twenty yeare,  
Great Carthage was destroyd, and Corinth brought  
To fall by fire : The Doctrines first apeare  
The Pharisei and Sadducei taught:  
Fiue yeares iust Porrex, drunken Cherimus  
One, Fulgen two, one Eldred, one Androgeus.

28

Dendantius fiue yeares, two Detonnus held  
The soueraignty, then left this life for new,  
Nature a Monstrous byrth in Rome compeld,  
Hauing foure hands, foure feet : Corne grew  
In Bonony on Trees, whose tast exceld,  
The Parthian Arsaces, Demetrius flew.  
Great Scipio Africarus ends his life,  
By falle Sempronia his disloyall wife.

29

Young Vrianus three, King Eliud fiue,  
Two Merianus, and Bladunus twaine,  
Capenus three, Oinius doth next striue,  
And his imperiall state two yeares maintaine,  
Two Silius, Bledgabredus did intriuue  
Full twenty yeates in his auspicious raigne  
Hircanus gouernd in the high-Priests sted,  
Marius triumpht o're Jugurth, Captiued.

Nn

Arche-

3736.  
227.

3756.  
207.

Rimo.

Geruntius  
3771  
192

Carellus  
3790.

173.  
3795.  
168.

Coill.  
3800.

263.  
3820.  
140.

Porrex.  
Cherimus

Fulgen.  
Eldred

Androgeus.  
Dendantius

Detonnus

3843.

120.  
3835.

128.  
3848.

115.  
Vrianus

Eliud.

Merianus

Bladunus

Capenas

Oinius

Silius.

Bladgabred.

3857

109

3869.

<sup>94</sup>*Archemac.**Eliotus.**Rodianus**Redargius**Samillus**Peneillus**Pirrhus**Caporus**Dinellus**Heliass.*

3893.

<sup>70.</sup>*Lud*

3894.

<sup>69</sup>*Cassibelan*

3911

<sup>52</sup>*Cæsar.*

3915

47

3919

44

3921

<sup>42</sup>*Tenancius*

3934

29

30

**A** Rchemachus raignd two, *Eldotus* foure,  
 Two *Rodianus*, three *Redargius*,  
*Samillus* two : the *Brytaines* next adore,  
 King *Peneillus* three, two princely *Pirrhus*,  
 And after him *Caporus* two, no more,  
 Now grew the warres twixt *Scilla* and *Marius* :

*Dinellus* fourc, *Helyas*, *Ely* named,  
 Gouernd ten months, when death his body claimed.

31

**L** vd, *Helyes* sonne, his happy rule began,  
 Nam'd *Troynovant*, *Luds*-towne, *Ludgate* erected,  
 Eleau-n yeares raign'd, then to *Cassibelan*  
 Left his two infant sonnes to be protec'ted,  
 Who till the Princes grew to state of man,  
 By all the *Brittish* Peeres was King elected :  
 Raign'd nineteen yeares, in his dayes twice repeld  
 The *Roman Cæsar*, the bold *Brytaines* queld.

32

**N** Ennius wan *Cæsars* sword, and had it brought  
 To be hang'd ore his hearse : *Pompey* the great  
 With *Julius Cæsar* in *Pharsalia* fought,  
*Iulus* vsurpes in *Romes* Imperiall seat,  
 Was stab'd with Bodkins, he that never fought,  
 But conquer'd, in all Martiall acts compleat ;  
 Now flourisht *Cicero* with praise Deuine,  
*Hermius* and seditious *Cateline*.

33

And not the least gracie to Triumphant *Rome*,  
 The rare *Comedian Roscius*, Next in rowe  
 Of *Brittish* Kings, must young *Tenancius* come,  
 Twenty three yeares he raignd, and then did owe  
 No more to nature, then th'adopted son  
 Of *Cæsar*, great *Augustus* : now doth grow  
*Romes* Monarchy : Marke *Anthony* through pride  
 Rebeld, by Aspes great *Cleopatra* dide.

34

*Virgil* and *Horace* flourisht : In these dayes  
*Iesus Sabetes* sonne was consecrated  
 High Priest : King *Herod Jewries* Scepter swayes,  
 A generall peace is through the world debated,

The *Brittaines* next, King *Cimbelinus* raise,  
And ffeue and thirty yeares he is instated:

And now the Sauiour of th<sup>e</sup> world was borne,  
Th' eternall King Crownd with a wreath of Thorne,

35

*Hortensius, Lyuy, Salust, Ouid, all*  
Were Fani'de in *Rome*, valiant *Guiderius* next,  
The *Brittaines* as their soueraigne Liege install,  
Twenty eight yeares he gouernes, much perplext  
With *Roman* warre: now chanc<sup>t</sup> *Seianus* fall.

Vnder *Tyberius*, now as saith the text:

*John Baptift* preacht, and by King *Herod* dide,  
*Pylate* was Judge, and Christ was Crucifide.

36

Now *Aruragus* raignes, and takes to wife  
Th'Emperour *Clodius* daughter: *Iewries* King  
Was eat with wormes: *Graue Seneck* breath'd this life,  
And *Simon Magus* did his Money bring  
To buy the Holy-ghost, his Fame was rife  
Amongst the *Romans*: now did *Nero* sing  
Vpon a hill *Troyes* burning to his Lyre,  
Hauing before set stately *Rome* a fire.

37

Saint *Marke* in *Alexandria* Martyrd was,  
At *Ierusalem* *James* for the Gospell dide,  
*Paule* suffred too, whose boldnesse did surpass,  
*Peter* likewise in *Rome* was Crucified,  
*Qucene Voada* a gallant *Brittis<sup>b</sup>* Lasse,  
Marcht with ffeue thousand Ladies by her side,  
and in one battaile (if report be true,)  
Full fourscore thousand valiant *Romans* slew.

38

Next *Aruragus*, *Brittan Marius* guided,  
Now was the Temple of the highest defaced,  
His City sackt, and those that Christ derided,  
Burnt, statu'd, or slaine, *Ierusalem* quite raced,  
*Iosephus* liu'd, *Domitian* *Rome* deuided,  
and after *Tytus* in the Throne was placed:  
*Ignatius* life in *Rome* mongst Lyons vanisht,  
Saint *John* whom Christ lou'd, wasto *Patmos* banisht.

3944.

19

*Cimbeline.*  
The yeare of  
the world-  
boue the line,

The yeare af-  
ter Christ va-  
der the line.

3962.

1.

3978.

17

*Guiderius.*

3985

24.

3994.

33.

4006

45

*Aruragus.*

4017

56.

4019.

58.

4029

68

4024.

73.

*Marius*

4024

73

4070

108

93

In *Rome* now liu'd *Cornelius Tacitus*,  
*Suetonius*, younger *Pliny*, *Iuvenal*,  
*Valerius Flaccus*, and *Patauius*,  
and the Lasciuious Poet *Martial*,  
and vnder *Traian*: *Aulus Gellius*,  
*Plutarch* and *Apuleius*: now the wall

From *Tyne* to the *Scotch Sea* was made for strength,  
Being one hundred and twelue miles in length.

48

*Coylus* built *Colchester*: now *Justine* wrote,  
and with his Bookes and Life Christis Fayth defensed,  
*Egyptian Ptolomee* the Starres did note,  
and Mathematickes found. *Lucius* ascended  
The State next *Coyll*, who first set aflore  
Baptizine in England, by the Church commended  
For our first Christian King : he mounts the Spheares,  
and without King, leaues *Brittan* fiftene yeares.

49

*Seuerus* th'Emperor did fiuе yeates supply  
The *Brittish Throne*, then of the *Goute* he dyde  
At *Yorke*, to *Bassianus* his ally,  
Leauing both *Rome* and *Brittans Isle* to guide  
Six yeates this *Caracalla* lifted high,  
His Crowned state in Tirany and pride:

*Tertullian* now and *Origen* were knowne,  
*Carassus* next assumes the *Brittish Throne*,

50

Gouernd eight yeates, then by *Aleictus* dide,  
After three yeates bold *Asclepiodale*,  
*Aleictus* slew, in hight of all his pride,  
And *Roman Wallus*, by whose timelesse fall  
*Walbrooke* tooke name. He thirty yeates supplide  
The kingdome, then exchangd his Mortall state,  
*Artabanus* great *Artaxerxus* slew,  
*S. Albon* martyr'd, left this life for new.

51

*Coill* kild *Asclepiodale*, and raigned  
Twenty seuen yeates: *Constantius* succeeds  
By marrying *Brittish Hellen*, hauing gained  
The *Roman Diadem*: His vertuous deedes



4404.

443.

Conſtantine.

4409.

448.

Vortiger.

Vortimer.

4426.

465.

4432.

471.

Vortiger.

4402.

441.

4411.

450.

4417

456

4418.

457.

59

**C**onſtantine a Foole, the ſonne of *Conſtantine*,  
Was from a Monke by *Vortiger* made King,  
And hauing one yeaſe gouernd, did reſigne  
To the Duke *Vortiger*, who gouerning  
Eightene whole yeaſes, two Lords of *Saxon* line,  
*Hengift* and *Horseweſſe* cald, an army bring  
To Land in *Brittaine*, where not long they tarried,  
Till *Vortiger* Prince *Hengift*'s daughter maried.

57

For which the *Brittaines* him deposd, electing  
Young *Vortimer* his ſonne to Iway the ſtate,  
He the allyans of thole Lords reie&ting,  
Whom *Vortiger* his Father raiſd ſo late,  
Gouern'd six yeaſes, the land in peace protecting,  
Whom his faire Step-dame brought to timeleſſe Fate,  
By curſed poyſon, which no ſooner chanced,  
But *Vortiger* was once againe aduaanced.

58

In theſe diſtentious dayes *Gensericus*  
The *Vandal* King tooke *Cartage*. *Attila*  
King of the *Hunnes*, even to *Thermopolis*  
Ore came all *Greece*, *Illyria*, *Thracia*,  
Againſt whom brauely fought *Meroneus*,  
The moſt renowned King of *Gallia*,  
Nam'd *Gallia*, *France*, and till King *Pepin* ſtyme,  
All the French Kings diſcended of his line.

59

*Venice* was now firſt founded and begun,  
Of ſuch poore people, as to ſhun the rage  
Of Tyrant *Attila* the famous *Hun*,  
From *Aquilea* fled: whose pride to affwage,  
The *Roman* *Etius* a braue battaile won,  
Slew eighteene thouſand *Hunnes* (in his young age)  
*Etius* enuide for raiſing *Romes* Dominion,  
Was muordred by his Maifter *Valentinian*.

60

Which Emperor at *Thrasila* was flaine  
By one of *Etius* ſouldiers, *Vortiger*  
Of *Brittaines* awful ſcar, poſleſt againe,  
The *Saxons* with the *Brittiff* Peeres conſerre,

VVhere at a VVatch-word giuen by *Hengist's* traine,  
Four hundred *Brittish Barons* murdred were:

The King surprisde, and being in prison pent,  
Gauc to them *Norfolke, Suffolke, Sussex, Kent.*

4432.

471.  
*Hengist.*

61  
And of this *Hengist Brittian* chang'd the name,  
Was cleaped *Hengist's Land*; since *England* cald,  
Next *Constantines* two younger Sonnes proclame  
Their rights in *England*, being naught appald  
at *Hengist's* might, stird by their Fathers Fame,  
*Ambros* and *Vser* secke to be instal'd:  
They land at *Totnes, Vortiger* they burne,  
Kill *Hengist* too, for whom the *Saxons* murne.

4442

482.  
*Aurelius*  
*Ambros.*

62  
Now *Merline* bin'd, *Aurelius Ambros* raign'd  
Thirty three yecares, made *Stone-henge*, which till now  
Hath on the plaine of *Salsbury* remaind,  
He dead, the *Brittans* to his Brothers vow  
Like homage, and in State haue entertaind  
*Vter Pendragon*, to whose throne they bow  
Sixteene whole yecares: He doats on *Cornwayles* wife,  
and for her loue bereaues her Husbands life,

4461  
500.  
*Vter Pendragon.*

63  
Of her he *Arthur* got: In *France Clodouens*  
Gouernd as King, the first that was Baptiz'd  
In *Italy*: great *Theodoricus*  
King of the *Astrogothes*, who enterprisde  
Gainst *Odoacer* battaile, bold *Honoricus*  
Gouernd in *Affricke*, who so much despide  
True Fayth, that he for th' *Arrians* in one hower,  
Byshops exild, three hundred thirty four.

4478.  
517.  
*Arthur.*

63  
*Arthur* the worthy, next the State ascended,  
Fought twelve set battailes, and the order made  
Of the Round Table, whose renowne extended  
Through all the world, whilst *Arthur* doth iuade  
Forraine Dominions, and Christs Faith defended,  
*Mordred* at home, his Cowne and Queene betrayde:  
Twixt whom, at *Arthurs* backe returne againe,  
War was commenst, in which both Kings were slain.

4504.  
533.  
*Mordred.*

Next

- 4504**      Next *Arthur, Constantine, Duke Cadors Sonne,*  
**543**      After his Uncle sixe and twenty yeares  
*Constantine.*      Had gouern'd England, his estate begonne,  
*Mordred Sonnes* in fight, with *Saxon Peeres,*  
*That ayded them in battaile, these warres donne*  
*After foure Sommers, he ascends the Spheares:*
- 4482**      *Iustine a Swine-heard, by ambition fierd,*  
**521.**      *By crafty meanes th' Imperiall Seate aspyerd.*
- 4488**      **66**  
**527**      Now liu'd in *Italy* the famous Dame  
*Analasiantha, with Athalarius*  
*Her Son, by whom her Soueraignty first came,*  
*She could both Greeke and Latine well discusse,*  
*Whose reuerence many Histories proclayme,*  
*Daughter to th' Emperor *Theodoricus*:*
- Iustinian, the Gracian Empyre swayes,*  
*The Persians to their State *Cosroe* rayse.*
- 4505**      **67**  
**545**      *Iustinian in his Captaines much renowned,*  
*Narses the Eunuch, a right valiant Knight,*  
*And Bellisarius, whose name was crowned*  
*Through all the world: Twice Carthage won in fight,*  
*Twice rescude *Rome*: his fame in *Persia* sowned,*  
*Thrace, Greece, th' Affricke Goaths, he put to flight:*
- For much more seruice th' Emperor from his head,*  
*Tore out his eyes, he forst to beg his bread,*
- 4507.**      **68**  
**546.**      *Aurelius Conanus slew in field,*  
*Constantine, Arthurs Nephew, three yeares swade,*  
*Then did his due to death and nature yeild,*  
*And Vortigore his Sonne is Soueraigne made,*  
*Who did but foure yeares Brittans Scepter weild,*  
*When Malgo did the Soueraignty inuade,*
- Who slew his first Wife, her chast Bed forsooke,*  
*And to his Bride, his Brothers Daughter tooke.*
- 4509.**      **69**  
**548.**      King *Totylus* sack't *Rome* the second time,  
*Vortigore his Sonne is Soueraigne made,*  
*Altinus king of Lombards, full with Wine,*  
*Cals for a Mazer (which he might haue spared)*
- 4513.**
- 542.**
- 4539.**
- 578.**

O this Wiues Fathers Scull, for which in fine,  
She loath'd her Husband, and yet further dar'd :

Vnto his loyall Bed she prou'd vntrue  
With *Helme-child*, who after *Albine* slew.

70

*C*areticus by help of Irelands King,  
Cald Gurmond, Brittan Malgo did expell,  
Whom after three yeares Ethelfrid did bring  
To ruine, and in battaile prosperd well,  
Abouthis time Sybert th' East Saxon King,  
Erected Westminster : Ethelfrid fell,  
And Cadwan, Duke of Northwales, him defeated,  
And two and twenty yeares in peace was seated.

71

Queene Tredegunde of France in the meane season,  
Lawdry the Earle of Soysons deereley lou'd,  
And for his sake destroyd the King by Treason,  
Gainst Gregory, (fir-nam'd the great) was mou'd  
By John the Patriarch (against all reason)  
The Churches Primacy which he improu'd,  
*Arabian Mahomet* his Alkeron made,  
Frensh Brunchild liu'd, who had Princes ten betrayde.

72

*C*adwallin, Cadwans Sonne next Bittan guided,  
Benet the Monke, Paynting and Glazing found,  
The Sarasins by Mahomet prouided,  
Wan Persia, where Ormisda long sat crown'd,  
And in short space hauing their powers diuided,  
Conquerd all Egypt with the Climats round:  
*Damascus* likewise was subdue by them,  
So was rich Antioch and Hierusalem.

73

Three yeares Cadwallader (esteem'd the last  
Of Brittan Princes) gouernd : and he dead,  
The Kingdome wholly to West-Saxons past,  
Of whom King Iue first impald his head,  
And next him Ethelard, whose raigne was graft  
By reuerent Beda, of whose workes we read :  
Of Clearkly Bookes on seuerall Subiects stil'd,  
Threscore and eyghteene Volums well compil'd.

Ne xt

600  
550  
500  
450

4577.

586.  
*Careticus.*  
*Ethelfrid.*

4574.

613.  
*Cadwan.*

4549.

588.

4586

625.  
*Cadwallen.*

4596

335.  
*Cadwallen.*

4644.

683.  
*Cadwallader*

4684

723.  
Iueaigned 37  
yeares.

4685

724

4690729.Cuthred.4706.745.Sigebert.4709748.Kinulphus.47027494739778Brithricus.4756795Egbert.4793832Ethelwulf.74

Next *Ethelard*, raign'd *Cuthred*, whom succeeds  
*Sigebert*, and he not one full yeare did raigne,  
But was deposde for many tyrranous deedes,  
And after basely by a Swine-heard slaine,  
*Rynulphus* to the Kingdome next proceedes,  
Who after by a man of *Sigeberts* traine  
Was murdred in the night, as he should passe  
Vnto his Mistris, a braue Britifh Lasse.

75

The *Sarafins* pierce *Europe*, *Rhodes* they wasted,  
The Firmament two daies appeares to burne,  
The Emperour *Constantine* his Army hasted  
The *Sarafins* by armes to ouerturne,  
Where thirty thousand *Pagans* of death tasted,  
When *Constantine* expirtes, the Christians mourne:  
His Throne and State *Iustinian* next maintained,  
And from the *Turkes*, *Affricke* and *Libia* gayned.

76

The next West-Saxon King was *Brithricus*,  
Who eyghteene yeares after *Kinulphus* fall  
Raign'd King, came from the blooud of *Cerdicuſ*,  
And queld the *Danes* in many a bloody brall,  
Wiu'd *Ethelburgh*, by whom, as Bookes discusse  
He poysoned was: yet whilst he gouern'd all  
*S. Albons*, *Winchcombe* Abbeys were both built,  
Blood rayn'd, which seem'd like Crosses where t'was  
(spilt.)

77

*Egbert* the Saxon, thirty seauen supplyde  
The Soueraignety, now raign'd *French Charles* the great,  
Eyghecene whole dayes the Sunne his light denyde,  
Hyren the Empresse from th' Imperiall Seat  
Her young Sonne *Constantine* deposde through pride,  
And after did him cruelly intreat:  
She causd his eyes be torne out of his head,  
And foure yeares after gouernd in his stead.

78

King *Ethelwolfe*, the fore-nam'd *Egbert's* Sonne,  
As Chroniclers affirme, *Oxford* erected,  
a Priest at first, in Orders he begon,  
Till after marrying, he the State affected,

The Warlike *Danes* his Kingdome ouer-ron,  
But are expeld : *Sergius* is Pope elected :  
Whose name *Os Porcy* seem'd so vile, that they  
Chang'd it, and from him all Popes to this day.

79

Four Sonnes each other in the State succeeds  
King *Ethelwald*, who gouern'd not a yeare  
When *Ethelbert* his Brother don'd the Weedes  
Imperiall, and next him doth appeare  
The third Sonne *Etheldred*, (whose body bleeds  
By the bold *Danes*) who after slaughterd were  
By the fourth Sonne : at *Brixium* as Bookes tell,  
Three dayes together bloud in thicke shewers fell.

80

Young *Alured* from *Ethelwolfe* the last,  
Twenty nine yeates sixe monthes, the Scepter bore,  
*Hungar* and *Hubba* quite through *Scotland* past,  
Bels were first vsde in *Greece* (not knowne before)  
In sixe set battailes, *Alured* disgrast  
The warlike *Danes*, then dyde : The Peeres adore  
*Edward* his elder Sonne, who nobly beares  
The *British* Scepter foure and twenty yeates.

81

Nine *Popes* in lesse then nine yeares were installd,  
*Adelwald*, *Edwards* Brother, twice rebelling  
VWas by the Elders Prowesse twice appald,  
And after slaine, the *Huns* and *Hungars* quelling  
All *Europe*, were much feard : a Princesse cald  
*Elfleda*, King *Edwards* Sister much excelling :  
after the throwes in her first Child-birth tryde,  
For euermore her Husbands Bed denide.

82

And proouing armes, by them she honor sought,  
She tam'd the *V Welch-men*, and the *Danes* disgraced,  
Next *Edward* *Adelstane* the battailes fought,  
Of the bold English, and the Castles raced  
(as the proud *Danes* reard) and to ruine brought  
The *Saracins* euen from *Hetruria* chased :  
Th' *Italian* Guards : they *Gean* ouerthow,  
VWhere bloud three dayes out of a *Vell* did flow.

Now

4804.

843.

*Os Porci*  
signifies hogs-  
snout.

4816.

845.

*Ethelwald.*

4817.

846.

*Ethelbert.*

4824.

863.

*Etheldred.*

4833

872

*Alured.*

4862

901

*Edward.*

4872

911.

4886

925

*Adelstane.*

4896

915

4901940  
Edmond.4907949  
Eldred.49159544916955.  
Edwin.4920.959  
Edgar.49279664939.975.  
Edward

83

Now *Gui of Warwick, Damisb Colebrand* slew,  
 And England of all Tribute quite releast,  
 King *Edmond* did the Soueraignety pursue,  
 When *Adelstane at Malmesbury* deceast,  
 Slaine after ffeare yeares : by succession true  
*Eldred* his Brother raignes, whose pomp increast :  
*Edmonds* two Sons being young, the Peeres cōplainte,  
 and thinke their Uncle of more worth to raigne.

84

*Franse, Tuskaine, Germany, the Hungars waſt,*  
*Hugh King of Italy, by Fire destroys*  
*The nauy of the Sarazens, then past*  
*To Traxinetum, Edwin next inioyes*  
*The Scepter (Eldred hauing breath'd his last)*  
*At Kingſtone crown'd, whose hart was ſet on toyes,*  
*He Dunſtan banift, his Landes and Treasure lauifht,*  
*and his neere Neece vpon his Crowne-day rauifht,*

85

And next he ſlew her Husband, for all which  
 after foure yeares he was depriude his ſtate,  
*Edgar* his Brother, a Prince wiſe and rich,  
 In all things iuft, ſeuere, and Fortunate,  
 ascends the Throne, no Sorcerer nor Witch  
 His lenience ſpard, Theeues, Bribers he did hate :  
 To him *Ludwallis*, Prince of Wales obayd,  
 Three hundred Woules for Tribute yearly payd:

86

Forty ſeauen Monasteryes this King erected  
 Red Croſſes made, and on mens Roabes were feared,  
 When *Duffus* had foure yeares the Scots protected,  
*Donewald a Scotch Lord*, that no bad thing feared,  
 Him basely ſlew, and from his Throne deieected,  
 From which, ſixe monthes no Moone or Sunne appeared:

The Turkes by *Euecus Earle of Bygar*,  
 Were Spaine expeld, he firſt King of Nauar.

87

King *Edgar* in his ſixteenth yeare expyres,  
 When his Sonne *Edward* was at Kingſtone crowndc,  
 Slaine by his trayterous Stepdame, who desires  
 The Crowne for her Sonne *Etheldred* : he founde

Brytaines Troy.

433

Exeter Abbey, Swayne of Denmarke fires  
Cities and Townes in England, burning round :  
King Etheldred raign'd in this Kingdome free,  
Thirty eyght yeares : His murdred Brother three:

88

4936

978

Etheldred.

Now Stephen was made first King of Hungary,  
And thirty nine yeares raign'd. Alphons of Spaine  
Besiedging great Visenum valiantly,  
Was with an arrow kild, and strowed the plaine :  
All the Lord-Danes that liu'd here tyranously,  
Were by the English Wites in one night slaine :  
*Jerusalem* was by the Turkes possest,  
Whom twice the bold Venetian Duke distrest.

89

4961

1000

King Edmond (sir-nam'd Iron-side) next his Father  
Inioyes the Kingdome, aginst whom Swamus Son  
The bold Canutus all his Danes doth gather,  
Twixt whom were many battayles lost and won,  
After much bloods effusion they chose rather,  
By single strife to end the broyles begon :  
Theyr valoris were in epuall ballance tryde,  
and after Combat they the Land deuide.

90

Edmond  
Iron-side.

4977

1016

Edrick of Stratton, valiant Edmond flew,  
And from Canutus had a Traytors meede,  
The valiant Dane in Stiles and Honors grew,  
He Scotland wan, and Norway : To his seed  
Leauing foure Kingdomes, Vice he did eschew,  
Nor euer did a juster Prince succeed :  
English and Danes he attor'd vnto his doome,  
and after went on Pilgrimage to Roome.

91

4978

1017.

Canutus.

4993:

1032.

Robert the Norman Duke, for valor famed,  
Hyes to the holy warres in Palestine,  
He gone, his young Sonne William is proclaymed  
The Norman Duke : Now seekes a Throne deuine  
Canutus when he twenty yeares had raigned,  
and Harrold Harefoote vnto whom incline

The Danes in England, next the Scepter swayes,  
and three yeares past : at Oxford ends his dayes.

Oo

Hardi-

4896

1038.

Harrold.

Harefoot.

92

- 5002  
1041  
*Hardicanutus*  
5004  
1043  
*Edward*
- Hardi-canutus* the same number fild,  
and drinking dide : whom the good *Edward* (Sainted  
For holy workes) succeeds, no bloud he spild,  
Nor with knowne sinnes his high profession taynted,  
He married as the great Earle *Goodwin* wild,  
Th' Earles Daughter *Edgitha*, and nothing wanted :  
That a iust Prince should haue, one and twenty years,  
In zeale and clemency the Crowne he weares.

93

- 5008  
1047  
5016  
1055  
5014  
1053
- This *Goodwin*, *Alphred Edward* younger Brother,  
Traytorously slew, and by his power he yoaked  
The King himselfe, betrayde his Soueraigne Mother,  
By Byshop *Robert* to these illes prouoked,  
But Heauen no longer could such mischiefe smother,  
Swearing by Bread, he by the bri was choaked :  
The Swallowing Sea deuour'd all his Lands,  
Whiche to this day beare name of *Goodwins* lands.

94

5027.  
1066.  
*Harrold.*
- William* the Bastard Duke first landing heare,  
Was by the King receaued, and Englands Crowne  
Promist by *Edward*, which no English Peere  
Was knowne to contradict, after lenthorne  
With greatest pompe, and *Harrold* the same yeare  
Earle *Goodwins* sonne, a man of great renowne :  
Arriude in Normandy, and with oathes deepe,  
Sware (the King dead) for him the Crowne to keepe.

95

1067.  
*William.*
- But *Edward* dead, *Harrold* usurpes the seate,  
Whom *Fauston* and the *Norwey* King inuade  
Vpon the North, both whom he did defeate,  
And brauely slew in battaile. *William* made  
A new Incursion against whom in tis heare,  
*Harrold* his Ensignes in the field displayde :  
The *Norman* Duke preuaylde : and *Harrald* slaine,  
*William* (the first so cald) begins his raigne.

In Brutes time whilst he gouernd Brittan, Anæus Silius raigned amongst the Latines. Dercitus in Assyria, Athleters in Corinth: Pipinus in Thuscan, Codrus in Athens, in whose dayes the Arke of God was taken by the Philistims.

Langues.

In Locrynes raigne Dauid was annoyncted King ouer Israel.

In Guendolins raigne, he slew Vriah, and marryed Ber-sheba.

In Madans dayes, Salomon built the Temple, &c.

Stow.

From Brute to Cæsar, the Brittans were not Tributary to any, the gouernment of the Romans from Cæsar to Theodosius, lasted 483. years. In Theodosius the youngers raign, the yeare of Christ 443. the Tribute ceast.

The gouernment of the Saxons continued the space of 600. yeares in continuall warre and hostility, either with the Brittans, the Danes, or the Normans.

Harding.

The opinions of those that write of the first inhabiting of this Iland are diverse, and how it came first to receive the name of Albion, some thinke of the Chalky and white Cliffe which seemes to wall it in from the Sea. But Hugh Genisis, a Roman Chronicler, writing of all the Kinges and Kingdomes of the World, from the Vniuersall Deluge, to Christ: Writes, that Danaus, King of Greece, had fifty Daughters, and Ægyptus as many Sonnes, who being married, and the women the first night murdring their Husbands, were for the offence banished, and sayling on the Seas, were druien vpon this Iland, which Albiana called after her Name Albion: vwith these Ladies he reports, that Spirits engendred, and begotte Gyants, who laie with their Mothers and Sisters (led onely by their lustes) till they had multiplied themselves to the number of twelue thousand: But I doubt not, but that this Land may contend with any other whatsoeuer, for her antiquity, being inhabited with the first, which beeing continually vexed within it selfe with ciuill warres and forraine inuasions, her Monuments and remembrances, haue by these warres bin deuoured, which haue left the certainty of our first Antiquity doubtfull to the world, and not truely remembred by any that haue undertooke her first discouery.

Hugh Genisis.

Here moreouer, wee could haue tooke fit occasion to haue

Marian.

By Mirandula.

recorded all the Genealogies before the flood, with a briefe report, who after the flood peopled euery other Kingdome, and from whom euery Region tooke her Name: but it had bin a course, too strange and different from our purpose, which is onely to finde out such thinges as haue alliance to this Land of Brittan, and the memorable things best knowne to vs.

Virgil.

We insist not much in Aeneas travells, of his landing at Carthage, his loue to Queene Dido, her killing her selfe at his departure from her land, the funerall of his Father Anchises, with his warres against King Turnus, for the beautious Lavinia These, because they are amply set downe in Virgils 12. Bookes of his Aeneids, wee thought better rather superficially to passe them ouer with a bare remembrance, then to bee too palpably tract in a History so common to all men. Which we (the rather to) omit, because we hasten to the antiquities, and the successiue Soueraignetries of our native Island, whose age (our purpose is) to deriuue from the first Inhabitantes, and so to continue it even to this present government.

Eusebius.

The Antiquity of London was helde to bee longe before Rome. For Brute landed here in the yeare of the Lord 285. In the yeare before Christ 1108. Rome was built long after, in the time that Riuallo ruld in Brittan, the yeare after the flood 1554. after Comerus, the first king of Italy, 1414. after the destruction of Troy, 432. after Brute arrined in this Land of Brittan 355.

The end of the sixteenth  
CANTO.



## Argumentum

**O**F all great Britans Kinges, truely descended  
From the first Conqueror next we shall intreat,  
How they haue fayld, or how their hands extended  
Through any forraine Realmes by Conquest great,  
How they begun, and how their raignes they ended,  
Till royall Iames claymes his Monarchall Seate ;  
In whom three kingdomes, first by Brut deuided,  
Vnited are, and by one Scepter guided.

## ARG. 2.

From Norman William a true note collected,  
Of all the kinges and Queenes that here protected.

## CANTO. 17.



**W**illiam, the Norman Duke  
is next inuested,  
Sext of that Dutchy  
entring by sterne warre,  
A troublous raigne he liu'd,  
and sildome rested  
From rough rebellious atmes :  
yet euery barre  
His Sword remou'd, Hertford his pride detested,  
But for his Treason was confined farre :  
Earle Walter too, into that faction led,  
Disclosde the plot, and for it lost his head.

William the  
Conqueror.

5028

1067

Roger Earle of  
Hertford.

5037

1076

2

5042  
1081

Duke Robert, Williams Sonne, by th'instigation  
 Of the French King, doth Normandy inuade,  
 Against whom William rysde the English nation,  
 And when no Prince betwixt them could perswade,  
 They met and fought, with much loude acclamation,  
*Roberts* vnhorst his Father, and then stayde  
 His warlike hand, whom by his voyce he knew,  
 And raid him : for which, peace betweene them grew.

3

5050  
1089

William inuading France, in Caan expyerd,  
 And there lies buried by his warlike Peeres,  
 after he many Towers and Townes had fierd,  
 Raigning o're England one and twenty yeares,  
 Foure Sonnes he left, one Daughter much admierd :  
*Robert* and *Richard*, who ascends the Spheares  
 Before ripe age : *William* who next doth sway,  
*Henry* cald Bewlack, and fayre *Adela*.

4

5030  
10691

Whilst our great Conqueror liu'd, the King of Danes,  
*Canutus* by the English Out-Lawes ayded,  
 Inuades the North, but *William* him restraynes,  
*Henry* the Emperor Bauaria inuaded,  
*Malcolm* that ore the troublous Scots then raignes  
*Peirces* Northumberland, at this time vaded  
 The Saxons glory, *Otho* them defaced,  
 after the Thuringas he by armes had chased.

5

Pope Gregory the seauenth.  
5030  
1069

*Eudochia* who had seuen yeares worne the Crown  
 Of *Graciaes* Empyre, was by maryage tyde  
 Vnto *Rhomanus*, one of high renowne,  
 (Sir-nam'd *Diogenes*.) *Gregory* denyde  
 Marriage to Priests, the *Russ.* Duke was put downe  
 By Prince *Demetrius*, neare to him allyde :  
*William* foure Castles built, his Foes to tame,  
 At *Torke*, at *Lincolne*, and at *Nottigham*.

6

5037  
1079

*Henry* then *Casar* for some sinne detected,  
 Did by the Pope stand excommunicate,  
 and being of his Feudor King reiecte,  
 To *Gregory* submits him and his State,

Now liu'd the famous *Oswald* much respected,  
Byshop of *Sarum*: *Casar* absolu'd late:

(The second time condemn'd) gainst *Gregory* sped,  
Stating *Rauennaes Robert* in his sted.

7  
*Vradislaus* was the first King made  
Of *Boheme*, and of all the Countries neare,  
*Ansell* who then *Galisaes* Scepter swayed,  
Did gainst the *Sarazens* in armes appeare,  
And wan from them *Tolledo*, by the ayde  
Of Christian Princes: *Rufus* gouernd heer

Next after conquering *William*, thirteene springs  
He sat inuested in our Throne of Kings.

*Robert Byshop of Rauenna*,  
made pope by  
the name of  
*Clement.*

5047  
1089

Twice *Robert* made incursion, but supprest  
By *Williams* power, the *Scots* inuade againe  
But are appeasd, the *Welshmen Rees* inuest,  
Who in a conflict was by *William* slaine:  
*Ierusalem* by *Pagan* Armies opprest,  
Th'assembled christia kings by force maintaine:  
Where dide in battaile as the rumor ran,  
*The Babilonian Souldan, Soliman.*

*Will. Rufus*  
5050  
1089

5051  
1090.

5055.  
1094

5061  
1100.

9  
The *Norman Robert*, chusd King by election  
Of *Palestine*, refusd the Sacred stile,  
Whiche *Bulloin Godfrey* tooke to his protection,  
*Scotch Malcolm* with his sonne entring by guile  
*Northumbers Marches*, came to the deiction  
By valiant *Robert*, who was Earle that while:  
(Both slaine in field) K. *William* the same yeare,  
Erected the great Hall in *Westminster*.

5060  
1099

10  
*Duncan* usurpes in *Scotland*, not two yeares  
He gouernd there, but in his bed was slaine,  
*Donnald* restor'd, not long the Scepter beares,  
But *Edgar* (that ambitious was to raigne)  
By armes supprest him, and the Dia'dem weares,  
*Rufus* being hunting, *Tyrrell* of his traine,  
By glauncing of an Arrow, the King slew,  
*Henrie* next gouernes, by succession true.

5060.  
1099

5062.  
1101

II

*Henry Beauclarke.*

5062

1101

5067

1106

Thirty five yeares did *Henry Beauclarke* guide  
*Th' Helme-Royall*, he for Theft strict lawes decreed,  
*Robert* returnd from *Palestine*, defide  
*Henry*, who after parley were agreed,  
Long their truce lasted not, *Beu-clarke* denide  
His Brothers pension, great dissentions breed :  
After much warre, Duke *Robert* they surprise,  
Who for a prisons breach forfeits his eyes.

12

*Adelisia daughter to the Duke of Louaine.*

5071

1110

5081

1120

*Norwich Cathedrall Church* is founded new,  
*S. Bartholmewes* built, by *Reiour* a Musitian,  
In *Belgia* great Inundations grew,  
Being almost drown'd : Now vpon good condition  
Peace twixt the Emperor and King *Henry* grew,  
Whose daughter was with much hye superstition  
Made Empresse : *Maud* the English Queen being dead  
*Henry* takes *Adelisia* in her stead.

13

The King of *England* with *French Lodwicke* tries  
Great discords, where the *English* gaine the best,  
In their returne by Sea great Tempests rylc,  
Where all the yssue-Royall most and least  
Perisht, with many Nobles grane and wise,  
Where eight-score soules at once are sent to rest:  
Of all the ship, one Butcher and no more,  
Escapt the seas, and swam vnto the shore.

14

*Geffrey Plantagenet* (the Emperour dead)  
Wiues *Maud* the Empresse, vnto whom she bare  
Two sonnes, *Henry* and *Geffrey* : now life fled  
From *Beu-clarke*, who to *Stephen* resignes his Chaite,  
But ere he restis him in his earthy bed,  
He is renown'd for many buildings rare :  
*Dunstable Priory*, *Reading Abbey*, and  
*Windfore fayre Castle*, that on hyc doth stand.

15

Duke *Bohemond* in *Asia* warres maintaining,  
Was by the Turkes surpriz'd, restor'd againe  
By *Tancred*, who in *Puell* after raigning,  
Infinite Turkes were by his valour slaine,

Baldwin defies the Souldan, thereby gaining  
Two famous Townes : Now Alphons rules in Spaine :  
Leues the gresse in France, in Scotlands fight,  
Malcolms first shone, that Alexander fight.

Gazim and  
Damascus,

16

Alexius did the Gracian Empire sway,  
Henry in Rome, the Pope doth Pascall gids,  
In Hungary raignid Stephen : about that day  
A blazing Starre appeares, and long abides,  
Two Moones are leene, and in Flaminia  
Blood raignes ; Michaell the Duke of Venice rides  
Against the Pagans, who were made his pray  
At Ioppen : After in his hōme returne,  
He many of the Emperours townes did burne.

17

Charles Earle of Flaunders in the Church was slaine  
By the proud Bruggis prouost, which related,  
William the sonne of Cort-hose did complaine,  
And by French Lewes was next Earle instated,  
Balach the Parthian did proud warres maintaine  
Gainst Baldwin, which was by rough steele debated :  
Baldwin surprizd, fayre Sions Towers quite rased,  
And faire Jerusalem once more defaced.

18

Stephen Earle of Bulloin sonne to th' Earle of Bloys,  
and Addela next Henry rules as King,  
Though Maud the Empresse had th' applausive voyce,  
Of many English peetes, through which warres spring,  
Gloster and Chester Earles, after much choise  
Of fields and battailes, such an Army bring,  
That Stephen is tooke, and vnto Bristow sent,  
After releaste, by London and by Kent.

5083

1122.

Rhodes, Chios,  
Samos, Lesbos,  
Mittelene.

5085

1125

5086

1125

K. Stephen

5102

1141

These Countes rayse an army, and surprize  
Gloster, for whom the Barons change King Stephen,  
Danuid of Scotland doth gainst England rite,  
after much warre their discords are made euen,  
By th' Empresse meanes his Barons him despise,  
First Stephen preuailes, the Lords their Lands bereauen :  
But gathering head, at Wilton they preuaile,  
Wher the King flyes, whoun Gloster doth assaile.

5107

1136

20

*Eustace son to King Stephen.*  
 Henry, Mauds sonne, after K. Stephens decease,  
 Is proclaim'd King, which soone attones their strife,  
 By which mild Stephen raignes all his dayes in peace,  
 His sonne, the French Kings Sister takes to wife,  
*Gersa* the sonne of *Bela* gan encrease  
 His fame among the Hungars, and his life  
 Was fearefull to the Germans; Lewes swayd France,  
 The Turkes grim Alaph to their Crowne aduance,

21

5114 Earle Roger rul'd Sicilia. Almany  
 1153 Great Barbarosse, Romes Emperie Conrade,  
 Adrian of England held the Papacy,  
 In Scotland raignd Malcolm a beautious mayd,  
 5115 The English Iewes at Easter Crucifie  
 1154 A Christian child, and life for life they paid:  
*Henry the 2* Next Stephen, King Henry, secoand of that name,  
 5116 Sonne to the Empresse Maud the Peeres proclaim.

22

1155 Thirty fiue yeares his prosperous raigne doth last,  
 In which he Englands Seigniory augmented,  
 With Scotland, Ireland, and then further past  
 To th' Orcad Isles, whose forces he preuented,  
*Brittaine, Poictou, and Guien* he made fast  
 To th' English Crowne, Wales that but late dissented,  
 His sword appeald, and after well proteeted,  
 Which done great Rutland Castle he erected.

23

5118 Two Sannes at once within our skies apeare,  
 And in the Moone a bloody Crosse was seene,  
*Lewes of France* sent ouer Margaret heere,  
 1157 His daughter, to be made young *Henries* Queene,  
 By which the discords that both Realmes did feare  
 In this alliance quite dispersed beene:

5120 Once more the King aginst Scotland is prouoked,  
 1159 Pope Adrian drinking, with a Fly was choked.

24

*Vratislaus* for his valour showne,  
 At Milleins fledge, was by the Emperour made  
 Bohemians second King, his Armes well knowne,  
 A faire red Rampant Lyon: Baldwin layde

On his blacke hearse, *Almericus* is growne  
King of *Ierusalem*, who brauely staid  
Th' *Egyptian* power, and in one glorious day,  
Wan from the *Souldan Alexandria.*

25

Now *Thomas Becket* who before had fled  
To *Rome*, and there complain'd him of the King,  
W<sup>s</sup> as to his Sea restor'd, after strooke dead  
In *Canterbury Church* (a pitious thing)  
Him *Rome* Cannoniz'd for a Saint, which bred  
Much superstition: *Salladine* doth bring  
A puissant host: his Conquests he began,  
And by the sword *Egipte* and *Sarry* wan:

---

5132.

1171.

---

5133

1172

*Henry*, King *Henries* sonne, wastwice instated  
And Crown'd in *England* in his Fathers dayes,  
By which much vprore was by warre debated,  
The sonnes against the father tumults raise,  
The Pope gainst th'Emperour *Frederike* animated,  
*Frederike* submits, and at his foot he layes  
His princely head, whilst with a Lordly checke,  
The Pope his foot sets on the Emperors necke.

---

5137

1176.

27  
*Andronicus* hauing his Maister slaine,  
(The childe *Alexius* left to his tuition)  
Three yeares the *Gracian* Empire doth maintaine,  
*Baldwin* the fist, (a Chiln of faire condition)  
Is Crowd in *Syon*: *Saladin* againe  
Gainst *Palestine* doth make new expedition:  
Subdues *Ierusalem*, and since his dayes,  
The Infidell the holy kingdome swayes.

---

5143.

1183

---

5144

1183

28  
*Henry* the sonne before the Father dyes,  
Whose wates his Brother *Richard* takes in hand,  
And by hostility the King defies,  
Vnable gainst his puissant sonne to stand,  
Sickenesle and grieve of thoughts the King surprise,  
Who dying, to Prince *Richard* leavues the Land:  
*Richard* in Armes a bold reputed Knight,  
Who for his stout heart *Cordelyon* hight.

---

5149.

1186

---

5150

1189.

*Richard*  
*Cordelion.*

29

**5151.**  
1189.  
Eleuen full yeares, nine months and twenty dayes  
He sat in thron'd Now Bayliffes first begun  
In London : many Christian princes raise  
Fresh powers, to gaine *Ierusalem* latec wun,  
*Almaine, France, England, Burgoinie* (whom most praise)  
To this, *Sicilia, Venice, Pysa* run,  
And quell the *Pagans*. *Richard Cipresse* tooke,  
And *Acon*, where the French King him forsooke.

30

**5151.**  
1190.  
*Frederick the Empetor*, hauing late subdude  
The lesse *Armenia*, where his Fame was sowned,  
Through greatest part of *Asia* gan inttude,  
And of that Tri-part world was soueraigne Crowned,  
But by misfortune or by rashnesse tude,  
Was after in the flood *Selephias* drowned :  
*Richard* exchang'd with *Gui of Lessingham*  
The Crowne of *Cipresse*, for *Ierusalem*.

31

**5154.**  
1193.  
Grac'st with the title of the holy King,  
Returning with a small and slender traine  
Towards *England*, where his Brother *John* vsurping,  
Tooke to himselfe a short rebellious raigne,  
*The Austrich Duke, King Richard* enuying,  
Surpriz'd him first, then gaue him to be slaine  
To s fierce Lyon, whom vnarm'd he beat,  
And from his bulke his warme heart tort and eat.

32

**5154.**  
1193.  
Thence ransom'd, (after warre) prince *John* submits,  
Whilst *Saphandenus* *Egipts Empire* swayde,  
In *Spaines* Tribunall the eight *Alphons* sits,  
*Emericus Hungariaes* King is made,  
To *Innocent the third*, th'Emperour submits,  
Who eightene yeares the Papall *Croſier* staide,  
He first deuuld Auricular confession,  
Whiche since his time, the Popes keepe by succession.

33

**5161.**  
1200.  
*Richard* besiedging *Gainerd* long with Steele,  
Was with an Arrow from the Castle wounded,  
Shot by the hand of one *Peter Baxeele*,  
He slaine, Retraict the valiant English sounded,

His want, the Cleargy, Peeres, and Commons feele,  
In whom Religion, power, and state abound :

Next him King *John* succeeds by the Lands doome,  
Who whilst he raign'd despis'd the threats of *Rome*.

34

Raign'd seuentene yeares, him *Phillip* King of *France*  
Inuades, in *Arthur* Duke of *Brittons* name,  
Whose powers the English *John* surpris'd by chance,  
Imprisoning *Arthur* whence these Garboyles came,  
The *Persians* *David* to the Throne aduance,  
Who with his *Indian* Troopes marcht with much Fame,  
Of *Parthia* and *Armenia* Conqueror,  
And of *Tartaria* the first Emperor.

35

Five Moones were all at once in *Yorkeſhire* ſcene,  
After which portent many ſtormes inlude,  
Prince *John* hauing incurd the popes fell ſpleene,  
Stands with his Land accurst, which ſome allude  
To Byſhop *Lanchſon*, who at *Rome* had beene,  
And fought in *Canterbury* to intrude :  
In *Suffolke* was a ſtrange Fish tooke, that bore  
The ſhape of man, and ſix months liu'd a ſhore.

36

The Maior and Shrieffes in London were firſt made,  
*Wales* twice rebelling was by warre appeald,  
Th' English at ſluce the Nauy of France inuade,  
A thouſand twenty layle at once they ceaſd,  
Pope *Innocent* great *Cæſars* pompe allaide,  
Making ſuch Lawes as leare the Empire pleaſd,  
Onely ſuch princes ſhould as Emperors stand,  
As ſhould receiue their Crownes at the popes hand.

37

Of whom the *Saxon* Duke *Otho* was firſt,  
*Venice* ſubdues *Coryra*, and the Iles  
Adiacent, *Otho* by the pope accurst,  
For taking to himſelfe the Empires ſtiles,  
Againſt him Menace warre pope *Innocent* durſt,  
and traide into theſe broyles by prayers and ſmiles :  
Fredericke the ſecond, who the Diadem weares  
after Duke *Otho*, three and twenty yeares.

*King John*

5162

1201.

5164

1203

5167

1206.

5170

1209

5173

1212

38

*John* for a yearlye tribute to *Rome* payde,  
 Of twice ffe hundred Markes, absolveth his Land,  
 King *Alexander* is the *Scotch* King made,  
 (After deceased *William*, to command,) )  
*He* twenty and fourte yeares the kingdome staide,  
 Against King *John* the English Barons stand,  
 And to their faction the French *Lewes* bring,  
 Whom in *Johns* stead they seeke t'ele&t as King.

39

Amidst these tumults *John* by fate expires,  
 (As some suppose) by poysone: whom succeeds  
*Henry* his sonne: him more the Land desires  
 Then *Lewes*, hated for some bloody deeds,  
 For him the people make triumphant fires,  
 A generall ioy his hye instalment breeds:  
 at nineteene yeares, the kingdome hee attained,  
 and fifty six yeares o're his subiects raigned.

40

Our Ladies Church in *Westminster* he reated,  
 Now *Hocata* the second puissant King  
 Of great *Tartaria*, was renownd and feared,  
 He first the Title of great *Caan* did win,  
 The drooping *Scotch* King was by *Henry* cheared,  
 To whom he gaue his Sister (next of Kin)  
*Faire Ioane Robert*: *Graciaes* Empire swayd,  
 Who to his Empresse tooke a beautious Mayd.

41

She was before betroth'd to a great peere  
 Of *Burgoine*, he the Emperours pompe despysing,  
 Entred his armed pallace without feare,  
 The Damsell in the Emperors armes surprising,  
 He first cut off her nose (reuenge seure)  
 And from that place himselfe disguising:  
 To her sore bribed Mother postng fast,  
 Th'inconstant Dame into the Seas he cast.

42

The *Scots* in *Cathnes* their proud Byshop burne,  
 Because he curst such, as their tythes denide,  
 Wards were first graunted, *Frederick* doth returne  
 Towards *Affa*, and the *Souldan* puff with pride,

5183.

1222.

5184.

1223.

5185.

1225.

Vanquisht in field, and now no longer mourne  
Those Christians that in *Palestine* abide;

*England* with *France* makes warre, and after peace,  
Tumults in *Wales* arise, but soone surcease.

5190

1229

43

*Frederick*, King *Henries* Sister takes to wife,  
*Cald IjABELL*: *Henry* takes *Elanour*,  
Daughter to th' Earle of *Prouence*, ending strife  
Twixt them before begun, about that houre  
His spousals were solemniz'd, and ioyes rife,  
In th' Element appear'd a warlike power  
Of men in armes, of diuers wings compacted,  
The *Merton Statute* now was first enacted.

5196

1235.

44

This yeare the famous faction first begun  
Of *Guelles* and *Gibelins*, *Tartarian Caan*  
Inuades the *Hungars*, and their kingdome won,  
Wheretheir King *Bela* was in battaile slaine,  
The Mother eat her Childe, and Sire, the Sonne,  
So great was hunger mongst the *Hungars* than:  
Now London Aldermen were firti elected,  
and *Frederick* once more by the pope reieected.

5201

1240

5202

1241

5203.

1242

45

Pope *Innocent* the fourth from th'Emperour flying  
To *Lyons*: to the Cardinals first gaue  
Red hats. A *Jew* in *Spaine* Christ's faith denying,  
pierst a huge rocke, there found a hallow Cau'e,  
In it a Marble stome which with Steele trying,  
He finds a Booke incloid with præceptis graue,  
Which spoke of Christ, by which the Story saith,  
The stiffe-neckt *Jew* was turn'd to Christian faith.

5204

1243.

46

*Henry* with London City late displeasd,  
For sentence gainst one *Margaret Viell* past,  
Into his power the Cities Charters ceald,  
Which by submission they regain'd at last,  
Young *Alexanders* Father long diseasd  
Expir'd in *Scotland*, the young prince in hast  
at nine yeares Crownd, to whom *Henry* affide,  
His Daughter *Mary*, whom he tooke to Bride.

5206

1245

5209

1248

5213.

1252.

5214

In Italy bloud issued out of bread  
 As out of woundes, French Lewes was surprisid  
 By the great Souldan: Mangu Caan's made head  
 Of the rude Tartars, who being well aduisde,  
 Receiued the Christian Fayth, and after sped  
 against the Turkes, in Crosses red disguisde:

1253

*Alphons of Spaine bestowes his Daughter fayre  
 On young Prince Edward, Henries hopefull heire.*

5219

1254

Richard of Cornwall, Brother to the King,  
 At Aquisgrae was Emperor elected,  
 and Alphons of Castile the State affecting,  
 Was by the Electors from the State rejected,  
*Albertus Magnus flourisht in his spring,*  
*And Michael Paleologus, respected*

5218

1257

For his great warres in Greece, who Baldwin slew,  
 and thirty five yeares in the Empire grewe.

5221.

1260.

At Oxford the mad Parlement began,  
 King Henry with his Barons doth contend,  
 They fought neare Lewes, many a valiant man  
 Of Noble bloud came to a timelesse end,  
 The King against his Peeres the best he can,  
 Striues by the Sword, his Barons to offend:

5225

1264.

*Vho Manger all his force the battaile wonac,  
 Surprisid the King, his Brother, and his Sonne.*

Richard of  
Cornwayle  
Brother to the  
King and Em-  
peror.

5233.

1272

Prince Edward entred Asia, and there fought  
 against the Turkes, where he atchieued much fame,  
 at length his life was by a Sarazan sought,  
 Who with a Knife to his Pavillion came  
 Empoysoned: and his death had almost wrought,  
 For in his princely arme he fixt the same:

5233

1272

*Richard, King Henries Brother, and Romes king  
 First dyes, and after Henry, the same spring.*

Edward the  
first.

5235

1274

Next whom, Prince Edward Long-shankes was inuested,  
 and thirty foure yeares raign'd, admir'd and feared,  
 Th'vsurping pride of Priests, he much detested,  
 Bounty and Virtue in this Prince appeared,

Nicholas the third made Pope, from th' Empire wrested  
 Two Kingdomes for two *Nephewes*, much indeered :  
     Of *Iewes* at once (that in their wealth tooke pride,)      5238  
     Two hundred eyghty foure, for Coyning dyde.      1277  
     5240  
     5279

Lewellen next rebeld, slaine by the hand  
 Of *Roger Mortimer*. After not long  
 David his Brother did against *Edward* stand,  
 A daungerous Rebell, and in facton strong,  
 Yet perisht likewise, with his warlike Band  
 Of *Welch* revolted : (other things among)  
     King *Edward* ioyes, to quell the *French*-mens scorne,  
     and for Prince *Edward* at *Carnaruan* borne.      5246  
     1285.

Alexander Isu-lesse fell from his Steed  
 And brake his necke, the *Carmelites* began,  
 Phillip the fayre, in *France* was King decreed,  
 Two Womēn in *Heluetia* liued than,  
 Who in their Wombs did two strange Monsters breed,  
 One bore a Child that had the face of man,  
     and body of a Lyon : th' other bred  
     One with two bodies, from the Girdle-sted.      5247  
     1286.

The *Scotch* King dying Issulesse, contention  
 In *Scotland* grew, who should succeede the State,  
 The strife *Edward* atton'd, and after mention  
 Made of their Title, which these Lords relate,  
 He arbitrates theyr fierce and hot dissention,  
 And to *John Balioll* priz'd at hyest rate  
     He giues the Crowne, which pleased *Scotland* well,  
     *Maddock* and *Morgan* now in *Wales* rebell.      5248  
     1287

Edward thrice war'd gainst *Scotland*, and preuyled,  
 The *French* Kings Sister *Margaret* tooke to Wife,  
 and to his Sonne the Printedome he entayled  
 Of *Wales*, proud *Ottoman* began great strife  
 With Christendome, and many Townes assayled,  
 In him the Empire of the Turkes tooke life :  
     Pope *Boniface* the eyght suruied than,  
     He first in *Rome* the *Jubilee* began.      5253.  
     1292

5254  
 1293  
 5255  
 1294  
 5260  
 1299

Edward the 2.  
the 1. Prince of  
*Wales*.

5261  
 1300

5267.

1306.

5268.

1307.

Edward 2.

5269.

1308.

Henry 7. Em.

5270.

1309.

5276.

1315.

5283.

1322.

5284.

1323.

56  
Great Tamer Cam gouernd Tartaria,

Albert the Empire, France, King Phillip guided,

Prince Ladislaus ruld Hungaria;

Clement the fist the seat of Rome deuided,

Transporting it to France, which from that day

Seauenty fourte yeares continew'd vndeuided:

Seraph th' Egyptian Souldan-ship supplide,

Edward the first in his Scotch garboiles dide.

57  
The second Edward him succeeds, and raignes

Full eighteene yeares, a Prince of no renowne,

Heryots, Lusts, and wantonnesse maintaind

Mongst priuate vnriffts, and his peeres put downe,

Henry the Emperour hauing brauely gaind,

Many great fields was with an yron Crowne

at Milleine Crowdnd, where he aduanc'd his name,

The Crutched Fryares first into England came.

58  
Peirs Ganefton twice banisht by the Peeres,

Was by the King recal'd: John Tamer rose

In rebell armes, destroyd by his owne feares,

phillip the long, their King the French-men chose,

The hafty Spencers triumpht many yeares

Ouer the Nobles, who themselves oppose

against their pride: the Spencers they exile,

Whom the loose King revok'd in small while.

59  
Twenty two Barons (for the Spencers loue)

The King cut off: the Sun six houres appeared

Off sanguine hew, his glorious brightness stroue

with his red Maske, which at the last he cleared,

Edward his force did twice aginst Scotland proue,

(Both times the soyle with English blood besmeared :)

The Queene and Prince the Spencers could not brook

And like two exiles their owne Land forsooke.

60  
Sir John of Henault Lands in the Queenes ayde,

And hy the Barons helpe, the King pursued,

who after in strong Barkley Castle layde

Sir Roger Mortimer, a man inuide

With Pride and Tyranny the King betrayde,  
and with the Kings bloud Barkley Tower Imbrude:

Baldock, the Spencers Minions to the King,  
The Conquering Peeres vnto destruction bring.

61

Edward King Edwards Sonne, fifty yeares bore  
Englands rich Scepter : Charles the French King dide,  
Leauing no issue of the Royall store,  
Therefore King Edward being next alyde,  
Claymes France, to which the Doneipeeres restore  
Phillip Valois, and Edwards clayme deride  
Sir Roger Mortimer (long graft boue reason  
By the Kings Mother) was condempn'd of Treason.

62

Edward the Blacke-Prince was at Woodstocke borne,  
King Edward fought the field cald Haldonne Hill  
In Scotland. After some few dayes out-worne,  
The King his clayme to France doth menace still,  
Petrach the Lanreat liu'd, the French in scorne,  
Foure hundred Sayle with armed Souldiers fill :  
These Edward meetes at Sluce, whom fame hath souned,  
Thirty three thousand of French t'haue slain & drowned.

63

The order of the Garter was first made,  
Soone after was the famous Cressie field,  
Don petro by his Spanish Peeres betrayde,  
W as to their violent fury forst to yeild,  
Edward wan Callis : John next Phillip swayde  
In France, and mena'st with his warlike Shield :  
The braue Black-Prince at Poystieres battayle wonne  
The field, the French King Prisoner, and his Sonne.

64

Melchella was now Souldan, Amurath  
Emperor of Turky, and with Conquest fought,  
(A persecutor of the Christian Fayth)  
The French King John having his peace now bought,  
at Sanoy dide : and Charles the sixt next hath  
The Crowne of France ; Don-Peter ayde besought :  
Who late exiled from the Crowne of Spaine,  
Was by the Black-Prince repossest againe.

5287  
1326

Edward the 3.  
5288  
1327

5291  
1330

5293  
1332

5301  
1340.

5309  
1348  
5317.  
1356

5324  
1363.

5327  
1366

The

John a Gaunt  
Duke of Lancaster

5334

1373.

5337.

1376.

Richard 2.

5341

1380

5342

1381

5343

1382

5346

1385

5347

1386

5349

1389

65

The Duke of *Lancaster* France ouer-run.  
Vnfought withall : Sir *Robert Knowles* likewise  
Marcht by the City *Paris* : now begun  
Great *Baiazeth* among the Turkes to rise,  
The braue blacke Prince (from *France* where he had won  
So many Noble fields) returning dyes :  
The King himselfe (as our best writers say)  
Expird, of *Inne* the two and twentith day.

66

*Richard* the second, sonne to the bold Prince  
*Edward* (fir-nam'd the Blacke) at yeares eleuen  
Began his rule, whom many men conuince  
Of wanton ryot, and a course vneuen,  
Well tutor'd in's minority, but since  
He manag'd state, too much neglecting heauen :  
Gunneres were deuided first by a *Germaine Fryer*,  
*France* doth the Kingdome of *Nauar* desire.

67

Queene *Ioane* of *Naples* flourisht, *Bohemes* King  
*Vincellaus*, was *Almaine* Emperor made,  
Twixt *Portugall* and *Castile* discords spring,  
Two Popes contend ; the *Genowayes* inuade  
The bold *Venetians*, and to battaile bring  
Their Nauall powers, both Ensignes flye displaide :  
*Jacke Straw* dyes, stabd in *Smithfield* by the care  
Of *William Walworth*, at that time Lord Maior.

68

A wondrous Earth-quake did whole England shake,  
King *Richard* th' *Almaine* Emperors daughter wiude,  
The Turkes in Christendome great vprores make,  
*John Galeazo* in those dayes suruiu'd,  
Duke *John of Gaunt*, doth a braue voyage take  
To conquer *Spaine*, and in his purpose thriu'd :  
The Barons of the Realme themselves with-drew,  
And many of the King seducers slew.

69

The Duke of *Lancaster* his daughter *Kate*,  
Married to *Henry Castiles* eldest sonne,  
His second daughter had the Queene-like state  
Of *Portugall*, by which all warres were done,

The Turke in Hungary supprest but late,  
Seekes by his power all Greece to ouer-ron:

Against Constantinopolis, he layde  
at eyght-yeare sledge: now Colleines Schoole was

70 (made.

*Robert of Scotland dying, John his heyre  
Succedes next: Richard (Queene Anne beiug dead)  
Espousd French Isabel: then did prepart  
For Ireland, where's voyage slowly sped,  
He put to death his Vncles, for the care  
Of him and his Realmes safty (sore misled)*

*Hereford and Norfolke Dukes the Combat clayme,  
and both are banist in King Richards name.*

71

*The Seithian Tambelaine the Turkes subdude,  
and kept theyr Emperor in an Iron Cage,  
Hereford against his sentence, durst intrude  
Himself int' England, and gainst Richard wage  
A threatned warre: the Peeres Richard exclude  
From government, who in his strength of age  
Refignes his Crowne, his Dignity, and Fame,  
To Henry Bullingbrooke, fourth of that name.*

72

*Gaint whom the Duke of Exeter, Richards Brother,  
The Dukes of Surry and Aumarle conspyre,  
With Gloucester, who his hatred cannot smother,  
And Salsbury, all thete his lite conspyre,  
and for it lost their lyues, with many other  
Of the same faction, seeking to aspyre:  
Richard is slayne in Prison, after showne  
Through London streets, to haue his death wel known.*

73

*Owen Glendoure rayld armes: Hotspur rebeld,  
Woorster, Northumberland, with others moe,  
Whom Edward met at Shrewsbury, and queld,  
Giuing those Lords a Mortall ouerthrow,  
The Milleine Duke, that many yeares exceld  
In Tyranny, at length was layde full low:  
Leaving to John his Sonne the Dukedomes Seat,  
This yearc was staled Mahomet the great.*

*Charles*

5350

1389

The Academy of Colleine founded.

5356

1395

The Duke of  
Gloster and  
Earle of Arun-  
dell.

5359

1398

Edward the  
fourth.

5360

1399

5362

1401

Galizo Duke  
of Milleine.

5363

1402

5367  
1460.

74  
Charles of Cremona, by the Treason dide  
Of base Cabrinus Fundulus, his slaye,  
Th' Arch-Byshop Scroope, that Edward late defide,  
Surprizd in field, came to a timelesse graue,  
In Poland at Craconia full of pride,  
Was founded th' Accademy: some deprave  
The Burgoyn Duke, that did his hands imbrew  
In Orleance blood, whom he by Treason slew.

5368  
1407

5372  
1411

Henry the 5.

5374  
1413

Saint Andrewes Vniuersity begon  
In Scotland, Iohn the Milleine Duke is slaine  
Of his owne Subiects : Ladislaus won  
The Citye Rome, which he gaue vp againe,  
King Edward dying, left vnto his son  
Henry the fist, a faire and prosperous raigne :  
Ten yeares he did his Royall fame aduance,  
and to his Crowne annext the Realme of France.

5377  
1416

75  
Great Amurath sway'd Turkey : Iohn, Castile :  
The sixt Charles, France ; Pope Martin, Peters Chaire :  
at Henries claime to France the French-men smile,  
With many taunts they Englands puissance dare,  
King Henrie crost the seas, and in small while  
at Agin-court, manag'd a fight so rare :  
That in one battaile he the Land ore-tun,  
Leauing the Crowne successiue to his son.

5378  
1417

5382  
1421

5383  
1422

76  
Ieremy Prague, and John Husse dye by fire  
about religious causes, Ziscal'd  
The Thaborites, and further gan aspire  
against the Emperour to lise his head,  
French Katherine was Crowned Queene by great desire  
Of all our English peeres : Duke Clarens sped  
against the Dolphin, but (alas) in vaine,  
By multitudes he was ore-set and slaine.

77  
Henry t'auenge his Brothers death, prepares  
againe to inuade France, where he breaths his last,  
Pale death that in his rigour no man spares,  
Bereaves him life : his infant sonne not past

Eyght months of age, assumes the Lands affayres  
 Vnder protection: *Bedfords Duke* was great  
 With *Regency of France*, a Sorcering Maide,  
 Fought on the Dolphins part, and brought him ayde.

*Henry the sixt*  
 5389  
 1428  
*Isanne de pufill.*

79  
 Who in small time was King of *France* proclaymde,  
 at *Orleance* braue *Mountacute* is slaine,  
 Prince *Sigismond* is *Roman Emperor* nam'd,  
*Eugenius* doth the papall See maintaine,  
*Phillip* guides *Milleine*: now was *Talboot* fam'd,  
 Who many lost Townes did in *France* regaine:  
 Now flourisht *Francis Forza* in his pride,  
 The Lyons in the Tower this yeare all dyde.

5394  
 1433.  
*Eug. 4.*  
 5398  
 1437

80  
 Zeuza liues *Persiaes King*: for Sorcery  
 Dame *Elen Cobham* the Protectors Wife,  
 With diuers others were found treacherously  
 To haue cnaspyred against King *Henries life*,  
 Dame *Margaret* to the King of *Scicily*  
 Sole-Daughter (which began much future strife)  
 To *Henries Bed*, with *Suffolke* crost the Seas,  
 now liu'd the braue Prince *Huniades*.

5399  
 1438  
 5420  
 1441  
 5405  
 1445

81  
 Humphrey the Duke of *Gloster*, was depriu'd  
 His harmelesse life at *Bury*: *Suffolke* now  
 Was banisht England, where he long had striu'd  
 By the Kings grace to make the Barons bow,  
*Iacke Cade*, a mutinous Rebell, now suruiu'd,  
 Dating the Kings Edicts to dilallow:  
 This was the yeare of *Jubilee*: In *Menz*,  
*Fauſtius* first printēd, at his owne expence.

5408  
 1447  
 5411  
 1450  
 5413  
 1452.

82  
 The *Turkisb Mahomet* sackt and despoylde  
*Constantinople*: at this time was fought  
*Saint Albons battaille*, where the King was foyld,  
 and by the Duke of *Yorke* a prisoner blought  
 To London: the sixt *Henry* being much toyl'd  
 With Kingdomes cares, his peace and quiet sought,  
 Making proud *Yorke* prote&tor: now was fam'd  
*George Caſtriotus*, (*Scanderbag* sir-nam'd.)

5414  
 1453  
 5415  
 1454  
 5416  
 1455

83

*Great Warwicke at Northampton* the King met  
 In battaile, of the Barons many slew,  
 Surpri'd the King in person without let,  
 The Duke of Yorke revives his claime anew,  
 Whom many of the chiefest Lords abet,  
 And in the Parlement his right pursue :  
 Being Titled heire apparant to the Crowne,  
 at Wakefield him, King Henries Queene put downe.

84

*Great Warwicke at Saint Albans* she made flie,  
 Rescuing the King her husband in small space,  
 Yorke sonne the Earle of March gan to defie,  
 and sought by armes King Henry to displace,  
 Neere Yorke both powers each other soone discry,  
 Where the fourth Edward hath the King in chace :  
 and now the viutors Lord it where they please,  
 Whilst Margaret with her young son crost the Seas.

85

Twelue Kingdomes, and two hundred Citties more,  
 Great Mahomet subdues : next Exham field  
 Was fought by them that Henry would restore,  
 But to King Edwards powers perforce they yeild,  
 Who wiues the Lady Gray, she that before  
 Was wife to Sir John Gray : Warwick, his shield  
 aduanceth against the King, whom he had Crowdnd,  
 and for French Bona seekes him to confound.

78

Edward flyes England, Henry is restord,  
 and Edward with an army Lands againe,  
 Where Warwicke pride vpon his shield is scord,  
 Edward ore-comes his powerson Barnet plaine,  
 Earle Warwicke by the Commons is deplord,  
 Edward the fourth once more usurpes his raigne :  
 Gloster kils Henries sonne, then madly fares  
 Gaints Henrie, whom he murdred at his Prayers.

87

Cassanus gouernd Persia, Mistris Shore  
 Was famous for her beauty : Hungary  
 Mathias ruld, The Pope(not knowne before)  
 at twenty ffeue yeares made the Iubily

The Duke of *Clarens* is lamented sore,  
Being in a Wine-but murdred treacherously :

*Edward expyres* : two sons he leaues behind,  
Three Daughters, and a Brother most vnkind.

88

The cleauenent of Aptill, and the cleauenent sad yeare  
Of his young age, fist *Edward* gins his raigne,  
But eare he yet was Crown'd, *Richard* (too neare)  
His Uncle did his hands with murther stayne,  
Both *Edwards* Children by his doome leuere,  
Were Butched in the Tower, and foully slaine :

now famous weare, *Gaza, Sabellicus,*  
*Pycus Myrandula, Aldus Minntius.*

89

*George Valla, Hermolaus Barbarus,*  
*Politian, Platine,* with a many moe,  
*Marcilius Ficinus, Pomponius Latus*  
With *Johannes de monte regio*,  
Now *Venice* and *Ferara* peace discusse,  
Great *Baizeth* sustaines an ouerthrow  
By the bold *Souldan*, next instared came  
Vsuring *Richard*, cald third of that name.

90

Two yeares, two months, and two dayes he inioyes  
Regality, whilst *Charles* the eyght swayes France,  
And *Innocent* the eyght his power itployes  
In *Rome*, his Bastards to inhance  
*Richard*, the Duke of *Buckingham* destroyes,  
Who thought the Earle of *Richmond* to aduance :  
*Henry Earle Richmond, Milford Hauen* sought,  
Wher landing, he the field of *Bosworth* fought.

91

*Richard* there slaine, *Henry* the seauenth sits Crown'd,  
Twenty three yeares : *Vgnerus Persia* guides :  
*Fredericke* the Empire : *Henry*, to make sound  
The breach that *Yorke* and *Lancaster* deuides,  
a happy nuptiall contract doth propound  
With fayre *Elizabeth*, whom soone he brides :  
She heyre to *Yorke* : This yeare (a disease new)  
The Sweating sicknesse first in England grew.

544.

1483

Edward the 5.

5445

1484

Richard the 3.

5446

1485

Henry the 7.

Spaines

82

- 5448  
Spaines Ferdinand, the kingdome of Granade  
1487  
W<sup>v</sup>an from the Sarazens : Lambert a Child  
Taught by a Priest cald Simon, came to inuade  
England with a new stile, by him compil'd  
As Sonne to Clarend : in this claime were made  
Chiefe Leaders, Francis Louel once exil'd :  
5450  
Broughton, and Lincolnes Earle, with whom took part,  
1439  
A valiant German that hight Martin-Swart.

83

- 5451  
These Henry flew in battaile, and arrear'd  
1490.  
A Taxe of the Tenth-penny through the Land,  
For which the Commons in the field appeard,  
And kill Northumbers Earle : with a strong band  
5453  
Henry inuaded France : Columbus cleard  
1492  
The vnowne Seas, and boldly tooke in hand  
5456  
The Indies first discouery : Insurrection  
1495  
By Perkin Warbeck, in forraine protection.

84

- 5457  
In Italy a Stone exceeding great  
1496.  
Fell from the ayre: Lord Audly now rebeld,  
5459.  
Henry and the Scotch King of peace intreat,  
1498  
The Turke the bold Venetian forces queld,  
5461  
Who at Dyrachium sought him to defeate,  
1500  
Katherine of Spaine, a Lady that exceld,  
1462  
Was fiaist to Prince Arthur, Sforce subdude  
1501  
Milleine, and all the French-men did exclude.

85

- 5460  
Margaret King Henries Daughter was affyde  
1502  
Vnto Scotch James : In Germany bloud raind,  
5469  
Elizabeth the Queene in Child-bed dyde,  
1508  
The French this yeare from Naples were constrainde  
5470  
By Ferdinand of Spaine : Now in his pride  
1509  
Liu'd Prestor-John, Great Ismael Sophy gaind,  
Upon the Turke in many a warlike strife,  
Henry the seauenth at Richmond ends his life.

86

- Henry the eyght.  
At eyghtene yeares Henry the eyght succeeds  
And thirty eyght yeares raign'd, his Brothers Wife  
He marries by the Popes dispence, which breedes  
Among the Cardinals murmure and strife,

<i>Emson and Dudley</i> hated for theyr deeds, To please the Commons were depriu'd of life :	5471 1510.
Now Doctor <i>Collet</i> liu'd, a man of fame, <i>Erasmus</i> too, deriu'd from <i>Rhoterdame</i> .	
97	
The Turkish Tyrant <i>Selimus</i> by warre, Two Ægyptian Souldans chas't and slew, The Muscovites the stoute <i>Pollonians</i> barre, Some rights, for which great battailes t'ween them grew, <i>France</i> still retaines the memorable scarre Of <i>Henries</i> valor, who that time o'rethrew	5473 1512
<i>Turwin and Turney</i> : in whose streetes appeare, Turrets as many as be daies i'th yeare.	5474 1513
98	
A peace with <i>France</i> , King <i>Lewes</i> , Mary wines, Sister to <i>Henry</i> , and within few dayes <i>Expyres</i> , <i>Charles Brandon</i> against the French-men striues, At Tilt and Barriers where he won great prayse, and fetcht the Queene thence: <i>Francis</i> next suruiues The King of <i>France</i> : <i>Charles Brandon</i> now assayes The Queene, and marryes her, in small while after, Mary was borne, King <i>Henries</i> eldest Daughter.	5475 1514
99	
<i>Charles Duke of Austria</i> is made King of <i>Spaine</i> , The Citties tumult chanc't on <i>Ill-May-day</i> , Cardinall <i>Woolsey</i> flourisht: now complaine The Popes allies against <i>Luther</i> : Turkes display Theyr Ensignes against <i>Belgrade</i> : once againe <i>Zwinglius</i> began against the Pope i'nuaye: Whose Doctrines, learn'd <i>Erasmus</i> seemde to abet, <i>Henry at Arde in France</i> , the French King met.	5476 1515
100	
<i>Charles</i> is Crown'd Emperor: th'eyght <i>Henry</i> writ A Booke against <i>Luther</i> : This yeare lost his head The Duke of <i>Buckingham</i> , and now did sit In the Turkes Throne, a Prince with fury led, Who <i>Belgrave</i> did besidge, and threatned it <i>Great Solymian</i> : The Emperor <i>Charles</i> him sped For England, where at <i>Windso're</i> he was called Vnto the Garter, and there Knight installed.	5478 1517
	5479 1518
	5481 1520
	5482 1521
	5483 1522.

101

5484

1523

*Christiern of Denmarke banisht, with his Wifc  
Enter this Land, where they were well intreated,  
The Earle of Surry in his Northerne strife,  
In many sundry fights the Foe defeated,  
Stormes and tempestuous Gusts this yeare were rife,  
And in Granade, a Prouince fayrely seaced,*

5487

1526.

*Were Citties swallowed, the great Turke makes hed,  
From whom the Hungars king, drown'd as he fled.*

102

5488

1527

*The Annabaptists sect was firſt begun,  
Charles Burbons Duke ſackt Rome, and there was flaine,  
Vainad grew great in Fame, this yeare the Sunne  
Appeard three Sunnes at once. Katherine of Spaine,  
(Before prince Arthurs wife) the king is wun,  
To be diuorſt from; this diuorce in vaine  
Cardinall Woolsie, Ieekes (by meanes) to crosse,  
Which to his ruine turnes, and faours loſſe,*

103

5491

1530

5493

1523

*Tindall the holy Scripture now tranſlated,  
Th' arrested Cardinall at Leijster dide,  
And Ferdinand is King of Rome created,  
Anne Bulloine next became King Henries Bride,  
And Thomas Cromwell whom the Cleargy hated,  
Made of the Counſell, the Kings Sister tyde  
In marriage to Charles Brandon, dyes forlorne,  
Elizabeth was now at Greenwich borne.*

104

5494

1536

*For Treafon dyde the holy Mayde of Kent,  
Lady Anne Bulloine likewife lost her head,  
Erasmus after ſeauenty Winters spent  
Expi'd, whose fame through Christendome is ſpread,  
Lady Jane Seamors beauty did content  
The King ſo well, he tooke her to his bed,  
And on Saint Edwards Eeve this yeare, tooke liſe  
noble Prince Edward, by the kings late Wife.*

105

5498

1537.

*Fryer Forrest dyde for Treafon: One of Spaine,  
For eating Fleſh vpon a day of Fast,  
Was hang'd in Paris (and tooke downe againe)  
His Lady burnt: A full conclusion past,*

Of Marriage tweene the King and Lady <i>Anne</i> Of cleene, which solemne contract did distast The Kinges soone after : who for her rare feature, Wiu'd Lady <i>Katherine Howard</i> , a fayer Creature.	5500 1539
106	
<i>Cromwell</i> next lost his head : the disputation Begun at <i>Rat'sbone</i> : <i>Henry the eyght</i> is stiled The King of <i>Ireland</i> , by his proclamation, and Lady <i>Katherine Howard</i> , who defiled Her vnchaste body, with much lamentation Led to her death : now <i>Luther</i> was reviled In the <i>Popes Trident Counsell</i> , the King wed The Lady <i>Katherine Latmer</i> to his Bed.	5501 1540.
107	
The <i>Turkish Barbarossa</i> famous grew In <i>Germany</i> , at <i>Mounster</i> bloud did raigne, Troubles with <i>Scotland</i> : next these did infue The Counsell held at <i>Spyre</i> : now once againe <i>Henry</i> inuaded <i>France</i> , and did pursue The <i>Bullenois</i> , since many did complaince Against the <i>Stewes</i> , they were abandond quite, The <i>Pope</i> the <i>Wormace Counsell</i> did accite.	5504. 1533
108	
<i>Luther</i> expyres, soone after dyes the king, <i>Henry the eyght</i> , whom the sixt <i>Edward</i> then Succeedes at nine yeares old, now first gan spring That reform'd Church, which at first many men Impugn'd : Masses no more the Church-men sing, Next <i>Muscle-borrow</i> field did happen, when Much bloud was spilt a both-sides, <i>Bonner</i> now, (Great in his Fathers dayes) the king makes bow.	5505 1544.
109	
<i>Stephen Gardiner</i> is cast into the tower, The Brother <i>Seamers</i> (falling at dissention By meanes of their proud Wives) begin to lower Each vpon other, which without prevention, Causd timeless Fate, both their sweet liues dewower, First <i>Arundell</i> , then <i>Kes</i> had firme intention To change the State, but both were hang'd in chaines, <i>Bulloine</i> was given vp by the French-mens traynes.	5507 1546 1508 1547 Edward the 6. 5509 1548 5500 1549

5512

At *Feuerham* was murdred by his Wife  
*Arden*, by helpe of *Mosby* and *Blacke Will*,  
 The Trade with *Musco* did now first grow rife,  
 Mong th' English Marchants, by the Nauiall skill  
 Of one *Gabato*, he that first gaue life  
 To these aduentures. Many rumors fill

The Land with newes, that *Edward* lately dide,  
 Meane time the Lady *Jane*'s made *Gulford's* Bride.

1551.

5514

*Cuylford Dudley* to the D.  
 Northumber-  
 land.

1553.

To the blood Royall once more they restraine  
 Of Liberty : the fourth Paule full of pride  
 Supplies the pope-dome, the same yeare did chance,  
 Much warre and trouble betwene Spaine and France.

116

Lady Elizabeth was kept in hold,  
 and by the Queene committed to the Tower,  
 There harshly vsd, her life to danger sold,  
 By souldiers thence remoou'd to Wood-stocke Bower,  
 Sir Henry Benning-field (somewhat too bold)  
 Vpon her iust proceedings looking lower:  
 a blazing Comet twelue full nights appeared,  
 Great Lones of Money by the Queene were reared.

117

Great dearth in England: For base murder dide  
 at Salisbury Lord Sturton: Calis lost,  
 Which was by England many yeares supplide,  
 Since the third Edward, the proud Clergy ingrost  
 all the spirituall fruits, to glut their pride,  
 Phillip tooke sea, and left the English Coast,  
 For griefe of which Mary soone after craisd,  
 and dide, with Cardinall Poole, (in England raisd)

118

Next whom the faire Elizabeth is Crownd,  
 a Princesse with all gracious Thewes indude,  
 She did the Gospell quicken, and confound  
 Romes Antichrist, all such as he puruse  
 With fire and Inquisition, she guirt round  
 With safety, and her Lands pure face imbrude  
 With blood of Innocents, her prosperous raigne  
 Cleard, and wipt off each soule and bloody staine.

119

Henry the French King in the tilt was layde  
 Breathlesse at Paris, Paules is burnt, a peace  
 Betweene the Realmes of Fraunce and England made,  
 Newhauen siege, and a great plagies increase,  
 Lord Henry Stewart to the Hells obayd  
 Of the Scotch peeres, whose vtgings never cease:  
 Till to their generall comfort, he was seene  
 Espoud to Lady Mary Scottlands Queene.

Now

463

5516.  
15555517  
1556.5518  
1558

K. Phillip.

5520  
1559.

Q. Elizab.

Henry the 2

5521.  
1560.5525.  
1564.

120

Now came the *Baden Margrave* with his wife  
 To London, she heere brought him a new sonne,  
 Whom the Queene Christend, breathing a new life  
 In his decaid estate. Now was begun  
 The Burse on *Cornhill*, whose renowne grew rife  
 In euery place, where Traffickes gaine is won :  
 In *Scotland* to restore a kingdome toone,  
*James* (of that name) the sixt, this yeare was borne.

121

*Henry of Scotland* was by *Traytors* slaine,  
 And *Shan Oncile* in *Ireland* put to flight  
 By bold Sir *Henry Sidney*, with the gaine  
 Of a great battaile, where theyr *Treasons* light  
 Vpon the *Traytors* : with a gallant trayne,  
 The *Musconise* lands in his Emperors right  
 T'establish Trafficke : now as rebels stand  
 Th'Earles of *Northumberland* and *Westmerland*.

122

Debate with *Scotland* : and in *Norfolke* grew  
 Conspiracy, the Queene in person came  
 To *Gressams Burse*, to take a princely view,  
 To which she gaue at his request a name,  
*Royall Exchange* : this yeare the Christians slew  
 Many proud *Turkes*, and beat them backe with shame  
 Into theyr *Foretresses*, and *Cities* walled,  
 This was the battaile of *Lepantho* called.

123

A massacre in *Paris*, now their heads  
 The *Norfolke Duke* lost, and *Northumberland*,  
 A blazing starre, six months together spreds  
 Her fiery rayes, now by the violent hand  
 Of one *George Browne*, who murdrous fury leads,  
 Was Maister *Saunders* slaine (the matter scand)  
*Anne Drenry* (for that fact) and *Saunders* wife,  
*George Browne*, with trusty *Roger* lost his life.

124

By *Farbusber, Cashia* was made knowne,  
 The *Essex Earle* this yeare at *Dinelon* dide  
 In *Ireland*, where his Fame was dreadfull growne,  
*John Cassimerus* did through *London* ride,

*Desmond rebeld, Drake that had compast rowne  
The world, and many dangerous Fortunes tride,  
VV as Knighted by the Queene, Mounsier arrived,  
Thinking the English Monarchesse t'haue wiued.*

125

*William the Prince of Orenge was betrayde,  
And with a Pystoll by a souldier slaine,  
Poland Musco into England made  
a voyage, and did six months heere remaine,  
Purser and Clinton Pyrats, that denaide  
allegiance to the Queene, at length were tane  
By William Barrowes: Antwerpe sackt and spoyl'd  
By Parmaes Duke, who long against it toyld.*

126

*Northumberland himselfe in the Tower slew,  
Iago, Domingo, and Carthagene,  
By Drake and Furbisher (whom most men knew)  
Carleile and many gallant Englishmen  
Surprisid and sackt, the Earle of Leister grew  
Great in the Land, and sayld to Flushing then:  
Where his Commission he at large relates,  
Being made chiefe Generall to the Belgian fates.*

127

*Embassadors from Denmarke grataule  
Her highnesse raigne, the Earle of Arundell  
Conviict, a league twixt England and the state  
Of Scotland, Noble Candish furnisht well  
In two good ships well mand and builded late,  
Compast the world: the foureteene Traitors fell,  
and suffer'd for the guilt, at Zutphen dide,  
Noble Sir Phillip Sidney souldiers pride.*

128

*His death a generall grieve mongst souldiers bred,  
a Parlyment. The great Armada of Spaine  
Rode on the English Coast, and gainst vs sped,  
But by our Fleet they were repulst againe,  
at Tilbery, the Campe was brauely led  
By Elizabeth in person, in whose traine  
all Englands Chivalry mustred and met,  
Leister meane time to Nature paid his debt.*

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 5542  
 1582

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 5543.  
 1582

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 5544.  
 1583.

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 5546  
 1585.

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 5547  
 1586

His two ships  
the Desire and  
Content.

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 5549  
 1588.

129

*Portugall voyage ; Lodwicke Grewill prest  
For murder : the bold Duke of Guise betraide  
And slaine, by the third Henry, when he least  
Suspected Death, a Fryer no whit dismayd,  
(Incouragd by the Guisians as tis ghest)  
Murdred the King, then Henrie Bourbon laid  
Claime to the Crowne, whom England so supplies,  
That by her ayde, his warlike Fortunes rife.*

130

*Whom Essex, Willoughby, Norris assist,  
Sir Roger Williams with a many moe,  
Strong Paris they besiege, and as they list  
March thorough France, maugre the comton foe,  
Hacket is hangd in Cheape, who did persist  
In blasphemy : In London gan to grow  
a grieuous Plague : Lopes arraинд and tride,  
Drawne from the London Tower, at Tyburne dide.*

131

*Cales sieg'd and won, the Duke of Bulloine lands  
In England : th' Islands voyage, this yeare came  
Embaſſadors from Denmarke, from whose hands  
The Queene receiu'd rich presents : Now with Fame  
Th' Earle Cumberland renouwd in forraigne Lands  
Wan John de Porterico, sackt the same :  
Lord Burleigh (Treasurer) submits to fate,  
Since the sixt Edward Counsellor of state.*

132

*Essex is sent for Ireland, gainst Tyrone,  
a Muster at Mile-end : Essex comes backe  
With a small traine of followers, after whom  
Lord Montioy speeds, against the dangerous packe  
Of Irish Rebels, whose braue valours showne  
In his hyc Conquests, and their fatall wracke :  
The treacherous Gowry against King James conspired,  
whose safety heauen coulerud, the world admird.*

133

*Peace betwixt Spaine and France : from Barbary,  
and from the Russian Emperour Legats come,  
To gratulate the Queenes hyc Soueraignty ;  
A sudden Insurrection, for which some*

Henry 4. kild

5552

1591

5553

1592

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1594

5557

1596.

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1597

5559

1598.

5560

1599

5561

1600

Suffred, some Finde, some set at Liberty,  
Supprest without the clamour of the Drum:  
Embaſſador from *Scotland*, th' Earle of *Marre*,  
*Desmond* ſent Prisoner from the *Irish warre*.

34

*Martiall Byron* arriues from *France*: great ioy  
For victories in *Ireland*, ſince their pride  
Was queld by th' English, who their powers imploym  
To end the warres: loone after the *Queene* diſe  
*At Richmond*, in her death ſhe did destroy  
All former mirth, this Virgin *Queene* ſupplide,  
Forty foure yeares, fiue months a prosperous raine,  
To Englands honour, and the feare of *Spaine*.

5563.

1602.

The death of  
Q. Elizabeth.

133

To Register her vertues, I ſhould ſpend  
An age of time, yet thinkē my ſcope too ſmall,  
The pages of this Volume would extend  
Beyond ſtrict number, yet not quote them all,  
Therefore her praifes, in her death I end,  
They are ſo boundleſſe that they cannot fall  
Within the compaſſe of my apprehenſion,  
Being ſubiect to no limit, no dimension.

136

And to attempt that taske, I ſhould alone  
My owne ſicke weakenelle to the world bewray,  
And of her worth the ſmalleſt part or none,  
Vnto the Readers couetous eyes display,  
Therefore ſine hath left an earthy Throne,  
For heauens hye Mansion (there to raigne for aye)  
I leauē her ſhrind mongſt Angels, there to ſing  
Vn-ending praifes to th' eternal King.

5594

1603.

**K**ing *James* the ſixt in *Scotland*, of that name  
In England firſt, her true and lawfull heyre,  
Next *Queene Elizabeth* the peeres proclaime,  
And gladly plant him in faire Englands Chaire,  
Whose Vertues, Graces, Royall gifts, and Fame,  
Zeale, Iuſtice, Learning, all without compare:  
For thousands ſuch, my Muſe muſt needs adore him,  
Vnriuald yet, by ſuch as raignd before him.

King  
*James*.

His

138

His praise is for my pen a straine too hyc,  
 Therefore where he begins I make my pausē,  
 and onely pray that he may still supply  
 Great Brytaines Empyre with the Lands applause,  
 That as he hath begun to rectifie  
 This Common-weale, and stablish vertuous Lawes :  
 He still may iniby his Queene, and yslue Royall,  
 Mongst subiects euer true, and Peeres still loyall.

139

But where's the harbour and the happy Bay,  
 Where after stormes I may in safety ride,  
 The Gusts and Tempests now begin t'allay,  
 Whose many boysterous flawes my Barke hath tride,  
 A gentle Land-wind with my sayles doth play,  
 and (thankes to Heauen) I now my hauen haue spide,  
 And maugre the Seas wrath : Behold at last,  
 Heere doth my shaken Ship her Anchor cast.

**H**E that expects in this briefe Epitome of Chronicles, that infinitnes of labor, so suruey all the particular kingdoms of the earth, and every distinct accident hapning in the, must not onely allow mee an Ages limit (and all too little) but withall assist me in the search of many Authors, whose workes are (some rare to be found) & others not at all extant. But my purpose was not to troble the world with such prolixity or confusion of History, onely in a briefe Index, or short Register, (to comprise many and the most noted things) & to conferre their times with our history of England : In which, if I haue any way failed the Readers expectation, by inserting things fruivolous, or omitting things Material, I must excuse it thus; I haue more will then Art, and more Indeuour then Cunning ; yet, I make no question he that shall succeed me in the like labour, will vse some mitigation of his Judgement against me, and say at the least : It is done, though not well done : Onely thus much let me speake in my owne behalfe : With Ages past I haue beene too little acquainted, and with this age present, I dare not bee too bold.

FINIS.

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